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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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WHAT IS IT TO BE EDUCATED?

WHAT IS IT TO BE EDUCATED

BY

C. HANFORD HENDERSON

AUTHOR OF "EDUCATION AND THE LARGER LIFE," "JOHN PERCYFIELD," ETC.

"In the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, let all beings that are, — without enemies, without obstacles, overcoming sorrow, and attaining cheerfulness, — move forward freely, each in his own path." — ANCIENT BUDDHIST PRAYER.

"The Gates of the Future stand wide open."
BERGSON.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO MY BROTHER

PREFACE

SOME twelve years ago, that is to say, in 1902, I published a little book, called *Education and the Larger Life*. I put it out with some hesitation, not because I doubted its truthfulness, but because, on the contrary, it seemed to me so very obvious and so general. The success of the book was a surprise both to the publishers and to me. And what is more surprising, the book still continues to sell and to be read. Its success is quite beyond what I had supposed to be its merit. I could wish that it might sooner have been superseded by a book, certainly not less fresh and inspiring in its tone, but distinctly less obvious and general, distinctly more specific and mature. I had hoped, indeed, for such a sequel, regarding my own little book merely as a preface to what was then somewhat crudely called, for want of a better name, the New Education.

But that earlier hope has not been realized. Yet there seems to me a genuine need for just such a book; and if I may judge from the continued sale of *Education and the Larger Life*, there is also a demand. I have therefore decided, before old age comes, to attempt such a sequel; and that is, very briefly, the *raison d'être* and purpose of the present book. It is my desire to be as concrete and practical as I can possibly be. I want to be of material, genuine help to both parents and teachers, and this, not only in the matter of aiding them to avoid out-and-out mistakes in the upbringing of the children whom Providence has, perhaps rashly,

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committed to their care, but more constructively to offer such aid as I am able in the actual day-by-day work of education.

Parents have one indisputable advantage over teachers, and particularly teachers of the bachelor type. They come into more intimate relations with the little people, and the great love, which normally fills their hearts, brings with it a corresponding insight not always vouchsafed to those who have not known the experience of parenthood. In the face of this immense privilege every educator who has no children of his own must, like myself, be willing to stand aside and to occupy a second place. No matter how large our schoolhouses or how confident our schoolmasters, it is the fathers and mothers of the land who are the great and effective teachers of childhood, and I cannot sufficiently deprecate their apparent eagerness to delegate this supreme function to others. Perhaps when Profit is dead, and servants are no more, and Brotherhood is an established fact, a less commercial and more artistic generation will seize this greatest of all opportunities; and fathers will concern themselves with their sons and mothers with their daughters. I speak, then, primarily to parents; theirs is the greater need, since theirs is the greater opportunity.

But I also speak essentially to teachers. Under the present industrial and social régime, the great majority of fathers and mothers have neither the time nor the inclination to educate their children. In many cases, they do not even accomplish the gracious task of making the children mannerly and clean. The work of education falls upon teachers. They must not only impart knowledge, as in the older days, but they must also

concern themselves increasingly with the multitudinous questions of health and manners and morals, with play as well as work, with everything, indeed, which has to do with the welfare of the little people.

Fortunately, perhaps, the teacher, in spite of his marked limitations, has one signal advantage over parents in general. He makes as serious blunders as they do, but unlike them, he has a chance to correct his blunders, since he has an endless procession of new children to experiment upon. A man is not dull because he makes mistakes, but only when he makes the same mistake twice. I recall, with humility, my own first year of teaching. I did the thing so very badly that I was several times tempted to resign and to give some more competent man a chance. Only the sympathy and forbearance of an older headmaster kept me from doing so. Even now, I find after many years of actual teaching work that it is an experience of mixed pleasure and discipline. In the long vacation, when my boys have all left me, and I sit alone before my big fireplace, brooding, I find myself keen to push aside the intervening months, to have it term-time once more, to start afresh, to do the thing infinitely better than I have just succeeded in doing it. I suppose that the parents who have many children have a similar chance to correct their first mistakes and to give the younger child a better upbringing. And perhaps all parents who are faithful, and have tried, will have in another incarnation a chance to start afresh and to do it better!

I must warn the reader that in the following pages I have not tried to be methodical or to cover the ground commonly expected in a formal treatise on Education. I have only tried to say the things that seem to me

important and worth while. I have tried to say them plainly and explicitly so that every parent and teacher who reads may gain the largest measure of practical help that I am capable of giving, and that he is capable of receiving. I will not apologize for my extreme frankness. I am writing only for parents and teachers; I am not writing for the young person, or even for that pleasant idler among books, the general reader. In dealing with anything so momentous as a human life, it would be criminal not to be frank.

Although the present work is, in my own mind, at least, a sequel to *Education and the Larger Life*, it is nevertheless an entirely independent work, and may be read without hesitation by those who have not read the earlier book and have no intention of doing so. They will not be irritated by any cross-references, nor will they find any mention of the other book outside the Preface and Bibliography. Those who read both books will detect many similarities, but they will also detect, without difficulty, profound differences. If the books were novels, I should be tempted to say that the characters had grown older. In the earlier book I made the capital mistake of starting out with an abstract and somewhat difficult chapter on the philosophy underlying education. It seemed to me, at the time, sufficiently elementary, and as I have said, obvious to the point of being reprehensible. But the chapter proved deterrent to a number of readers, and was to that extent unwise. In the present book, I have avoided a similar mistake. I have been concrete and specific from the very start, and only in the concluding chapters have I gathered the threads of the argument into anything formal enough to be called a philosophic statement. If he so desires,

the reader may of course omit these concluding chapters, — it is easier to omit the last than the first chapters of a book, — but I confess that if he does so, I shall be gravely disappointed, for these chapters seem to me to contain matters of high importance.

This, however, is merely a detail of presentation. The more profound difference is in the philosophy itself. The earlier book was founded upon an avowed idealism, but an idealism of the Platonic, static sort. The central position of this idealism may be summed up in the one little sentence, — *All is given.* It was summed up in theology in its conception of Deity, — *the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.* In a word, it was a fixed universe, and the truth was preëxistent. Man's rôle was rather a dull one. He could amuse and profit himself by unwrapping the truth, but he could originate nothing, create nothing, alter nothing. In reality, no act was significant, for the august universe remained the same. The philosophy of the present book is also idealistic, since it places the drama of life in the domain of the spirit, but it is distinctly a dynamic idealism. (All is *not* given; nowhere in the empyrean does the whole of truth exist; even God Himself, we believe, does not know what is going to happen, since all existence is continuous movement, eternal creation.) It is not a fixed universe, but forever fluid, forever becoming, and even we, tiny earth-regents of Deity, have our own creative, significant work to do, and as we do it well or ill, so the destiny of the world becomes to that extent good or evil. This more fluid view of truth is too vital a matter to be ignored by education. On the contrary, it must be made the very foundation, since it places a new and unescapable emphasis upon human responsibility.

One may hold a philosophy merely as an intellectual plaything, merely as one possible view of things out of many possible views, and may deliberately elect to avoid any translation of the philosophy into action. But this amounts in effect to trifling with life itself. If the philosophy is serious, it must have the force of a conviction, and must color all that a man thinks and does and says. It permeates his spirit, and so determines his whole attitude towards life, that is to say, his religion. It shapes the direction of his bodily activities, that is to say, his economics. So it seems to me that education, instead of fighting shy of religion and economics, as our public-school education is taught to do, must in reality build itself upon these as the only sure foundation. It is an affair of spirit and body, and can only be fundamentally sound when it deals with spirit and body with thorough-going sincerity and intelligence. In the following pages I have attempted the hazardous, but to me unavoidable, task of making education rest upon religion and economics, upon spirit and body; and I have taken the further ground that between these two elements in human life there must be essential harmony. One may disagree with my view of religion; one may quarrel with my outlook in economics; but I do not see how any earnest parent or teacher can desire to build up a scheme of education upon any less secure foundation than *some* defensible conception of religion, and *some* defensible conception of economics.

To the outsider, to the man not taking part in the game, education may easily seem a very drab-colored enterprise, a mixture of monotony, naughty boys, and ultimate disillusionment. But to the man who participates in the game, and puts his heart into it, there is

not, in all the world, a drama half so interesting, half so exciting, half so important as this veiled drama of education. As a present act, it engages all his faculties and resources, all his knowledge, skill, love, insight. He can never bring enough equipment to the task. And as a world-process, it is a determining factor in the future of the race, that part of Destiny which we hold in our own hands. So completely are the feelings of the practicing educator involved, so keenly is he stirred to the very depths of his being, that he may too easily be guilty of disproportion and overstatement. Because the whole of education is so large, — quite the largest human enterprise we have, — he may too much magnify the parts. I hope that this tendency diminishes with advancing years! In any event, I would have the reader believe that, in spite of my own lively enthusiasm, I have striven always to keep in mind that admirable precept of M. Anatole France, — *Je vous dirai que l'excès est toujours un mal.*

C. H. H.

Samarcand, N.C.,
April, 1914.

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I. [illegible]

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IX. [illegible]

X. The Awkward Age

XI. The Life Force

XII. The Wanderjahr

XIII. Afterwards

XIV. Live your own Life

XV. The Question

Bibliography

WHAT IS IT TO BE EDUCATED?

I

FOUNDATIONS

It is my purpose to present education, not as a science, but almost wholly as an art. In order to accomplish this purpose it will be necessary to realize that each step we would have our children take, we also must take. In a word, we must bring about in our own souls all those changes which we desire to bring about in the souls of the children. This seems to me the first and most important law in the art of teaching.

A fountain does not rise above its source. As a practical matter we cannot communicate what we have not got. It is well understood that one cannot impart knowledge which one does not possess. It is less completely understood that neither can one communicate character or goodness or spirituality unless, indeed, one has gained these great possessions for one's self. The art of educating children is not the same as the art of educating one's self, but the two arts must go hand in hand. It is the only way to accomplish anything vital and genuine. They must travel together, the teacher and the taught. This is no hardship, for there are few roads of spiritual endeavor which will not amply repay retraveling. We may have gained in part what we wish the children to gain, and so become persuaded of the beauty and desirableness of the gains, but a still larger

harvest is always possible. The parent or teacher who can say to a child, "Come," rather than "Go," has robbed his task of all drudgery and has lifted it to the plane of an adventure. Like treasure-hunters, they go out together, and never do they come home quite empty-handed. It is the work of comrades and friends, and dismisses forever the so-called problem of discipline. One who would teach must first have learned, but he must be willing to learn all over again. It is while he has the child's hand in his that he can lead. It will not do merely to point and beckon.

This teaching by participation, if I may so phrase it, has the immense advantage of giving to the whole process a genuine reality and sincerity. It redeems the teacher's part from all possible hypocrisy. It makes teaching a red-blooded, manly art, the source of a large joy and satisfaction. In the pages to follow, I mean to stick very closely to this fundamental principle, and to address myself not only to what should be done for the children, but quite as heartily to what we parents and teachers should first do for ourselves.

Since art is to do, and science is to know, one would think that science must come first, that we must first know how before we can do the thing. But historically this has not been the observed sequence. Men everywhere have first done things, and then, by reflection and experiment, have learned to do them better. For the best achievement, science and art must go together, — we must learn *by* doing. It is so in this art of teaching. One would earnestly desire all contributory knowledge for the practice of so difficult an art, but the knowledge is quite arid and academic until chastened and corrected by actual experience. To treat the art of teach-

ing in this fashion is to endow it with the charm of an abiding novelty. Each school-day is a challenge. In effect it says to the teacher: "You may know, but be careful. You do not know all. I—to-day—have an important lesson to teach you." And in the home-life, every moment is big with a similar possibility.

There is this verbal antithesis between science and art, while in the world of fact there is the most complete harmony. There is a similar double face to education. To teach a child is, in a measure, unavoidably to educate him. But we shall hardly lay hold of the process unless we first decide what we mean by education. Do we mean, by education, the imparting of information, a process which might be carried out by any one who possessed the required information, quite regardless of his own character and spirit? Or do we mean, by education, some inner change which we desire to set up in the child's soul? Or do we, perhaps, mean both? It is important to put these questions plainly to ourselves, and to distinguish clearly between two very dissimilar operations. And it is important, even though we finally accept both operations as essential and unescapable elements in education. Like science and art, information and development always hunt in pairs. It is impossible to impart information without at the same time setting up changes in the child's inner life; and it is equally impossible to set up these inner changes except through the medium of some such imparted information. It is this perpetual interaction which makes education cover the whole of the waking day; which makes it, in fact, coincident with the whole drama of life.

Yet bound up as these two operations are, and in-

separable as they must ever remain, the worth of any given education depends upon the emphasis we place upon each, and the final result can only be sound when this emphasis is properly proportioned. If we understand by education primarily this imparting of information and manual skill, and stop there, we can readily produce a very small human product, quite devoid of wisdom, quite uneducated in the broad sense of the word, and quite limited in its capacity for human service. This is the defect of our so-called practical friends, and they are found, not only in the world of the mechanic arts, but also in the academic world, in those specialists who are prodigiously learned, but who are neither wise nor big nor human. But if we understand by education a process of impinging upon the spirit, calling out endless reactions, conveying multitudinous impressions, and all in the rarefied atmosphere of an unchastened idealism, we can as readily produce a very alert and well-disposed little person, but one who moves always in a world of shadows and grave unrealities. Neither of these products would be educated, and both would be unfortunate.

In the following pages, I shall accept neither of these extreme positions. I shall accept my own definition of education, that education is the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit. I shall accept Herbart's definition that education is the setting-up in the soul of the child of a moral and æsthetic revelation of the universe. I shall bear always in mind that happy maxim of an old Spanish educator, that "To educate is not to give a trade for making one's living, but to temper the soul for life." In a word, I shall mean by education an inner process, a spiritual growth, a redemption of the very

fiber, but I shall also mean, and always, a change brought about through a genuine and accurate knowledge of the great outer world of men and things. Just as the separate facts of natural history have small value until they are intelligently organized into a related scheme of nature, so the most exact bits of information gathered together by the most industrious students have in themselves small spiritual value. They are like a shapeless pile of bricks, before the builder has come along to rear them all into a shapely structure. But the bricks must be sound if the building is to be sound; and the design must be worthy if the completed structure is to be admirable.

It is in this homely way that I picture to myself the process of education. It is at once objective and subjective. Its purpose is to unfold and perfect the human spirit by setting up in the individual soul this revelation of an orderly, moral, æsthetic universe. But it is not a fixed universe. It is essentially fluid, without determinate goal, made up of the combined activity of men and gods, and responsive to so tiny a force as our own individual effort.

The educational process must then be as objective as the most practical of our friends would have it. It must gather a wealth of sense-impressions, a multitude of verifiable facts, an immense store of exact demonstrable information. There must be no skimping, no unsoundness, no inadequacy. We must be as thoroughgoing as the most thoroughgoing materialist himself. But this is only the beginning of education. We have the materials, but not as yet the structure. To stop here would be much as if Solomon had gathered his cedars of Lebanon, his gold of Ophir, his precious stones

of the Orient, his humbler stores of brick and wood and rock, and then had failed to fashion them into a glorious Temple. It is true that we can have no sound education without this preliminary gathering of material, but the second step is quite as important, far more important. And here we must be as subjective as the most idealistic of our friends would have us. This material gathered in by the senses, material at once multitudinous, varied, trivial, important, homely, magnificent, anything, everything, must be organized into a reasonable, orderly, scheme of things in which the multitude and variety neither overwhelm nor confuse, and in which the human soul is indisputably the master. We stand face to face with variable material; we organize it into such a universe as we will. And this is education, this double process of gathering and organizing. I need not point out how largely both the selecting and the building are in our own hands.

The lumber-yards, brick-yards, stone-cutter's sheds, structural-iron works, lime-kilns, and hardware shops of a great city have for me a curious interest and fascination. They represent such strange possibilities. When the builder draws upon these hardly-won supplies, what will he do with them? Will he build a warehouse, a factory, a home, a temple? When the material is particularly sound and beautiful, I feel a secret hope that it may have a destiny of high repute. I feel a greater wonder and concern when I see fathers and mothers face to face with the problems of family life; when I see teachers hurrying along the street to their several schoolrooms. They are the visible agents of Destiny. What designs do they carry in their hearts, what sort of structures are they going to turn out? It

is inevitable that these designs should vary, and it is also fortunate. It is not necessary to be uniform in order to be excellent.

"My children are all so different," cries the distracted mother. True, Madam, but how dreadful it would be if they were all alike!

Yet there must be some underlying principles which will apply in education just as the fairly well established laws of mechanics apply in the building world. Every engineer and architect must observe these laws whatever structure he is putting up, or else, sooner or later, his structure will collapse. Gravitation and the elements act upon all his material, but the amount and mode of the action are conditioned by the inner molecular forces inherent in each, by the indwelling spirit, if we may so phrase it. It would be unprofitable to attempt to reduce anything so complex as a human being to equally simple elements, to molar and molecular forces, and yet they do reduce in the last analysis to parallel counterparts, to body and spirit; and though we might wish to educate each child to a different destiny, we must observe general laws in this, that we must build the educational process upon the same units, body and spirit. Expressed in social terms, these units are economics and religion, — economics, which has to do with the welfare of the body, with food and clothing and shelter, with tools and apparatus and physical equipment; and religion, which has to do with the health of the spirit, which means, in short, a man's whole attitude towards life and determines the particular pattern in which he arranges the manifold and sometimes perplexing materials of life.

As I conceive the matter, a sound educational process must rest upon sound conceptions in religion and eco-

nomics; and in accordance with the fundamental law of teaching we parents and teachers must prepare ourselves for our work by first clarifying our own conceptions in these two departments of thought, and finding out precisely where we stand. We cannot deal helpfully with the spirit of our children until we have communed to good purpose with our own spirit; we cannot solve the problem of their bodily wants until we have studied the relation of our own bodily wants to the current social and industrial régime.

This intention to found education upon religion is contrary to the current belief in America, except, of course, to the belief of our Roman Catholic friends, whose parochial schools now offer a considerable rivalry to our non-religious public schools. In combining education and religion, the Church seems to me wholly logical and consistent. To a Protestant mind, to a world-religionist especially, the defect in these parochial schools lies in making truth rest upon authority rather than upon immediate experience, in conceiving religion as something fixed and static instead of fluid and dynamic. It is easily thinkable that this defect will be removed when Modernism triumphs in the councils of the Church. In the desire to make the public schools universally acceptable, to make them fitting training-ground for the children of all faiths and creeds, in the praiseworthy desire to offend no family or racial tradition in these deep matters of the spirit, it has been decreed in all the States that the public schools shall offer no religious training. It is true that in the majority of these schools the Bible is still read, but as it is contrary to law and custom for the reader to make any comment upon the text, the practical effect of this

reading is, to say the least, problematical. The language is too archaic for children readily to understand it, and, as a rule, the tone of the reading is too monotonous, and the whole performance too little dramatic, to attract their attention. As a result, it seems to me that the total effect of this daily Biblical reading is to confirm the children in their impression that religion may be for grown-up folks, but is plainly not for them.

Judged by their fruits, the public schools of America have not been successful, and they have not been successful, I think, just because they have failed to lay their foundations in that most profound region of the human spirit, its religion. The failure of the public school is coming to be an article of somewhat general belief. But the failure has been made to consist in the fact that the school turns out a crowd of white-handed clerks and stenographers rather than an adequate number of skilled artisans. The remedy offered is vocational education. But the defect, I believe, is much deeper. It is that the public school fails to turn out a moral product. Americans are shrewd, and in a way extremely practical, but they are not moral. They do not tell the truth, and they cannot be trusted in money matters. We are a highly intelligent people, but our intelligence lacks depth. We play about the surface of life, and ignore the deeper issues. As a result we have done astonishing things in a material way, but very little in matters of genuine importance. Even our laws and our courts are behind those of other civilized countries. American life produces an impression of spiritual poverty; outside a few favored centers, it is marked by ennui and half-heartedness. It was pointed out long

ago that the majority of persons in our penitentiaries have been in the public schools and are fairly intelligent. In the Federal prisons one may even find distinguished names. If all the men who have sold real estate, securities, merchandise, or other salable goods upon false representations were remanded to prison, I doubt very much whether we should be able to find accommodation for them all.

The desire of the public school to be universal, to offend none, to include all, is in itself wholly praiseworthy; it explains, though it does not excuse, the entire divorce which it has instituted between education and religion. But the task set for itself by the public school is frankly impossible, and failure was inevitable. Education is an inner process; it has to do with the essential things of the spirit; it cannot be accomplished except through the spirit.

It is highly desirable that the public schools should be non-sectarian, but it is not necessary that they should be non-religious.

To make the public schools universal, to enable them truly to educate, it is essential that they should be built upon a broad religious foundation. The deepest, most characteristic thing about a man is his religion. It is the general quality of his mind; it is his whole attitude towards life. To ignore such an essential element in any educational scheme is to forswear education altogether, and to content one's self with a very pallid substitute. It is to gather the materials and fail to build the Temple. If education is this inner process, this change set up in the soul itself, it is manifestly childish and irrational to insist that it shall be non-religious, that it shall leave the spirit untouched,

the very thing, in fact, which it set out to deepen and to purify.

In the public school, we have a similar divorce between education and economics, and for a very similar reason. Economics to be vital must express itself in political action. So long as we conceive of politics as a partisan affair, as an adventure in offices and spoils, it is desirable to keep the schools free from politics. But a better conception of politics is beginning to emerge. It is coming to be the honest, impartial effort of a people to better the economic condition of the whole people. Education cannot stand aloof. Education has to do with the body, with the welfare of the body, with food and clothes and shelter, with tools and apparatus and physical opportunity. But this is the subject-matter of economics. It is futile for education to busy itself with the body, and at the same time to remain quite indifferent to the practical methods by which the bodily wants are to be satisfied. The problem is not solved by making education prematurely vocational. The inquiry must go deeper. It must scrutinize the industrial order as a whole, and with entire dispassion outline a more efficient and impartial order. An education which is satisfied with the present industrial disorder, and the present very inadequate provision for the welfare of children's bodies is as little practical as that non-religious education which professes to deal with the spirit, but refuses in a vital way to have anything to do with the spirit.

In the following pages, education is made to rest upon religion and economics, because these are believed to be the only logical foundations.

II

RELIGION

In saying that religion is a man's attitude towards life, it is clear that we mean something much more personal and intimate than any form of ecclesiasticism. Religion is not synonymous with either belief or action, but is rather that dominant note of the spirit which determines belief and controls action. It is the inner citadel, the real self, the source. If it were necessary still further to identify religion, we should be tempted to say that it is that very individual thing, personality, — it is what a man is. The object of education is to get at a man's soul, to set up changes in it, to make it larger and freer. It can only do this by penetrating at once to his real self. Anything less profound is mere surface skirmishing, and is not education. In dealing with men at large, education must deal with that part of them which is most genuine and most vital, that is to say, with their religion. If education faces one way and religion another way, it is inevitable that man or child become both confused and insincere. To live well, life must be genuine and of a piece, must be free from the contradiction and inconsistency of harboring two attitudes. If religion dealt with one order of truth and a given world, while education dealt with a totally different order of truth and a totally different world, then the separation of religion and education would be at least understandable; but no one in our own day is rash enough to hold, or to preach, so curious a doctrine. The secret of suc-

cessful living is inner harmony, not the tumult of conflicting affirmation and denial, but in all movement, either individual or social, the single-hearted affirmation of the same verities.

The history of religion is in effect the history of the human spirit. It is the study of the most profound sources. It may profitably be undertaken by the teacher or parent who wishes first to educate himself and then his children. He would better turn, not to the controversial literature on the subject, but rather to the more illuminating original texts. The task is not so large as would at first appear. Of the ancient religions, one turns naturally to the Hebrew, the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Shintō, the Confucian, the Zoroastrian, but if one limited one's self to the first three, one would find ample material for thought.

The Old Testament will represent the Hebrew attitude of mind. It should be read in connection with the latest and most scholarly comment upon the text. The different Books have so long been read to us after the manner of an oracle, and separate texts presented as so many talismans, that it is difficult at first to bring to this reading a fresh and inquiring spirit. The one profitable attitude is to approach these Books as literature, and to gather for one's self their simple and informing content. To gain something of a unit impression it is advisable to read a whole Book as nearly as possible at one sitting, and without the intrusion of other affairs. If this method is repeated with several Books, I venture to think that the results will quite justify the moderate effort. I would also recommend the reading of such books as Renan's "History of the Beni-Israel," and any other non-sectarian histories which are believed to be

in the main scholarly and impartial. An attendance at several ceremonials in a neighboring synagogue would add to the reality of these impressions. They would be further deepened by a leisurely talk with any learned and broad-minded rabbi. It is well, too, to study the modernist spirit as represented in the ethical culture societies and in the independent Jewish congregations. The Jews have taken, and are now taking, such a large part in the secular history of the world that a study of their religion can hardly fail to have an independent culture value.

The sacred books of Hinduism are somewhat veiled for our Western world by their too great wealth of Oriental imagery, but in the right poetic mood one will read the Bhagavad-Gîta with genuine pleasure and profit. It has been called "the essence of the Vedas." Other fragments of the sacred writings have been translated into English and are easily available. And there is much in modern European literature, especially in the work of the philosophers and of other students of India, that possesses large interest and value. It might almost be said that since the opening of Hindu literature to the Western world, no modern philosopher has quite escaped its influence. This literature is all religious. It is the unique distinction of the Eastern world to conceive religion and life to be one and the same thing. One gains, of course, a truer conception of Hinduism by visiting India personally and coming into direct contact with devout Hindus. Nowhere will one find more complete toleration. It is the duty of the disciple to oppose his master, and to accept no teaching on authority. Truth, to be truth, must be the result of his own direct spiritual experience, and must come unforced and unpersuaded. It is worth remarking that in Hindu-

ism proper no distinct modernist movement is possible. In the absence of a fixed creed, current Hindu life represents the religious aspiration of living Hindus, and is essentially and unavoidably modernist.

In the same way one can better study Buddhism in Japan, in Ceylon, in parts of India, and in Burma, than in the fragmentary literature accessible to Western readers. But any scholarly, impartial "Life" of Buddha, which contains an honest account of his teachings, will at least serve to orientate one in the spiritual life of millions of our Eastern brothers. Sometime during the course of this study one will naturally wish to read, or re-read, "The Light of Asia," and one ought certainly to read Fielding Hall's sympathetic book, — "The Soul of a People." A few days ago, I received from a Hindu friend in India the translation of an ancient Buddhist prayer which I am tempted to reproduce here entire both because of its intrinsic, iterative beauty, and because it discloses such toleration, such catholicity, such immense respect for individual integrity: —

Daily Prayer for the World

Let all things that breathe — without enemies, without obstacles, overcoming sorrow, and attaining cheerfulness — move forward freely, each in his own path!

Let all creatures everywhere, all spirits, and all who have taken birth — without enemies, without obstacles, overcoming sorrow, and attaining cheerfulness — move forward freely, each in his own path!

Let all women and all men, all Aryans and non-Aryans, all gods and all men, and they that have fallen below that level — without enemies, without obstacles, overcoming sorrow, and attaining cheerfulness — move forward freely, each in his own path!

In the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, let all beings that are — without enemies, without obstacles, overcoming sorrow, and attaining cheerfulness — move forward freely, each in his own path!

Those who may care to undertake a more detailed study of either Buddhism or Hinduism will find in many of the larger cities societies devoted expressly to the study of these religions, and may secure through them translations of some of the ancient texts, as well as more modern commentaries. I quote the following from a leaflet issued by the Vedanta Society: —

Vedanta means "Supreme Wisdom," and constitutes the fundamental principles of all religious ideals. It is absolutely free from any sectarianism or exclusiveness, being based on principles and not on personalities. The study of Vedanta enables each one to follow his own line of thought or religious conviction with whole-heartedness, but it gives to him a much broader view of love, charity, and assimilation. It declares that "Truth is one; men call it by different names and worship it under different forms according to their comprehension" (Rig Veda); and it teaches that all religions are paths leading to the same goal. "By whatsoever path men seek Me, even so do I reach them," the Lord says in the Bhagavad-Gîta. "All men are struggling along paths that ultimately lead to Me."

The delicate flavor of Shintōism is so essentially Japanese that even in Japan the Westerner can hardly hope to catch more than a faint aroma. The difficulty is increased by the fact that Shintōism and Buddhism live on such intimate and friendly terms that one may hardly say where one begins and the other ends. In the majority of Japanese homes, one finds both the Shintō "god-shelf," and the Buddhist shrine. The Buddhism

of Japan has, indeed, a large admixture of Shintō sentiment, just as the Christian Church still retains many of the ceremonials of an older paganism. In the writings of both Lafcadio Hearn and Mr. Okakura, one catches something of the flavor of the old national worship of Japan. And yet it is not fanciful to believe that between this delicate Oriental faith and some of our own Christian doctrines there is a genuine kinship. The nature-worship, which is so integral a part of Shintōism, is reflected in our own pantheistic moods, when in the face of great earth-beauty we identify God and Nature. In Japan, Nature is very beautiful. It is easy to believe that the worship of Beauty and the worship of Nature have the same æsthetic root. The second and most important tenet of Shintōism, the worship of ancestors, has a discernible counterpart in our own Christian doctrine of the communion of saints.

Hearn thus sums up the ethics of Shintō: "They commanded reverence towards the Unseen, respect for authority, affection to parents, tenderness to wife and children, kindness to neighbors, kindness to dependants, diligence and exactitude in labor, thrift and cleanliness in habit. Though at first morality signified no more than obedience to tradition, tradition itself gradually became identified with true morality."

If we may judge by its fruits in daily life and by its literature, Confucianism is a religion of austere dignity. The Chinese are everywhere noted for their integrity. In the business world it may truthfully be said of them that their word is as good as their bond. The aged Confucian, with his firm hold upon the moral law, recalls the image of the austere Roman sage. Not only as literature, but as a practical guide to human con-

duct, one may still read with profit the recorded conversations and precepts of Confucius. No history of the development of China, or even of Japan, which failed to consider the immense influence of this one man would be in any sense complete. It will be remembered that he was the earlier author of our own Golden Rule. Confucianism has now an added importance as the recently adopted state religion of the Republic of China.

In James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," one will find a brief but satisfactory account of Zoroastrianism. With its central doctrine of the conflict between good and evil, the endless struggle between Ormazd and Ahriman, the reader is doubtless familiar, and in American Puritanism he will find an exact counterpart. God and the great Enemy of Souls wage the same warfare in our older New England that Ormazd and Ahriman wage in Persia, and with results equally dubious. Zoroastrianism has been one of the great religions of the world; but with this parallel of Puritanism in mind it is difficult to think of it other than as a somber figure in full retreat.

Between these very ancient faiths, on the one hand, and Christianity and our more modern cults, on the other, it would be interesting to study the mythology of Greece and Rome, and the robust mythology of the North. They are not comparable in religious importance to the literature of the East. By comparison they seem to lack subtlety and depth. But nevertheless they have a value and an interest all their own; and it is more than probable that a deeper study of the original sources will some day reveal a spiritual content now hardly suspected. Just as it took little study to reveal that the so-called gods of the Hindu world were not in reality

separate gods, but rather distinctly conceived attributes of one supreme Deity, so the polytheisms of Greece and Rome and Scandinavia may one day be resolved, in part at least, into a pageantry of spiritual qualities.

I am not trying here to make out a case against polytheism, for such indeed is my own faith, and is, I take it, increasingly the faith of many reasonable, spiritually-minded persons. It is felt that the gap is too complete between man and the Most High God. Our sense of spiritual continuity, as well as the direct intimations of experience, make necessary a belief in an intervening company of immortals, — saints and heroes, angels and gods. Whether we think of these immortals as separate and distinct gods, or whether we conceive of them as divine agents, the total of whose power and will constitutes the supreme God, is largely a verbal question. It is analogous to our human question as to whether we think preferably of men or of mankind. A belief in the immanence of God is entirely compatible with either interpretation. It is the god-quality in these immortals which makes them gods, just as it is the beginning and growth of that quality in ourselves which fits us for initiation into their company. We may believe with reason and reverence that the Most High God is not yet, is not realized, but is even now in the process of becoming; that He is eternally creating Himself and represents, not an accomplished fact, but rather a supreme goal towards which men and gods are forever moving. It is a temperamental verdict, a matter of individual spiritual discernment, whether one thinks always of God in his corporate, total capacity, or whether, like myself, one is conscious of a multitude of spiritual beings who offer

comradeship throughout the halls of space, and the inspiration of a similar possible destiny. In the Catholic worship of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and in the adoration of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, we have a somewhat veiled but nevertheless indisputable form of polytheism.

The study of these Mediterranean and Northern mythologies has a distinct value from a religious standpoint but, quite aside from this deeper use, an educated person would wish a reasonable familiarity in order to understand the constant references in art and literature.

Whether one is a Churchman or not, the study of Christianity has a large importance for every inhabitant of Christendom. Christianity has colored and permeated the spiritual atmosphere in which we all live, and has materially and unavoidably affected our own attitude towards life, that is to say, our religion. If such a thing is possible, I would suggest that this study be made, not from the point of view of the Christian, or of the non-Christian, but quite impersonally from the outside, from the point of view, let us say, of a world-religionist. The first division of the Christian Church into the Church of the East (Greek) and the Church of the West (Roman), and the subsequent division of the Roman Church into Catholic and Protestant, are matters of historic importance, while in our own day and generation the astonishing growth of Modernism in both the Catholic and Protestant communions is perhaps the most vital and important movement in our contemporary spiritual life. In Paul Sabatier's "Modernism," one finds a faithful record of this movement as it shows itself in the Catholic Church, but one cannot read the record

without tracing in one's own mind the parallel movement in our Protestant Churches, and without wondering whether this movement may not in the end reunite these two branches of the Christian Church into one triumphant body. Modernism, as a distinct movement, is only possible in those religions which have a fixed creed, but in these religions it is recurrent and inevitable. It is the effort of the human spirit to break its bonds, and to establish harmony between the religious and the intellectual life. The attempt to found education upon religion is a manifestation of this same search for an inner unity and harmony.

So far I have been dealing in a very general way with religious history, and I have been handling names rather than doctrines. Since America is a Christian country and the majority of our people are either professed or nominal Christians, I now propose to inquire what the Christian religion is. In recommending the study of the more ancient faiths, Hebrew, Hindu, and Buddhist, I suggested the greater helpfulness of going at once to the original sources. So in studying Christianity, I think we shall get at its essence the more surely if we turn from all sectarian and controversial literature, and devote ourselves to the Gospels and Epistles. Here, if anywhere, we ought to find what Christianity genuinely is. Turning to St. James, I read that much-quoted passage: —

> Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

This is a very direct and comprehensible statement. Religion, according to St. James, may be summed up

as service and personal integrity. It is clearly not a matter of belief. It is that attitude towards life which would make a man helpful and clean.

But it would be even more to our purpose if we could in one of the Gospels come upon some report of the direct teaching of Christ. Of the four Gospels I confess to a preference for that of Matthew. It is less poetic than John, but it is more direct and practical; and Biblical scholars, I believe, consider it more authentic. In Matthew is to be found one of the most remarkable pieces of writing in the whole of the New Testament. It is that wonderful allegory of the Last Judgment. The speaker is Christ. Not only is the narrative itself of singular beauty and dignity, but it presents with the utmost clearness the standards by which Christ himself would judge the naked human soul. With some omissions, the narrative proceeds as follows: —

When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when

saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me.

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink;

I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

There is nothing vague or uncertain in this statement. The test is in no sense metaphysical. There is absolutely no question of belief, not even whether you believe in God. The test is simply how you behaved in the face of human need, — hunger, thirst, loneliness, nakedness, sickness, imprisonment. And its impressiveness is immensely heightened by the fact that four times this list is repeated. It is then possible to say that Christianity as a religion has but one essential, and that is Service. Religion is not a belief, but an attitude of mind expressing itself in human service.

My space does not allow even so brief an examination into the inner heart of the other great world-religions. But I commend such an examination to every parent

and teacher who desires to find secure foundations for his educational practice. In nearly all of them he will find a large admixture of ceremonial and dogma. He will find that in joy and gratitude men have chosen to build temples and to bring offerings. But he will also find, I think, that the essential heart of each great religion is the same. It is service and self-purification.

Since the foundation of Christianity but one great world-religion has appeared, and that is Mohammedanism. In the Koran one finds the spiritual guide of millions of scattered followers, of perhaps one tenth of the human race. I have recently been reading the Koran, and though it has small appeal to a modernist and an Anglo-Saxon, I should nevertheless recommend the student to read it with some care. As a religion, Mohammedanism is less comprehensible than the other great religions of the East, and on account of its fanaticism and exclusive claims is apt to call forth less sympathy. Yet even Islam during recent years seems touched with the spirit of toleration. It has given birth in Persia to a reform movement which, under the name of Bahaism, is now attracting the attention of the world. Fragments of the writings of Baha' u'llah have been translated into English and are now accessible. But perhaps one can best gain some idea of this new faith by conversing with its personal adherents, now a considerable number and scattered well over the United States. The present head of the movement, Abdul Baha, visited this country in 1912, and brought with him the last message that one would have expected from the Moslem world, a call for universal peace, and the brotherhood of a universal religion. In addition to its own intrinsic worth, Bahaism has a particular interest to the student of religion as the Mohammedan manifes-

tation of modernism; a manifestation so catholic that it has spread beyond Persia and Arabia, and is even making a home for itself in Christendom.

America has given birth to many forms of religion, but they have never shown the universality which seems the birthright of the religions of the East. In the "New Thought," in Christian Science, and in many minor movements destined soon to be forgotten, we see unmistakable signs of the spiritual hunger of persons who feel the vital need of religion in everyday life. The curious revivals which from time to time sweep over the country have a similar deep significance. To older and more mature spirits many of these movements seem evanescent and even ill-advised, but they all bear witness to the same eager search for inner harmony and peace. One may not with propriety feel a contempt for any of them. As a loyal student of religion, one is bound to give them respectful study. And if they antagonize and irritate and repel us, it may easily be that a new truth is successfully assaulting an old prejudice. As I shall point out later, we gain infinitely more in growth and enlightenment from those who disagree with us, and oppose us, who flout us, if need be, at every turn, than we do from those agreeable persons who share and repeat our own little stock of platitudes.

So brief a chapter on so large a subject must unavoidably read like a satchel-guide rather than a serious essay, but its sole purpose is to suggest a much wider and deeper study than is here possible. The result of such a study can hardly be other than to make one feel that greater than all particular religions is Religion itself; and that in the spiritual life of the world, the agreements are more profound than the differences.

A devout man would wish to be first of all a world-religionist, in genuine sympathy and communion with the earnest spirits of all lands, and after that, according to his own race or country or personal preference, a Christian, a Hindu, a Buddhist, a Jew, a Bahaist, a Shintōist, a Mohammedan. Deeper than any particular belief is that universal religion which is not a creed, not a barrier, but the inner possession of every human heart, the impulse to serve others and to purify the self. This is what we mean when we say that education, to be valid, must be founded upon Religion.

III

DOGMA

THE blessed Bhagavad-Gîta says: "He who has lost discrimination, has lost everything."

While in any comparative study it is the mark of a scientific spirit first to recognize the agreements and then to seek out the differences, it is assuredly the mark of a confused spirit to sweep everything into one net and to declare that there are no differences. In the religious life of the world there are immense differences. To lose sight of them would be almost as unfortunate as to ignore the agreements. It would be a loss of discrimination and therefore a loss of everything. In a word, Dogma, the specific belief of the individual, of the Church, of the race, is a reality to be reckoned with in any serious attempt to make religion the basis of a sound education. We parents and teachers must deal with dogma, not only with thoroughness, but with the utmost sincerity; and we must especially deal with it in a gracious spirit, without either condescension or contempt. There are few things apparently so futile as a belief which one does not share. What we need is an immense lucidity, to place dogma properly in the scheme of things, and a genuine practicality, to get out of dogma every possible and legitimate help.

In the history of the spirit, the rôle of dogma may easily appear to be that of the inveterate obstructionist. It figures as a screen hiding the truth, rather than as a source of truth. In the progress of events we see spe-

cific dogmas modified, given over, even violently repudiated, until we are tempted to join hands with the agnostic, and deny the validity of all dogma, past, present, and future. But before we do this it is well to reflect that precisely the same retreats and abandonments have marked the history of philosophy, and, in a still more pronounced degree, the history of science. In philosophy and science no one denies the large utility of hypothesis and theory. It would be difficult to compute our indebtedness to the hypothesis of evolution, or to the undulatory theory of light. It is true that the majority of these hypotheses and theories are sooner or later discredited. We have given them over, one after another, with astonishing rapidity and completeness. But it is also true that the majority of these guesses have been distinctly helpful. Under their stimulus we have been led to undertake those deeper investigations which have resulted in an altered point of view, and necessitated a new theory. Without some such scaffolding of hypothesis and theory, we would have made little progress in building up either a philosophy or a science.

It is in this fluid way that we educators must handle dogma, not as something infallible and final, but as something purely tentative and hypothetical. It is a theory of the spiritual life. We must especially see to it that dogma always occupies this subordinate place. It must not be confused with religion. It must not be made an essential part of religion. Above all, the acceptance of any particular dogma must not be made a condition of personal salvation. Dogma must ever remain the humble helper and servant of religion. For religion, let us ever remember, is not a belief, is not a creed, is not a cosmogony, is not a theory of the Hereafter; but

according to our own Christian faith, and according to all the other great historic faiths, it is more than this, — it is an attitude of mind expressing itself in service and self-purification.

The first step in the art of teaching is, as I have said, to set up in our own inner life precisely those changes which we desire to bring about in the inner life of our children. To become world-religionists will be for many adults a very difficult process; and it will be difficult just in proportion to the intensity of their separatist feelings and convictions, just in proportion to the tyranny of dogma. But it is the beginning of righteousness for the Christian quite as much as for the Hindu, the Jew, the Buddhist, the Shintōist, the Bahaist, the follower of the New Thought. One must first be a citizen of the whole United States before one can be the citizen of any particular Commonwealth, or claim legal residence in any chosen city. In a rational scheme of things it is the whole that contains the parts. It seems to me, then, an essential qualification for every parent or teacher who sets out truly to educate his children that he shall lay firm hold of this world-religion and make it the practical basis of all his work. The unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit is the bringing about of no less catholic an attitude of mind.

It is so little difficult for children to become world-religionists that one may properly say that they are born such, and that they only depart from the larger path when they fall under sectarian influences. We teachers have only to preserve and broaden this child attitude of catholicity, and to see to it that dogma comes in as the servant, not as the master, of the religious life.

When religion is apprehended in this broad and practical way as an attitude of the whole spirit, expressing itself in human service and personal betterment, we are in a position to treat dogma as it should be treated, in a thoroughly rational and common-sense manner. Whatever our doubt and hesitation in other matters, it is psychologically true that we can only believe when we feel ourselves entirely free to disbelieve. From the very nature of our mental processes, belief must be unpersuaded, unforced. We may accept under compulsion almost any given position, but we cannot under compulsion come to any genuine belief. An unforgivable violence is done to both the intellectual and the spiritual life when any dogma is represented to the soul as necessary to salvation. I recall very vividly my own experience in this matter, when, at the too-early age of fifteen, I came up for confirmation. I had been a good boy all my short life, and this through no merit of my own, but solely because excessively delicate health had shielded me from temptation, and kept me in the constant company of a good and beautiful mother. I could not have been otherwise than good if I had tried. But the bishop, whose flowing white beard and majestic brow made him seem to an impressionable boy as the very fountain of the Law, persuaded me that I was in reality an extraordinary sinner, separated by no appreciable interval from the vilest of men, quite incapable through my own efforts of attaining any semblance of goodness, and in the matter of the Hereafter doomed to a more than questionable fate. Having proved my case to be quite hopeless, and made me believe myself a lost soul, the bishop offered as the one possible rescue, the dogma of the Atonement. By no amount of faithfulness and de-

votion could I work out my own salvation, but I could have it as a gift, if I would pay the required price, a belief in the dogma itself. It only operated if I believed that it *would* operate. And so I tried, with all my boyish might, to believe in the dogma, — I felt how much there was at stake! — to believe not only that it would operate, but that in my own fortunate case it had already operated, and that the rescue was now an accomplished fact.

I am not recalling this curious illogic with any resentment, for I am sure that the bishop was quite sincere, and really believed that to one more sinner he was opening the gates of Paradise.

But I know now that an immense violence was done to my spiritual and intellectual life by this elaborate obscuration of the essentials of the Christian life. Dogma was the master, not the servant. I know now that I am perfectly free to reject every dogma, and disbelieve every creed; and that it is only in this torsionless atmosphere of the spirit that any genuine faith and any helpful belief are possible.

I have said that one is free to disbelieve, — I mean, of course, that one is morally free. One is not wholly free intellectually in the matter of belief, since all rational belief is founded upon experience, and that, to a certain extent, is given. Though we may consciously enlarge and direct our experience in the future, we must accept past experience as unquestioningly as we accept all the inevitable things of life. But we may mix with this past experience a fresher and larger point of view, and so change the past itself by changing its significance and implications. Belief, if logical and defensible, is no more stable than experience; but at any given

moment our stock of beliefs must bear this inferential relation to our stock of experience. But most of the great issues of life transcend human experience, and we are thrown back upon other reasoning. Many of these issues present themselves as rather sharp alternatives, — there is a God, or there is not a God; there is a future life, or there is not a future life, — and our attitude will be influenced by many considerations of temperament, analogy, public opinion, and the like. We may, with the agnostic, suspend judgment. We may, with the skeptic, habitually deny. But most of us are so constituted that we are bound to take sides. The field is morally free, but intellectually it is full of intimations. We strike a balance, as our commercial friends would say, and range ourselves accordingly. But the chance of ultimately finding ourselves on the right side will be greatly heightened, if we allow no belief to become mandatory; at most it merely represents the highest probability of the moment.

In the religious world there are multitudinous dogmas, — the dogma of the Trinity, of the Immaculate Conception, of the Incarnation, of the Atonement, of Transubstantiation, of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, of the Infallibility of the Pope, of Predestination, of the Life Everlasting. These dogmas have not always been, — they had their hour of birth. There must have been some moment when they first took shape in a human heart, in the beginning as a faint divination, then as an increasing probability, too soon, perhaps, as an assured fact. It is in this latter and least desirable form, as Very Truth, that the divination has hardened into dogma, and been handed down to posterity. It has come as a jailor rather than as a liberator, and with so little

of divine authority that by turning to Church history we can find out how the vote stood in favor of its acceptance. But it is not at all necessary to hold a dogma in this inelastic way. It is quite possible, and much more helpful, to hold the dogma in its earlier form, as the statement of a high probability, or even merely as a faint divination.

In dealing with dogma, the educator has two courses open to him, — he may quite frankly assume the reality of dogma, but declare the impropriety of his having, as a teacher, anything to do with it; or, he may handle dogma in the fluid way just indicated, and may help his children to estimate it and make use of it. Public opinion in America has decided unhesitatingly in favor of the first course, at least so far as the public schools are concerned. That is to say, dogma is ignored. This does not mean that such a course is the more desirable, but rather that the religious life in America is still aggressively sectarian, and that such a course is prudential. But it is open to any parent or teacher to follow the more rational second course and personally carry out this practical evaluation of dogma. If he is a man at all in earnest, it is difficult to see how he can avoid the task.

Taking the more prominent dogmas as something which we are morally free to accept or reject, there must be some test for their validity upon which we could all agree, whatever our own personal predilections. It seems to me that we are bound to apply two tests to every dogma before accepting it, or (which is quite as important) before throwing it over. The first test is the *Rule of Reason*, and the second test is the *Pragmatic Rule*.

By the first test we get at the degree of probability of the given dogma. By the second test we get at what William James would call its cash value.

The Pragmatic Rule must not be confounded with Pragmatism, the system of philosophy associated in this country with the name of William James. In spite of my affection for the man himself and my warm admiration for his teachings in general, I agree with those of his critics who find Pragmatism, as a philosophy, quite inadequate and unsatisfying. But this does not lessen the value of the Pragmatic Rule as a temporary and useful touchstone.

We can best test the credibility of a dogma by formally stating the dogma itself as clearly and uncompromisingly as possible, and then with equal care and lucidity stating its opposite, the alternative against which it must eventually be measured. It is nearly always possible to make such statements, and by marshaling the arguments honestly and skillfully, to strike a satisfactory balance. The result will not be a proof; but then I take the ground that dogmas are not susceptible of proof. A proved dogma would slip over into the class of scientific facts and become a part of our positive knowledge. As such they would hardly fall within the limits of our present scrutiny. It would not be profitable to speculate when we could know.

In some important cases, the probability is too nicely distributed between the dogma and its opposite for us to come to any satisfactory conclusion. We are then thrown back upon the agnostic position of not deciding. The very importance of the dogma at stake may, however, make this uncertainty a distinct loss. It is just here that the Pragmatic Rule is of genuine service. It

asks, in effect, what would be the practical result of believing this dogma, or of rejecting it, — what difference would it make in the moral efficiency of your daily life. If the dogma has no such vital significance, and the evidence is too conflicting to allow a rational decision, then it is quite clear that the acceptance or rejection of the dogma is a matter of entire indifference. If we cannot know, and if we would be no better off in case we did know, the speculation is clearly without value. But now suppose a dogma of such a moderate degree of probability that we may with propriety suspend judgment, but which nevertheless can be shown to be immensely fruitful as a working hypothesis in daily life. One can easily call to mind a number of such dogmas. It seems to me much more constructive and scientific to utilize such a dogma to the utmost, and in our personal and educational plans to proceed confidently *as if* the dogma were known truth. As an article of belief, the dogma has no saving grace, and one would be monstrous sorry to pin one's salvation to so fragile a support, but as a possible view of things, a working hypothesis, it enables a man better to fulfill the law of service and self-purification, and so has a large practical value. Such a dogma is not a make-believe. It is an uncertainty and is held as such, but it is no less improbable than its opposite, and as a working hypothesis it is vastly more helpful. It may thus become an element in one's individual faith, and be entirely sincere, even though it be entirely tentative. I venture to think that in the personal creed of nearly every successful man and woman many such dogmas will be found ; and I venture to believe that without them these men and women would be distinctly poorer and less efficient.

As we have seen, all dogma, to be wholesome, must be held in a tentative way, as a probability of higher or lower degree. But things may be true without being either interesting or important. And here the Pragmatic Rule is again helpful. A dogma of high probability, but of such a nature that believing it or disbelieving it could make no earthly difference to ourselves or any one else, is clearly not a dogma to engage the attention of any one who takes life seriously. The danger of the Pragmatic Rule, and the reason for the suspicion under which in certain quarters it manifestly rests, is to be found, I think, in this, that in the hands of careless or less truth-loving persons, the Rule may be applied without previous appeal to Reason, or even in palpable violation of all Reason. If certain improbable things were true, certain other desirable results would follow,— therefore, let us believe them true! This leads, of course, to the Fool's Paradise where one believes what one wants to believe, without regard to the steadying realities. It may be added that this state of mind is not uncommon, and is responsible, I think, for much failure and inefficiency.

It is not necessary for me to apply these tests to any of our current dogmas. The reader can quite readily do it for himself, and he can apply them with particular profit to those dogmas which he recognizes as a part of the furniture of his own religious consciousness. And he can apply them with almost equal profit to those dogmas which he may meet in the course of the day's happenings. It is quite as important to take on dogmas of the right sort as it is to throw over dogmas of the wrong sort. A mind swept and garnished to the extent of emptiness is of small use. We can do

little through negations. The day's work requires something positive and constructive.

We need not hesitate to introduce these working hypotheses into the spiritual life. They are only mischievous and absurd when we swear to Heaven that they are Very Truth, and stake our salvation upon the high improbability of their being that. In everyday life we are constantly making use of just such working hypotheses. If we want to find a man, we mentally reconstruct his day, and go where we think that he will, at that hour, most probably be found. If we want to make a purchase we visit the shop where we believe, after some inquiry, that we shall most probably find the desired article. If we want a piece of work done, we hunt up the artisan who will, we think, probably do it the best. And so we do all along the line. We may not hit it in a single case, or only in a small number of cases, but it is far better to have made the partial or even false divination and have done something than weakly to hold the hands. The truth is that in the conduct of our daily lives, we move in a world of appalling uncertainties where false guesses bring us all eventually to disaster and death. But only cowards decline on this account to go ahead. It would be equally unfortunate in the life of the spirit to take away dogma and leave paralysis.

Treated in the flexible way here proposed, dogma has a large office to perform in increasing the motive power of daily life and in adding zest and efficiency to our service. What we believe colors what we do. As actors in the drama of life, it makes a large difference whether we cherish positive, constructive views, or whether we steep ourselves in an atmosphere of denial and doubt. The value of a dogma is measured by its results. Dog-

mas which leave us cold and inactive have small or even negative value. This is true of the majority of theological dogmas, and of many of the problems of scholasticism. Just how many angels can balance themselves quite beautifully on the point of a needle is a matter of no possible importance. If we knew beyond peradventure, we should not be one whit better off. But the dogmas which touch daily human life and influence daily conduct and kindle dormant human hearts to service and self-purification, such dogmas, for example, as a belief in the immanence of God, a belief in the possibility of creative activity, a belief in the life everlasting, have an efficiency quite comparable to the divinations and conjectures of practical life, to the assumptions of philosophy and to the theories and hypotheses of science. They may all be wrong, some of them may have to be modified, some of them may have to be thrown over altogether; but meanwhile it is vastly better to use them, and gain such victories as we may, than to suffer the shipwreck of apathy and negation.

Sober-minded men have looked askance at all dogma, because, when held too rigidly, it tends to sectarian intolerance and fanaticism; and when held too loosely, it evokes a world of fantastic make-believe. But there is a wholesome middle ground on which the true educator, whether parent or teacher, will find substantial help and comfort.

Not only does it seem to me essential to the stability and effectiveness of our own position that we should deal intelligently with this whole question of dogma, but it also seems to me unavoidable. We are not given the choice of a world with dogma or without dogma. On the contrary, we come into a world saturated with dogma. We

meet it at every turn, in every book we read, in every sermon or lecture we hear, in every play we see, in every bit of legislation, in every editorial or criticism, in every process at law, in every earnest art work; in a word, in every intelligible human action. They all proceed upon some underlying assumption, some theory, scientific or philosophical, or legal, or social, or religious. Well-established dogmas are not discussed — they are taken for granted. The firmer they are, the more inarticulate they are. Novel dogmas, such as those now sweeping over the philosophical world, are expressed at great length, and expounded with predeterminate effort, and defended with visible zeal. One has to grow accustomed to them. But the current dogmas of the day are regarded as obvious and axiomatic. If our own temper is more critical, and we have, perhaps, lost touch with the instinctive dogmas of the neighborhood, we must ferret them out before we can understand neighborhood life, just as the district attorney must establish a motive for the supposed crime if his circumstantial evidence is to appear credible. This is particularly true in social matters, where Mrs. Grundy insinuates far more than she asserts. Think of the immense body of social dogma underlying the respectability of a given country or of a given period.

It is into this highly sophisticated world that our children are born. They are not offered the choice of a world with dogma or without dogma any more than we are. They meet dogma in very concrete application as soon as they can understand language, as soon as they can themselves talk, as soon as they can at all reflect upon human actions. It would be a very dull small boy who could not tell you, by recalling the Sundays of a

single year, what religious dogmas were uppermost in the minds of his parents, and how far they harmonized. The prohibitions and commands which dominate the childish world, the appeals and rebukes, the rewards and punishments all proclaim to the wondering, inquisitive little person some underlying philosophy of life, and if he combines what he reads and hears with the actual life of the home and school and church and street, it must be a singularly confusing philosophy. Since the most vital dogmas are precisely those which do most affect daily conduct, our children are brought face to face with dogma during the whole course of the waking day; and they are more profoundly influenced by this ever-present, insidious, unspoken dogma, more essentially educated by it than by all that they learn in those multitudinous schoolrooms, where the teacher has brought himself to believe that with the two deepest and most important concerns of the human spirit, — religion and politics, — he has properly nothing to do. But they cannot be ruled out. The question is whether we shall leave the underlying assumptions of life to chance, or whether we shall intelligently try to direct them, — in effect, whether we shall seem to educate, or whether we shall really educate.

The same free spirit which would lead us to deal with dogma in this flexible, practical way would inspire us with toleration for all dogma and all holders of dogma. Life is far too serious an adventure, even for the merry-hearted, to have it rest on false assumptions. It is to no one so altogether important as to the holder of a given dogma to have it refuted if it is not truly defensible. So those of us who hold that in the conduct of life dogma is needful and important must also hold that the

open mind is equally needful and important. It is this conjoint attitude which robs dogma of its sting without robbing it of its power. It makes of dogma an avowed assumption, a high probability, a working hypothesis in the conduct of life, and as such quite as capable of dispassionate, scientific statement as the working hypotheses of science itself. There is, then, no impropriety in dealing with dogma in our current education; but, on the contrary, a deep moral obligation to give it all due consideration.

It would manifestly be poor art to drag in dogma at inopportune moments, in the schoolroom or the nursery, just as it would be in the market-place or the drawing-room. But this is quite different from our present studied silence when the moment for speech has in reality arrived. To keep silent in regard to these vital assumptions means that we propose to go through the motions of life, since we must, but to see to it that the motive power and the underlying impulse remain hidden and confused.

To handle life intelligently, the parent and the teacher must first clear up their own conceptions in this matter of dogma, and must then help the child to a similar lucidity, and must guard him against misconceptions and contradictions. The elder need not go out of his way to bring in such exposition, for, as we have just seen, the child is forever running up against dogma, and is forever asking questions. The particular emphasis put upon any given dogma will depend, of course, upon our judgment as to how the dogma meets the two tests of reasonableness and significance. Many dogmas, once historically important, have now slipped into the category of idle speculations. Even the bitter quarrel between Trini-

tarians and Unitarians is now seen to have been largely a quarrel over words. But one cannot understand the literature of even the past hundred years without understanding these dogmas; and one cannot understand the spiritual life of the present without realizing that these dogmas are now essentially modified or given over altogether. Then there are other major dogmas still fighting for their life which may seem to us not only unsupported by fact, but actually harmful in their consequences; and as we love the children, we will certainly wish to guard them against such an injury. The dogma of the Atonement is an example of this sort. It is still struggling for existence and is still held, nominally, at least, by a multitude of people, but it requires very little analysis to show that it is distinctly a harmful dogma in divorcing cause and effect, and in denying the fundamental Christian doctrine of redemption through good works. So the dogma of Predestination, of the Verbal Inspiration of the Scriptures, of the Infallibility of the Pope, and similar promulgations must be taken into account in any study of the past, but must be denied as guides to conduct in the present. It is only by such clearing of the ground that we can avoid confusion, and can place the proper emphasis upon those dogmas which have contemporaneous, constructive value. Such a list of helpful dogmas may not be the same for all, but it will be apt to include those dogmas born of actual spiritual experience, the more persistent intimations of the inner life; and to exclude the dogmas obviously framed by abstract and scholastic speculation.

In reducing religion to service, and dogma to working hypothesis, we have gained a large simplicity. But the big, simple things of life are the insistent ones. They

permit no evasion. For an unreflective mind, it is much easier to accept official dogma as a basis for personal salvation than it is to render that daily brotherly service which constitutes the heart of all the great world-religions. For that reason one meets very few Christians in America. In my own lengthening lifetime I have met a wholly inconsiderable number. As Chesterton puts it, "The Christian ideal has not been tried, and found wanting. It has been found difficult, and left untried."

The obstacle is not, as a rule, in any failure of good feeling. The majority of people have a kindly sentiment towards their neighbors. But that is not enough. It is not enough to say, "Be ye fed and clothed and warmed." The real obstacle comes when the needs of the neighbor interfere with our own supposed needs. Our neighborly feeling extends to all the great world, except to that portion with which we have economic relations. But these are the very people who are our brothers. The religion of service breaks down with the majority of persons just at this critical point,—the one point where it could be put into practice, — the daily touch whereby we gain our daily bread. Much the same may be said of dogma. It is easier, with the sectarian, to accept unreflectively the dogmas of one's family and church tradition; or, with the agnostic, to question all dogma; or, with the skeptic, to deny all dogma; than it is to treat dogma as a working hypothesis which we are bound to weigh and measure, and to the full extent of our ability, to utilize. Many of the details of daily life, many of the essentials of service can be successfully performed without even a remote reference to dogma. So far, so good. But the larger service, the long view of leadership requires a pretty

definite philosophy of life. One can make many a happy excursion, and return safely to the same port, but one can hardly accomplish a purposeful voyage without a fairly specific chart. The parent or teacher who would fulfill his high office must be a leader, must lead out of the smaller into the larger life, and to be a leader, he must see invisible things. He may not leave it to God, or Providence, or society. He himself is the self-appointed agent. As Machiavelli says, "God is not willing to do everything, and thus take away our free will and that share of glory which belongs to us." We leaders need a chart, a definite, usable, practical chart. Because dogma has been abused seems to me no good reason for throwing over dogma.

A FATHER cannot really educate his son, or a mother her daughter, or a teacher his pupil, by first assuming that food and clothing and shelter, tools and apparatus and equipment, are supplied gratuitously by Nature, and then afterwards correcting the mistake by showing that, in reality, all these things are the products of human labor. The opportunity to correct this mistake does not always come; often it is not seized; still more often, the earlier idea persists. To-day, the majority of well-to-do persons take their subsistence for granted. If food and clothing and shelter, and all the other necessary equipment of an orderly life were not forthcoming, they would regard the failure as something quite monstrous and unnatural. I detect this attitude in the majority of college men, — I detect it in myself. For some inexplicable reason, we believe that the world owes us a living. But to have this comfortable, elaborate living provided for us, some one has got to provide it, and that is the point which we too readily forget. Even when it is brought to mind, however, the common impression of our well-to-do persons is that they pay for what they get, and, on the whole, pay pretty generously. They are much impressed, just now, with the high cost of living.

But how do they pay? — that is a fundamental question in education.

Do they pay by contributing some service themselves,

by some wholesome division of labor in which they have rendered a man's share? Or do they pay by means of a profit which they have won through some business operation? Or do they pay by means of an out-and-out profit which has come to them without labor on their part, in the shape of rent or interest or dividend?

These are the several ways in which people get a living. Necessity makes a man work directly for his living. A certain shrewdness enables him to get a better living indirectly by appropriating a share of the value created by other people. The popular goal for both groups is reached when a man ceases to work altogether, and, through rent or interest or dividend, is amply provided with a living. Until recently none of these methods were seriously called in question, and by the unreflective are still taken for granted. But an increasing number of persons are beginning to ask by what right one group may live off the labor of another group. It is not a comfortable or convenient question, asking where our bread-and-butter comes from, but it is an essential question for parents and teachers. They are bound to inquire into the morality of the whole matter. They must know where they stand themselves, and they must be able to devise some justifiable economic life for their children. Just as it is easier to make religion consist in the acceptance of official dogma rather than in daily service, so it is easier to keep education in the air and to handle it in a purely idealistic and intellectual fashion than it is to found education upon solid, economic grounds. In many quarters it is still regarded as a degradation of education to clip its wings and make it face the bread-and-butter problem. But the world-religionist has no choice in the matter. If he

is to build education upon religion, — and religion means practical daily service, — it is clear that he cannot get his own living by forcing, or even by permitting, other people to work for him, nor can he allow his children to accept such a plan of life. He must do his share, and they must do their share, to the full measure of their strength and ability. Our educator does not expect education to end with bread-and-butter. But human life has to do with spirit and body, and education cannot be at all thoroughgoing unless it concerns itself with how the needs of the body may with propriety be met.

Human want is the great primal fact which every thoughtful educator must consider. And he must take it up in the order of its imperativeness: first the wants of the body and then the wants of the spirit.

In our own day and generation, Tolstoy has done more, perhaps, than any other man to arouse the conscience of Europe and America to the moral necessity of productive work so that all may labor, but none be bowed down by labor. He saw very clearly that just as in a military nation every working man must carry a soldier on his back, so in our present industrial nations the producing class must carry on its back the non-producing, privileged class. He proclaimed the injustice of such a social arrangement, and in the name of religion called upon men to climb down off the backs of their fellowmen, and take a proper share in the necessary toil of life. It was he who coined, or at least gave currency to, the term "bread-labor," and by this he meant the labor that directly produces food. He commended bread-labor to every one, no matter what his station and profession, and testified that he himself, by devoting half

the day to bodily labor in the fields, could during the other half of the day accomplish more intellectual work and of a better quality than when he devoted his whole time to it. This has not, I think, been the experience of all who have turned from the study to the fields, but probably they have not tried it long enough to become accustomed to the new régime. It may be that bread-labor, like vegetarianism, must be persisted in for some months before its full effects can be properly gauged.

A certain amount of bodily exercise is necessary for all brain-workers if they are to keep in health, and any deficiency in this essential is sure to lead not only to bodily illness, but also to unsoundness and morbidity in the intellectual product. If this exercise could at the same time produce useful social results, it is unnecessary to point out the advantage. Bread-labor, as a general principle, seems to me an essential part of religion, and therefore of the Christian life. But bread-labor can readily be given too narrow an interpretation, and possibly Tolstoy made that mistake. It need not be engaged in the direct production of food. It may with equal propriety concern itself with any other of the necessaries of life, either the necessaries of the body or of the spirit. The whole test is as to whether the labor is a genuine service, is the doing of something that is needful and important to human progress and welfare.

The question still remains whether the worker himself would not have sounder health and surer knowledge and a saner perception of the values and perspectives of life if he spent a part of his time, particularly during youth and early manhood, in some form of genuine bodily labor. Among the privileged classes, sport is followed as a substitute, and it has undoubtedly done

much to keep the younger generation sound and manly. But it does not take the place of genuine work. It means, in the first place, that our beautiful young athlete must meanwhile be supported by the labor of persons less strong than he is, — old men, perhaps, and tired women and little children. And, in the second place, the total effect of competitive sport is not good. The sport is carried out under such immense pressure that only the very fit — those who least need it — go in, and they ultimately to their harm; while the large majority — those who most need the exercise, in fact — are reduced to the poor rôle of spectators and applauders. So true is this that in some of our more solicitous schools games are now required of all the boys, and are no longer elective.

My own experience with these beautiful young athletes is that, as human beings, they are curiously useless and uninteresting. One might almost say that, in general, the more successful they are as athletes, the greater failures they are as human beings. They are like cats, who make up for the prodigious agility of the chase by prolonged periods of utter laziness. When not training, my young athlete is one of the laziest of mortals, and only under compulsion will he lift a hand for helpful service. He has become the victim of one idea. He thinks of one thing, talks about one thing, dreams about one thing. An honest sociologist would have to class him with the temporarily insane. In a word, the thoroughgoing athlete is socially a bore, and not only to older persons, but also to those plain-spoken youngsters of his own age, who by some happy accident have declined to substitute a tiny leather ball for the great round earth.

Every human being needs bodily exercise and he rejoices in it just in proportion to his own soundness and vitality. One could ask for no better material. Many an active youngster would prefer to do a hard day's work outdoors than to go to school indoors. It is a pity not to apply some of this abundant, ready-made energy to the doing of useful home work, which, quite aside from its own genuine value, would inculcate the religion of service, and yield a new generation of socially minded comrades. Looking back at my own personal experience, I see that it was a quite mistaken kindness which set me free from all homely duties, domestic and social, and allowed me to give all my time to study and self-improvement. The underlying theory, that my time was more precious than the time of other persons, sank so deep that sometimes I fear it will always remain. In my own undergraduate days, it was the current view, and I was probably no worse than my fellows. In the present day and generation, such a crippling view is still current, and the majority of our young people accept it, not because they are inherently selfish, but because they are unreflective, and naturally accept an arrangement so apparently to their advantage. The responsibility rests with us, their elders.

But the major argument for temperate bread-labor on the part of all is not individual, it is social. It is that only in this way can the necessary productive work of the world get done, and still leave to all workers enough surplus time and energy for that intellectual and spiritual life which alone makes human existence worth while. Under the present régime, so many persons, under one pretext and another, escape all bread-labor that it falls with undue pressure upon the actual

workers, and upon multitudes of the industrially unfit, — children, invalids, mothers, old persons. If it could be shown that two hours of daily productive work, or even four hours, on the part of every adult and able-bodied citizen, were needed to feed and clothe and shelter and equip our hundred million inhabitants, then the moral issue would not be as to whether, forsooth, this amount of bodily labor would be healthful and agreeable for our educated, literary persons, but it would be the more vital and catholic problem of distributing the required amount of daily productive labor among those qualified to bear the burden. There is no possible reason why I should escape unless all can escape. Whitman states the case, when he says: "My God, I will accept nothing that all cannot have their counterpart of, on the same terms."

It is clearly impossible that all should escape bread-labor, — probably, as we have seen, undesirable. Food and clothing and shelter and equipment must be continuously produced and continuously renewed. Given the earth conditions as they are, and our human intelligence as it is, and there is no escape. We must work or perish. The margin between subsistence and destruction is very narrow and singularly contemporaneous. But if we find the required bread-labor either irksome or prejudicial to the best life of the body and the spirit, there is a royal way out of the difficulty. It is, by greater ingenuity and closer coöperation and better management, to reduce the required hours of labor to such narrow limits as we may find to be wholesome. Intelligence could ask no more stirring task than reducing and finally eliminating the drudgery of life. The workers themselves cannot do this. They have neither the leisure nor

the intelligence nor the vision. It is true, I believe, that no enslaved class ever won its own liberation. It is the essential task of applied education.

The increasing difficulty of getting domestic servants in America has already done much to further a simpler and more wholesome mode of living. We are using increased imagination in building and furnishing our houses. We are avoiding dust-harboring devices; we are putting down tight, hygienic floors; we are fighting shy of upholstery; we are keeping our apartments bare and clean and easily cared for; we are making our bedrooms mere wind-swept dormitories; we are insisting upon sufficient bathrooms. On all sides we see this warfare against elaboration carried on in the joint name of increased health and diminished labor. In our kitchens a similar change is taking place. We are eating less, not only because dyspepsia has become a national malady and medical authorities are preaching a temperate diet, but also because we are no longer willing to pay the price of the old extravagance. In my own boyhood, "three good square meals" was the established order of the day. Now, in our better families, there is but one substantial meal, the six-o'clock dinner, and two light, easily prepared meals, the breakfast and luncheon, while an increasing number of persons are either doing without breakfast entirely, or reducing it to coffee and rolls. It is noticeable, too, that a large proportion of the food is served in the form in which it is purchased, — fresh fruit, salad, uncooked cereals, and all sorts of astonishing dishes either "ready to serve" or needing only the slender service of the chafing-dish family.

In the matter of our dress, we have perhaps not gone

quite so far, but we are progressing. Men's wear is reasonably simple, and women are looking in the same direction. The tailor-made gown, though not originally an economy, has nevertheless become the father, or perhaps I ought to say the mother, of a numerous family of simple and inexpensive garments. In a word, increased intelligence *and the pressure of necessity* are doing much to reform and rationalize our household economy.

There is every reason to believe that the same forces, applied to bread-labor, could reduce it to such moderate proportions that every able-bodied adult could do his daily or seasonal share, and be the better and stronger person for it, as well as the keener intellect, the more profound religionist, the truer artist. It is only when all persons work, when they all coöperate for social ends, that bread-labor can be reduced to wholesome daily exercise; and it is only when intelligent, well-trained persons work that bread-labor can be made rational and efficient.

The old ideal of life was to work productively, if you must, but preferably not to work. And this is still the ideal of a multitude of gentle persons. But it is not an ideal that will bear analysis. It hardly squares with the religion of service. In point of fact, it is coming to seem to many socially-minded persons very like common theft. Whether a man is honest or not depends, of course, upon the current definition of theft. Many honest men of twenty and thirty years ago, when judged by the newer definitions and standards, are dishonest men to-day. It is not that the men themselves have changed, but rather that the moral code has become more discriminating. It is important for all of us, but

especially for parents and teachers, to get the matter straight, for one would not wish to confuse the sheep with the goats. We all have pretty definite ideas about stealing, — it is taking something that does not belong to you; it is taking something for nothing. But this is not quite the whole story. In addition to the crude, old-fashioned way of laying hands on some coveted article and making off with it, there is a newer and subtler way of stealing in which the transaction has all the surface marks of honesty, and may even deceive the thief himself. It is an exchange conducted in broad daylight, and quite aboveboard, if one may so phrase it, which is yet, essentially, a veritable theft. For in this exchange one really gives something of value, but one gets vastly more, — in a word, one gets something for nothing, and that from the point of view of a world-religionist is theft, for it is the opposite of service, and the denial of brotherhood.

The whole matter may be put very vividly in two little equations, so simple that even the non-mathematical can understand them. Let T represent, in any given transaction, what you take, and D what you give. Then

$$\text{Theft, Old Style} = T - 0 = \text{Booty}$$
$$\text{Theft, New Style} = T - D = \text{Booty}$$

It can readily be seen that theft, new style, has all the advantage, since it can be carried out in broad daylight, and involves neither legal nor social penalties. In addition, the booty is extraordinarily large. It may amount to a manufacturing plant, a forest, a railway, almost a principality, and may be the source of much esteem and personal consideration. The fact that the booty is

gathered not from a single householder, but from many, sometimes from society at large, does not alter the nature of the transaction. If this be the moral definition of theft, that it is the taking of something for nothing, then theft covers all forms of profit. Any sharp bargain, by which a man gets more than he gives, is morally theft. These operations are multitudinous. They are engaged in by pious persons who believe themselves quite above reproach, and who do not for one moment realize that their profit has been created by some one, some man or woman or child, and represents so much labor-power upon which no alien hand may properly be laid. In the last analysis, profit is appropriated labor-power and is the source of subsistence of nearly all our well-dressed, respectable persons. When questioned, the majority of profit-takers in America say that they are Christians. So were the majority of slave-owners. Our profit-takers are much in the same case. Like the old slave-owners, they appropriate the labor-power of other human beings. The majority of profit-takers are as unconscious of wrongdoing as were the slave-owners, — "They think no sin, where profit comes between." But they appropriate labor-power for the same immemorial reason: it is the easiest harvest to gather and the largest. No amount of needful and important work, that is to say, no amount of bread-labor, will make a man rich, for the day is not long enough, and human strength is not great enough. To get rich a man *must* appropriate a part of some other man's labor-power, and he must do this many times over. He must take from many workers, and in return give them less than he takes. There are many ways of doing this, and sometimes the profit-taker has to work very hard, — harder,

perhaps, than any one of his single workmen; but this industriousness without merit must not blind him or us to the real significance of what he is doing. The case is even clearer with those profit-takers who have long since given over any semblance of work, and who, through the device of rent or interest or dividend, gather to themselves the products of other men's toil.

It is curious that while the majority of well-disposed persons will not only refrain from stealing goods, but will vigorously repudiate even the thought of such a misdeed, they will nevertheless steal, without scruple, the source of all goods, labor-power, and will quite seriously question the sanity of any one who comes along and tells them that this, too, is theft. For it is just as reprehensible to steal labor-power as it is to steal the multiform products of labor-power. Yet this is just what men do when they gather profit. To render them profit, some one has worked the harder, some old man, perhaps, or tired woman or delicate child, and, all unrequited, has rendered up this something for nothing which business calls profit, and morality calls theft. The profit on land is rent; the profit on money is interest; the direct profit on labor-power is dividend; but they all reduce to the same thing, — they are all appropriated labor-power.

The great wrong of our present industrial system results from ignorance, not from intention, and can only be righted by study and enlightenment. In attempting the work of education, we must, as I have said, begin with ourselves. It is easy to take something for nothing. A teacher can do this through over-pay, or under-work, or unnecessary and meaningless service. He can do it through many devices and disguises.

He must ask himself the same penetrating question which he would put to the rest of the world, — Is his own labor quite needful and important, or is he, perhaps, merely marking time in the service of some outworn convention? Is he teaching things that are worth while, and is he doing it efficiently? And every parent must ask himself the same question in regard to his own vocation, — Is it needful and important, a genuine social service, or is it merely some trivial device by which, from the great productivity of the day, he snatches his unearned, greedy handful? These personal questions are not comfortable, not always gracious, but they are essential for all parents and teachers who aspire to educate.

One will not talk economics in any formal way to children. It is not necessary. But one cannot avoid the economic implications upon which our current daily life and all history and literature quite obviously rest. It is not a world with economics or without economics, any more than it is a world with dogma or without dogma. No such choice is open to us. The child comes into a world saturated with economic implications quite as thoroughly as with religious dogma. Our current morality depends in large measure upon our economics, upon the way in which we gain our daily bread-and-butter. The great historic world-movements have taken place under the pressure of economic want. They have been migrations from the region of scant supply to the reputed land of plenty. The pregnant source of quarrels and wars has been the division of earth's harvests. Privilege, the unearned right to the harvest, is always being called in question by the actual gatherers of the harvest.

The economic question is not one that can be avoided,

or one that it is desirable to avoid. Children are very explicit in their interest. They want to know what the hero feeds upon, how he is dressed, where he sleeps. If great deeds are in prospect, wars to be waged, palaces to be built, pleasure parks to be laid out, princesses to be won, tourneys to be run off, the little reader has a keen eye for the sinews of war. In every tale worth the telling, the hero sets out with the express purpose of seeking his fortune. Parents and teachers do not have to drag in economics by the heels. They may, of course, ignore the question, and allow the children to grow up with confused and mediæval ideas; but if they do so, they fail quite miserably to educate the children in the fundamentals of a moral individual and social life. The bread-and-butter question must be met by each parent and teacher in his own personal life; and in dealing with the children, it must be met constantly and in the most unexpected quarters.

Daily bread must be gained by daily labor, and my own personal conviction tends increasingly to the belief that all able-bodied men and women must do their share if their own personal lives are to be sane and wholesome, and if civilization for the whole is to be possible. Bread-labor is better than gymnastics or sport. It has always the dignity of a defensible purpose, and it may be made joyous as well as productive. For the degrading drudgery of modern life there is no excuse. It offends both taste and conscience. The necessary work — the work that is needful and important — is never degrading, and it need never be drudgery if it is performed by comrades working together in harmony and good-fellowship. When men cease to

appropriate the labor-power of others, song will return. We must have the "Singing Man," who will chant the praise of work as well as of play. The portion of labor must not be over-work and under-play, mean living and stunted intellect. The portion of labor must be the just equivalent of labor and a man's chance for an ideal life.

At present our well-to-do children are brought up with the idea that they are to seek some business or profession which will carry them as far as possible from the necessity of bread-labor, and return the largest income for the least toil. Our middle-class children are imbued with the idea that the end of all education is to get them settled in life financially. Our poor children grow up to the worship of a job. It need not be dignified and worthy and wholesome, just so it pays regular and fairly good wages. The present panacea for industrial evils is vocational education, and when introduced at the proper time, nothing could be better. No serious scheme of education is complete unless in the end it *is* vocational. But it must be a means, not an end; and it must start out with a searching and intelligent criticism of all vocations, emphasizing those which are needful and important, and discarding those which are harmful and parasitic. The parent or teacher cannot deal with this important question of vocational education in any helpful way unless he approach it from the human end, and measure it by social as well as industrial standards.

The time to instill wholesome social ideas on the bread-and-butter question is during the whole of childhood and youth. But, as we have been insisting all along, the parents and teachers must first have these wholesome social ideas themselves before they can instill them into

the children. They must study the land question, the most fundamental of all, and the money question, and they must weigh the propriety of all profit. They will do well to begin with some orthodox textbook, and afterwards turn to more radical writers, such as Tolstoy, Ruskin, Henry George, H. G. Wells, and the Fabian Society tractarians. Many of the issues are far from settled, and the study of economics is distinctly puzzling, but the children meanwhile are here and must be educated, and we who pretend to educate them must do our best to clarify our own ideas on these basal points. The welfare of the body is one of our major concerns, and that welfare, as we teachers too little realize, depends not alone upon gymnastics and hygiene and manual training and bodily culture generally, but also just as vitally upon the prevalent industrial conditions in the community, upon our views about rent and interest and dividend. The bodily, and therefore the spiritual welfare of millions of children will be vitally affected by the position we take in regard to this whole question of profit. As practical persons we must not expect too immediate changes in the industrial world. Vested interests change slowly. But what we do desire is that the national vision shall be marked by increased clarity in such matters, and that the rising generation, our own successors and supplanters, shall achieve an industrial life much in advance of our own. This can only be accomplished if we moulders of public opinion, we parents, teachers, priests, editors, writers, statesmen, publicists, get these matters straight in our own minds, and then teach the children, from the nursery up, the essentials of a rational industry. It is human nature to want the lion's share, but it is contrary to the fact to say that

you cannot change human nature, for it is changing all around us, all the time, and never so fundamentally as at the present moment. The thing that does not change is the desire for personal individual welfare. This is highly fortunate, for such a desire is the cause of all progress. What we want to change is the ideal of welfare, to make it include all, and to make it consist in personal quality and distinction. Such an attempt is just now particularly timely. On all sides there are hard-headed, practical persons who are beginning to question this doctrine of the lion's share. It is felt increasingly that an average share in a more orderly world would yield far more happiness than the lion's share in a world of muddle.

Assuming our own economic house to have been put in order, we can helpfully instruct the children, at every turn, in their lessons in history, in arithmetic, in geography, in reading; in fact, in all the activities of the day. We need not formulate our economic creed or give it any verbal expression. We have only to make it the underlying implication in the way we handle the events of the day. Perhaps the most important lesson communicate is the lesson that no one is truly ed who has not come to sound views, *and also* to ound practice in the matter of his bread-and-butter.

V

BODY

If we followed the approved method of our so-called practical friends, we would perhaps avoid all theory. But in doing so we should cease to be practical. We live in a world saturated with theoretical implications of all kinds. We have seen this in the matter of religion and economics. It was not a choice of a world with dogma or without dogma; with economic implications or without them. It was a choice of dogmas and of implications. It is quite the same when we come to deal with the human body and its part in education. One might willingly avoid so debated a topic as the relation between soul and body, but daily life proceeds for each one of us upon some avowed or unformulated assumption. Our current phrase "to keep soul and body together" indicates that we have here a partnership whose dissolution would mean death. In my own childhood an old conundrum was current; one that pleased us greatly because of the play on words, and because of what we supposed to be its obviousness. The conundrum was this: "What is mind?" and the answer, "No matter!" "What is matter?" and the answer, "Never mind!" This was typical of the prevailing attitude, not alone of the latter part of the nineteenth century, but of many previous centuries. It was the common assumption that soul and body are independent entities, which for some inscrutable purpose are chained together during life, and separated at death. It was al-

so a part of current thought, especially of ecclesiastical thought, that this partnership was far from harmonious or helpful. Flesh warred against spirit. To subdue the flesh, to mortify the body, — this was the common ambition of the spiritually minded.

The lives of the saints present a distressing picture of personal uncleanliness, unsanitary practices, maceration, flagellations, self-inflicted torture, courted disease, and coveted suffering. As so exhibited, Christianity is a distinct form of pessimism. The present world is essentially evil. The beatitudes are all of another and a better world. The body is manifestly of the present world, an earthly garment, to be left gladly behind when death opens the door to better and more abiding things. To deny the body and inhibit its natural desires and appetites becomes, then, a consistent article of faith and works. In many religious orders in various parts of the world this spirit still persists as a part of their confessed creeds. It persists in less articulate form in many individual lives, — pain is better than pleasure, celibacy than parenthood, hunger than satisfaction, illness than health, emaciation than prowess, death than life. It is seldom stated in quite so bald a fashion as this, but in a more veiled form it crops out in unexpected quarters, and in fact lies latent in much of our older education. In moments of profound discouragement, the human spirit easily runs to cover under some of the many forms of martyrdom. There are few communities or families which do not harbor some poor soul who loves to be miserable. One might almost say that potentially speaking we are all of us possible martyrs, and disposed when victory costs too dear to make an inverted victory out of defeat.

This doctrine of the conflict of body and spirit has been curiously triumphant. But everywhere it has always been called in question by the healthy-minded, — not alone by the pleasure-lovers of history, but as well by philosophers of a more robust type. The revolt against asceticism, and its underlying dogma of the essential antagonism between the bodily and the spiritual life, reaches its extreme expression in that scientific materialism which was an early and unreflective product of middle nineteenth-century thought. The pendulum was made to swing completely over to the other side. Body and soul were no longer antagonistic, — they were not even separate. Body was everything, the experienced reality; soul was a pretty name for body's more poetic reactions. The spirit of this time was well expressed by that famous formula of materialism, — "the brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile." So extreme a position was pretty sure to lead to a speedy reaction. In our own day, the pendulum has once more swung back again, and threatens to go as far in the opposite direction of spiritism. In my own lifetime of thought there has been an almost complete reversal of position. Materialism explains nothing; we turn again to the mystery of the spirit.

As a matter of experience, we everywhere observe a close parallelism between body and spirit. There are intimations of a puzzling and baffling, but nevertheless convincing, sort which seem to indicate that spirit is the motive-power in human life; and body, the beautiful and complicated tool. It is a region where positive knowledge grows very slowly, and no dogma can claim more than probability. In the work of education, we are bound, I think, to accept a belief in this very close

parallelism between body and spirit and to strike for the health of both. Beyond this parallelism, one's individual belief is probably a matter of temperament. The spirit of our Western world expresses itself in the formula that the body has a soul, — the spirit of the East puts it that the soul has a body. It is a difference of emphasis.

For myself, I prefer the Eastern statement, since it represents for me the higher degree of probability. I shall assume, then, that soul is the motive-power, the inspirer, and that body is the tool, the carryer-out. I assume this, not as a demonstrable, experimental fact, but because, of the two alternatives, it better squares with the experiences of daily life. In every department of human effort it is the spirit which counts. I assume it also on pragmatic grounds, since the directive action of spirit offers the more helpful outlook. In making this frank assumption, one need not lose sight of the innumerable interactions between body and spirit, nor forget that in ministering to body one helps spirit.

These profound matters are not decided by any mere count of hands, but it is worth remarking that current philosophical thought, after both the scientific invasion and the inevitable reaction have been allowed for, reasserts the supremacy of spirit and the unescapable reality of the inner life, of intuition and direct, durable experience. This in no way discredits scientific truth. It merely points out its limitations, points out that it is static, relative, utilitarian, while the inner light which after all men have to live by, is dynamic, absolute, disinterested. It is within bounds to say that our twentieth century opens with a spiritual renaissance which no thinker can easily ignore.

From either point of view, however, education has to

do essentially with body. From a materialistic point of view, the body is the source and fountain of all the subsequent intellectual and social life. From the point of view here adopted, the body is the wonderful and beautiful tool by means of which the spirit carries out its human purposes.

When it comes to the practical, everyday work of education, the danger in the materialistic theory is that health and physical prowess too readily come to figure as ends in themselves, and as such to run to muscle and appetite; with the avowed end, the human spirit, a somewhat secondary and ineffectual blossoming. The bodily integrity which true education seeks is not muscle and bulk, but that fine organization of bodily tissue which fits it for the nice services of the spirit. It is not practicable to develop body along the lines of a mere healthy animalism, and then later to add the gift of the spirit. It is true that this sometimes happens, — there are cases of genuine "conversion," — but more frequently it fails to happen. Nor is it practicable to cultivate the spirit exclusively, trusting to some future effort to develop an adequate tool for the carrying-out of the purposes of the spirit. The two processes must go on *pari passu*. The close parallelism between body and spirit which we accept in theory, we must observe in practice.

Regarding the body as a tool which is to be fashioned with the utmost care and efficiency to this nice service of the spirit, education must deal quite frankly with naked bodies. I speak now of efficient education, not of that poor, makeshift sort which would build in the air, ignoring the very foundations, and stands abashed and confused in the presence of the uncovered body. No

other workman in all the range of our industries attempts to fashion his tool by first covering up his material, and then cultivating a delicate ignorance about its essential qualities. But parents and teachers too often do this very stupid and ineffectual thing in dealing with the bodies of their children. They seem to forget that the human body is an organism which shares with every plant and animal on earth the fivefold cycle of organic existence, — birth, nutrition, growth, reproduction, and death. These are the great facts in the bodily life, and they are consequently essential elements in the problem of education. We parents and teachers are hopelessly stupid and unfaithful if we allow either ignorance or a false delicacy to obscure these essential elements, and turn our attention to what is superficial and unimportant. If we are to produce a generation of strong and able men, we must face this immutable cycle of organic life, the mysterious problem of birth, the practical, life-long problem of nutrition, the statistical problem of growth, the race problem of reproduction, the august problem of death.

If education is to gain this organic efficiency, it must deal quite frankly and willingly with naked bodies. We do this now in the nursery. Careful fathers and mothers watch the bodies of their little children, and rejoice in their purity and beauty. The food is studied and scrutinized. If there seems anything amiss the doctor is consulted and questioned. From month to month, the clean little naked bodies are carefully weighed, and the results compared with the tables of normal growth. In thousands of homes the land over, this joint worship of childhood and beauty is daily offered. No one can witness, untouched, the ecstasy of a couple of young

parents over the marvel of a first baby. It may amount to foolishness, but it is a fortunate foolishness. Young people who were perhaps selfish and inconsiderate, idle and pleasure-loving, now hurry away from old pastimes to this new service in a small white temple, where the ceremonial furniture is crib and bathtub, and the presiding deity is a tiny child. I am watching now, with confessed reverence, a young mother who is still nursing her six-months-old man-child, and who means to nurse him three months more, in order to give to the world the stronger and finer man.

As the children grow older, they do not need the same minute care, but they do need the same sort of intimate care. As a rule, they do not get it. The novelty perhaps wears off, the old call to work or play reasserts itself, other babies arrive and absorb attention. The older children get crowded out. But their needs, if less immediately imperative, are every whit as important. Parents should still concern themselves with the naked bodies of their children to see that they are properly nourished, to see that muscles and nerves are sound and adequate, to see that eye and ear and hand and voice are properly trained, to see that growth is quite what it should be. Not only is it necessary that the body should be subject to this careful scrutiny from week to week, but the body itself needs the tonic of direct contact with air and sunshine. All growing bodies need this contact, and children quite as much as plants and animals. In summer — and in large areas of the United States, this means full half the year — the small boys in all clean neighborhoods would be the better if they could dispense with all or nearly all clothing. Even for the older boys a pair of neat bathing-

trunks or running-trousers is all that is needed. In my own summer camp in New Hampshire we observe this simplicity. In a few days, the bare chests and legs and arms attract no attention. They become clothed with a healthy coat of tan. The costume is felt to be so natural and proper that in spite of its novelty, it is carried with a fine unconsciousness. Along with this exposure of the body to the air and sunshine go the other elements of the simple life, — a plain diet, cold shower baths in the open, abundant exercise, long hours of sleep in the clean air, high thinking, and good-fellowship. As a practical matter, each simplicity seems to make the others increasingly possible. The tonic effect of such a life is truly remarkable. Little chaps who have always been classed as delicate become visibly robust.

I count the added manliness of spirit and cleaner morals of equal value with the increased health. As efficient educators we must accept the body, — it is too insistent and too important a fact to be ignored. We take the first step towards a sound manliness when we teach boys not to be ashamed of the naked body, — when we teach them to be ashamed of feebleness, of under-development, of sickness, of all uncleanness, but to rejoice in the strength and beauty of a clean, well-developed body. Children are not naturally ashamed of their bodies, for they have nothing to be ashamed of. It is we elders who burden them with a sense of shame.

We parents and teachers fail to educate our boys unless we succeed in keeping them chaste, — chaste through knowledge, not through ignorance. The lack of chastity among boys is a common evil which every educator must face and fight. It is commonly thought

to be a graver problem in boarding-schools than in the home. That it *is* a grave problem head-masters in both Europe and America have quite frankly confessed to me; and I have had to meet the same problem even in a summer camp. It is impossible to know how such matters stand relatively, but my own experience with boys leads me to believe that self-abuse is more generally practiced among solitary boys living at home than it is among boys living in groups. In such cases as have come under my own observation, the habit grew up in solitude and secrecy, and came to light in group life. It was stamped out partly by public opinion, but still more by the personal efforts of a manly, enlightened master. It is distinctly not a matter which a conscientious father may safely or properly take for granted. I formerly felt that the question of sex was too delicate for a schoolmaster to mention to growing boys, and that it fell wholly within the province of fathers. I still feel that the father is the proper one to explain sex to a boy, just as the mother is the proper one to explain it to a girl. But as a rule, fathers fail to perform this plain duty, and confess quite openly that they feel a hesitation and delicacy about discussing these matters with their boys. Such a position seems to me wholly indefensible, a grave neglect of a plain duty. It falls, then, upon the teacher, and he must perform the duty with delicacy, with intelligence, and with thoroughness. I do not believe, of course, that a knowledge of sex or the wholesome habit of nakedness will cure all boyish unchastity. But I do believe, from experience, that they diminish it, that the unashamed contemplation of the naked body and a full and frank knowledge of its qualities and potencies not only lead

to a more robust health, but also to a more profound morality.

The complete health of the body should be the first specific aim of education. It is the most important problem now before American parents and teachers. There is a diminished mortality among infants, and there is a marked control in many of the old contagious and endemic diseases, but there is an alarming increase in the number of chronic ailments, in the number of insane persons, and in that company of feeble, inert persons, for whom at too early an age life has ceased to be a joy and has become a burden. Judged by the common defects in eye and ear and voice and teeth, by our diminished stature and weight, by our lessened endurance and physical prowess, by the diminishing birth-rate in all civilized countries, we stand as a race face to face with degeneration. This loss of bodily vigor seems to be the direct result of the change in our national habits. Our industrial life turns from the open to the factory. Our families migrate from the country to the town. On all sides we see an increase of conveniences, an increase even of the average lifetime, but along with these gains a distinct loss in health. The truth is that this very command of utilities has made us grow soft, — we pamper ourselves too much, we protect ourselves too much; we over-eat, and over-clothe, and over-heat, and over-indulge. The unavoidable result is degeneration, and a visible enfeeblement. The evidence is most noticeable in the older nations of civilization and particularly in those nations where the factory system has been most completely developed; but it is also to be found in newer nations like ourselves. We have still, fortunately, an immense amount

of health and bodily vigor. It is the national resource that we ought most jealously to conserve. But genuine health is not the common heritage in either country or town. On all sides one sees the signs of a lack of health and strength. There are those who profess to believe that five-foot men are as good a national product as the old six-foot men. Possibly they are, if we value men simply as labor-power; the smaller man might even be a better factory operative. But humanly speaking, the dwarfing of the race now being brought about by factory and urban life is much to be deplored.

The required height for recruits in the British army has been reduced within little over a half-century from five feet six inches to five feet. It is credibly reported that the city of Manchester in England can no longer recruit her police force among her own citizens, but must send into the country districts to find men of sufficient height and brawn. Happily the modern world needs many things far more than it needs soldiers and policemen; but these facts are significant. Even more disabling than mere decrease of stature is the lack of health and endurance which seems on all sides to be increasing. One meets few persons of even moderately good health; fewer still who are robust. Nearly every one is suffering from some more or less disabling malady or some inconvenient defect of faculty. Valuable hours are taken out of a lifetime, valuable lives end all too soon. More serious still, the quality of life suffers. Our feeble folk go through the motions of daily life, but they get neither the satisfactions nor the results. We all know that a sick man is more or less of a rascal, and have known it long before Dr. Johnson said so.

It may be a habit of advancing years to believe in the greater robustness of one's own generation. I recall that to my father my own youth seemed somewhat colorless and pampered; while I, in turn, look upon my younger friends as noticeably deficient in the physical endurance which made possible my own adventurous life of travel and investigation. It is not so much that they are unable to stand the strain which an older generation accepted as a matter of course as it is that they are unwilling. But this unwillingness to meet the demands of a more robust life leads in the end to a genuine inability. It is no idle alarm, this call for a more robust manliness. It is a national need which parents and teachers must take into account in all their educational schemes.

In driving through the Yosemite some years ago, I had the good fortune to gain that coveted thing, a seat next the driver. We came, en route, to an Indian mending the roadway. I asked to what tribe he belonged, and was told (quite appropriately, I thought) that he was a Digger Indian. When I further asked something of the quality of the tribe, the driver said that in general they were not much esteemed, but that, for his own part, he thought very well of them, and he then told me the following incident. His brother was a horse-dealer, and employed a Digger Indian to look after his stable. On one occasion, several animals were to be delivered at a given point some distance away. It so chanced that the dealer, away on another errand, was detained for several days. The Indian, therefore, quietly delivered the horses and returned to the stable, a total journey of three days. When the dealer came back, he was much pleased, but he was also puzzled to know how

the Indian had accomplished the journey without any money. When questioned, the Indian explained that he had fed the animals at well-known stopping-places, told to whom they belonged, and had the bill charged. The dealer asked what he had done for his own food. The Indian had not eaten anything for the entire three days, but it seemed to him too small a thing to mention! I am recalling this incident because I know so many persons who are not only upset by the loss of a single meal, but even grow visibly ill-tempered if the meal provided fails to come up to their expectations. It is odd that the well-known injunction, *Feed the brute!* should apply to educated persons, rather than to our less civilized brother.

In the last analysis disease is filth and health is cleanness. The way to fight disease is to fight dirt. The way to establish health is to gain the utmost attainable cleanness, — in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat, in the clothes we wear, in the apartments we inhabit, in the apparatus we handle, in the streets and grounds we frequent. This thoroughgoing cleanness is a matter of education. To make the body and the thought clean, inside and out, is to endow a child with health. Those who have gained health may, through simple living and proper exercise, add strength. Endurance is a spiritual quality, and needs, in addition to an adequate body, the efficient cultivation of the will. I have never been in the army, but I can readily believe that the officers excel their men in simple physical endurance. I know that in rough surveys in which I have taken part the leaders, the so-called "instrument men," could always outstrip their seemingly stronger helpers, the linemen and choppers. The leaders cared — the will

was enlisted. Endurance is a matter of the spirit, even more than of the flesh.

Parents are the natural guardians of the health of the children. It is a grave business to know how health may be established, and then to establish it. If need be, the skilled doctor and the trained nurse and the sanitary engineer must be consulted and followed. When these are not available, the best literature of hygiene will render some aid. Teachers who are masters in residence schools stand *in loco parentis* to the boys under their care, and must be equally efficient and insistent in all these health matters. Even the teacher in a day school must make the health of the children his first care. The schoolroom must first be made as hygienic as possible, and then, knowing himself what ought to be done, the teacher can share his knowledge with the parents, through bulletins sent to each home, through personal visits to the parents, and through conferences held at the schoolhouse. The human body is very sacred, — it is the tool of the spirit. But before you can sharpen and fashion the tool for its high office, you must have sound material to start with, a good wholesome bodily tissue. If health has the immense and fundamental importance in education which I believe that it has, it is worth working for, persistently and intelligently. It is not difficult to publish practical instructions for the attainment of health, but it does require great faithfulness to carry them out.

The schoolhouse, like the home, should be first of all a true sanitorium.

I do not know of any more practical way of presenting this quest of good health than by making health synonymous with cleanness. If everything that concerns

a child's life is made rigorously clean, the child will have health.

The first thing to begin with is obviously the air he breathes. Some of the most prevalent and fatal diseases are those of the respiratory system, and they are the direct result of foul air. The only practical way to have a child breathe clean air is to have him sleep, eat, play, and receive instruction outdoors, — this is now done with tubercular children, — or else, if that is impossible, to have the atmosphere of such rooms as he does inhabit so constantly renewed that there is no chance of its becoming vitiated. But the art of indoor ventilation is one of immense difficulty. When it is remembered that one pair of lungs will vitiate nearly one cubic foot of air *per minute*, the problem of adequate ventilation seems well-nigh hopeless. It is so seldom solved that the seeker after clean air must turn more and more to the country and the open. If we are to regain our national vigor we must cultivate a genuine outdoor life. The present popular movement in that direction is full of promise.

Clean drinking-water is the second requisite of health. Bitter experience has taught our municipalities to be very solicitous in this matter, and we are perhaps better off now than ever before. But the danger of polluted water is still a menace of country life. Water may be fatally unclean and still look harmless. The only way is to have a careful and immediate examination, by sending a suitable sample to the State Chemist. One should first write ahead, and secure proper instructions for collecting the sample, as well as a sterilized container in which to ship it. Meanwhile, if there is the least suspicion of contamination, bottled spring water of known quality should be provided, even if the added

expense must be met by cutting out some other article of the daily dietary. Impure drinking-water carries too many grave dangers to justify running any risk either on the ground of economy or of over-trustfulness. One would not wish to go through life suspicious of every glass of water, but nevertheless it is wise to believe every untested water-supply guilty until proved innocent.

It is not enough, however, to see that the drinking-water is harmless, — one must also see that it is used. Few parents or teachers concern themselves with the amount of water their children drink; and in point of fact few children drink as much as they ought. It is a matter of habit, and one gets into bad habits in this respect, even more easily than into good habits. Very small children are fairly insistent upon having a drink when they are thirsty, and often at very inconvenient times and seasons; but as they grow older, they learn to do without, especially if the supply is not at hand, or if their demands are apt to meet with expostulation on the part of their elders. We are quite horrified at the idea of a child's not having a daily bath, because that necessity of the cleanly life has been pretty well drilled into us, and we realize how unwillingly we would forego such a bath ourselves; but we do not sufficiently remember that the inside of the body needs cleansing just as much as the outside, and that the work should be done thoroughly. Abundant drinking-water means free urination and easy movements of the bowels, and the consequent elimination of waste materials. Just how much water shall be taken each day depends upon several factors, such as perspiration and the amount of water in the rest of the food. Fresh fruits and milk supply in themselves a large amount of water. In general

it may be said that under ordinary conditions a child of twelve should drink at least two full quarts of water a day. Few children do this, but the habit once established, an important step has been taken towards increased cleanness, and consequently increased health.

The proper care of the teeth should also be brought within the certainty of a well-established habit. At least once a day, and preferably once after each meal, a child should be taught to brush his teeth and wash out his mouth. If at the same time he gargles his throat thoroughly with cold water, or water to which some suitable disinfectant has been added, the danger of sore throat and other infection will be notably reduced.

The need of frequent baths and pure drinking-water is very great, but it is now so obvious that the need is in a fair way of being satisfied. In the matter of food, the need of cleanness is just as imperative, but our quest of it is much less persistent and intelligent. We have come to many well-established ideas of external delicacy. We require clean linen on our table, and clean-looking china and glass and silver. In the matter of the food itself, we have attained an altogether superficial and ineffectual squeamishness. We draw the line at any overt and visible act of contamination. A breakfast roll that has fallen on the floor, or a portion of food into which we have seen the waiter, or even our gracious hostess, push inquiring fingers would meet with our prompt and well-bred refusal; but the dreadful things that have happened to the food during its production and preparation — at the market, in transit, in our own kitchens even — give us no great concern. We do not see these contaminations, and they are quite too disagreeable to think about. Things that we would not for one

moment tolerate in our presence, we permit without protest, behind our backs. The host who helped us to a second piece of roast with his own fork would hardly be surprised to see that we had suddenly lost all relish for roast; yet in the kitchen the cook dips her spoon into the soup to taste its seasoning, and, later, dips again. The one step we have taken in securing cleanness of food is to insist that in our presence nothing offensive shall be done, and this adds a bit to the superficial decency of life, but it is a very short step towards genuine cleanness and health.

At all stages in its preparation, unclean hands are in constant contact with our food. In our own kitchens, unclean negroes, Orientals, immigrants of all nations handle our food with careless unconcern. Our only escape is the escape of the ostrich who buries her head in the sand, — we do not allow ourselves to know about these matters, or our thoughts to dwell upon them. If we did give rein to our imagination, a banana, a pared apple, and a boiled egg would be about the only forms of food open to us.

In reality the partaking of food ought to be a sacrament. It is the daily renewal of our life for noble ends. This sacrament ought not to be left to unclean hands, for it means the desecration of our own hearthstones. When we partake of impure, unclean food, when we overeat, as we are constantly solicited to do, we put away from us in effect that perfect cleanness which makes for health. I am not speaking theoretically, — I am speaking in full earnest. I have been now in every state in the Union, I have been in hundreds of hotels and boarding-houses and private homes, I have traveled in ordinary coaches as well as in Pullmans, and I have watched my

fellow-countrymen with a keen and friendly interest. On all sides I have seen the signs of this uncleanness, — I have seen it in sallow complexions, dull eyes, flabby cheeks, in distressing figures, and heavy, uncouth movements. This is the testimony of the eye. But the ear adds its own witness. Few travelers given to the most rudimentary observation have failed to detect that curious and unmistakable sound, — the sigh of the overfed. I have heard it on steamships and dining-cars, in hotels and private houses, and I know very well what it means, — it means lumpish manners and dull talk. A sacrament means refreshment and added life. But this meal of unclean food and gross amount requires a lounge or a sprawling armchair in which to recover one's breath, and drowse off the effect of the gluttony. Both eye and ear are offended, and if we are willing to accept the testimony of Chinese critics, the nose as well. They object to us, they say, for many reasons, and one of them is, quite frankly, that we smell.

I cannot but feel it to be a mockery of a shocking sort that education should concern itself with so many unimportant matters, and should leave untouched these essential matters of elementary cleanness. But it is not my business to upbraid. It is my business to point out these evils and to suggest a better practice. The remedy is very simple. It is to abolish uncleanness by bringing in cleanness. Each parent and teacher is bound to attain cleanness for himself, in person, in drink, and in food, to establish it in the children, and to teach its high importance as a vital element in the health and integrity of the nation. Personally I do not believe that we shall ever attain cleanness in food, so long as we leave this important matter to servants and hirelings.

How can we, for example, expect a negro servant, who is sensibly unclean in his own person, to be even moderately clean when it comes to handling our food? In point of fact we do not expect it, and that is one reason why we keep out of the kitchen. The partaking of food can only once more become a sacrament when its preparation is in clean hands, in the hands of the mistress or master of the house, or in the hands of an equal member of the household, whose high office is recognized and respected.

There are grave democratic objections to the servant class; there are grave religious objections; the hygienic objections are equally grave. It is for educators to realize this and to teach both boys and girls the immense importance of temperance and cleanness in food and drink, and how practically to attain them. From an individual point of view, and from a national point of view, such knowledge is of vastly more importance than any attainment of a purely academic sort.

In this educational quest of cleanness, it is easily possible to over-concentrate one's attention upon one particular point, and to neglect others equally important. We all know worthy persons who are fanatical about pure drinking-water, or solicitous to the point of being tiresome in the matter of the milk-supply, but who accept without question unmentionable scandals in the way of other food and drink. The truth is that dirt threatens us on all sides, — in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat, — and will probably continue to do so as long as human welfare is accounted a secondary matter and industrial profit is held to be the major concern. But we must go on fighting dirt on all sides, and, in order not to be defeated,

we must fight with cheerful courage, not afraid of the enemy and bent upon downing him. There is no limit to the fight. It must take in everything, — clothing and human habitations, streets and cars, schoolhouses and all assembly halls, as well as air and food and drink.

Most decent persons would be shocked at the idea of wearing any clothing next to the skin that could not go unreservedly into the washtub. It may be that, in well-to-do families, the prejudice in favor of fresh underwear is carried to an extreme, and does not sufficiently take into account the waste of human life that goes on in all laundries. It used to seem to me an admirable thing to change every day or even twice a day, and I was ready to measure a man's decency by the size of his laundry-bill; but I do not feel so any longer, for I see that for even fresh linen we may pay too high a price in the dull, unwholesome labor of our brothers and sisters. If we washed our own clothes we would certainly cultivate temperance in the size of our laundry-bags. So I no longer admire a full clothes-line, for my thought goes out to the men and especially to the women who wearily pin the clothes to the line. But one can be temperate in this respect and yet perfectly clean and decent. The way out is through a scrupulous cleanness of the body itself. This is genuine decency and involves no slavery on the part of others. A vigorous bath once a day surely, and twice a day when heat or toil makes it advisable, is a much better social ceremonial than the excessive service at the washtub. Men and women who live cleanly lives can keep their bodies as fresh and sweet as the bodies of little children. One practical reason for advocating the nakedness of children is that skin bathed in sunshine and fresh air, as

well as in water, is always clean and wholesome. But just as we fuss over the drinking-water and the milk-supply, and quite ignore the hideous uncleanness in the preparation of solid food, so, in this matter of clothing, we are excessively fastidious about our linen, and yet tolerate a surprising amount of dirt in our outer clothes. If we are careful gentles, we have our coats and our waistcoats and our trousers pressed from time to time, and from time to time we may even have them naphtha-cleansed. But for the most part, they are far from clean. The more careful we are, the better cloth we buy, and the longer it lasts, and the more filthy and ill-smelling it becomes. A rich man told me the other day that the suit he had on was six years old. My own nose is perhaps over-sensitive, but many men whom I know to be scrupulously clean in their person and linen, I nevertheless hold at a distance because their outer clothes fairly smell. The rooms in an old hotel get what Emerson called the "carpet-smell," and it is the same with outer garments that wear too long. One charm of the tropics is that both men and women wear wash clothes, and do not in this respect offend. One of the many charms about little children is that all their clothes have been in the washtub, and are really clean. One element in the wholesomeness and delight of the life at a summer camp is that the little clothing worn goes frequently into the washtub, and one has on all sides both the sense and the smell of essential cleanness. We shall never be a genuinely clean and wholesome people until we devise some scheme of clothing in which every garment worn by men and women, as well as by children, is not only clean once, but is easily kept clean.

I am dwelling so long upon this unpleasant topic

because it has never received the attention which it deserves. There is, I think, in all the outer world no more insidious and invading vulgarity than a bad odor. One meets it wherever any considerable number of human beings are gathered together, and this quite regardless of their social standing. If these foul emanations come from unsuitable clothing, or bad teeth, or impure food, or unclean personal habits, it is quite clear that we have to do with persons who cannot, in spite of their pretensions, be called educated. There is a disposition to look down upon our Oriental brother, but in this matter of personal cleanliness he stands measurably above ourselves.

Cleanness in human habitations has made a great stride during the past quarter of a century. Bare floors, painted walls, open fireplaces, generous open plumbing, electric lighting, unupholstered furniture, uncurtained beds, scantily draped windows, temperate bric-à-brac, have added much to the hygiene of the home. One particular menace still remains, and that is the dirt-distributing gaspipe. Not only does the burning jet bring soot and the foul products of combustion into the atmosphere of our apartments, but the pipes themselves are always leaky. I have in mind a handsome old house in Boston, where the stately mistress has recently been ill unto death. Her physician traced the cause of illness directly to the gaspipes. They had been in the house for thirty years, and, though showing no appreciable leaks, they were found to be permeated with innumerable pinholes, through which the gas was constantly fouling the atmosphere of the house, and making health impossible. The present tendency to substitute electric lighting for gas is a great gain,

but unfortunately it goes hand in hand with an equally marked tendency in the kitchen to substitute gas for coal. If properly managed, this is a great convenience, but generally it is not properly managed, for either the gas itself or the products of combustion, or both, are allowed to escape into the room. I seldom enter a house or an apartment without smelling sewer gas, or illuminating gas, or coal gas. No habitation can be considered clean where the very atmosphere is contaminated with this mobile form of dirt.

On all sides, informed public opinion is demanding better ventilation and greater cleanness in schoolhouses, churches, lecture-halls, theaters, and railway cars. It is difficult to reduce such matters to statistics, but the marked increase in scholarship recorded in the open-air schools of Chicago would indicate that here again cleanness in atmosphere must figure as an important element in the scientific management of our schools.

In making disease synonymous with dirt, and health synonymous with cleanness, we must bear in mind that there is a dirt of the spirit as well as a dirt of the body; and there is a cleanness of the spirit which is of all known forces the most powerful in bringing about the cleanness and health of the body. The hindrances in the life of the spirit are to be removed with even greater assiduity than we eliminate dirt from the life of the body. *Let all things that breathe — without enemies, without obstacles, overcoming sorrow and attaining cheerfulness — move forward freely, each in his own path!* If we parents and teachers could realize this simple, far-reaching prayer, cleansing our own spirits, we should appreciate the sacredness of the per-

sonality of our children, and we should be able to help them move forward freely, *each in his own path.* And this is education, — the unfolding and perfecting of the individual human spirit. When the spiritual obstacles are removed, it is in the clear atmosphere of the untrammeled spirit that the children blossom into larger human beings. It is convenient to speak of the human body first, but we must always remember that it is the spirit which must first be cleansed, because it is the spirit which is the source of life, and which uses for its efficient tool, the body.

VI

THE YEARS OF GRACE

THE integrity of the human body is the first step in education. We must be scientific and thoroughgoing. We must be willing to deal with the naked bodies of our children in the same unashamed way that a mother deals with the little naked body of her infant. We must watch these little childish bodies just as carefully, must weigh and measure them, must compare them to normal standards of growth, and make good any deficiency or cut down any excess. I have given at the end of the chapter a table of the heights and weights of normal children of different ages. This is, of course, a very mechanical test, but it is helpful and may easily prove important. A parent or teacher should know whether the boy he is pretending to educate is growing normally, increasing wholesomely in stature and bulk. And he should know many other things having to do most vitally with the boy's future: whether he is malformed in any way; whether, for example, he is flat-footed, or has any appreciable curvature of the spine, or whether there is any defective action of the heart. It ought to be known, too, whether the different organs are acting properly; whether the circulation is all that it should be; whether the urination is free and adequate; whether the bowels move regularly; whether the digestion is in order. Then there is that important and too-little considered question, — the condition of the sense-organs. A child only knows the outer world

through the senses, and if they fail to function properly, the report is a very faulty one. It is the grave business of parent and teacher to know whether a boy is all right in this particular, whether his eyes are sound, or perhaps need glasses or other treatment; whether his ears are acute; whether his nose and throat are in order; whether his nervous and muscular system is sound.

These things used to be taken for granted, but when it has recently been shown that out of fifteen hundred school-children examined in the city of New York, ninety-three per cent were defective in some particular, it is no longer permissible to take these for granted. It is our business to find out where the defect in each child lies, and our moral obligation to correct the defect if that is possible. This is vastly more important than to impart any amount of knowledge in the way of arithmetic and grammar.

Not only do the facts of actual observation acquaint us with this wide-spread deterioration, but there are scientific grounds for expecting it. It is the tendency of all highly organized matter to deteriorate. It is the simple things which endure, sand and water and air. The complex molecules are unstable, and if they contain some unwilling element, like nitrogen, they are unstable to the point of being explosive. The most complex organism in the world is a highly developed man. Instability is the price of his wonderful organization. As a child, he needs to be safeguarded; as a man, he needs to safeguard himself. If his organization reach the high pitch of genius, he needs almost a personal care-taker. We must not be appalled at the tendency of the modern, highly organized child to degenerate. We must accept this tendency as the price of his marvelous

mechanism, and must resist the tendency to the best of our ability.

To watch and measure the childish organism, to detect, and so far as may be, correct defects, to develop the sense-organs, and to keep the organism as a whole in perfect health, — this is the large mission of the parent and teacher. How far one will call upon expert advice and how far one will depend upon one's self will be determined by circumstances. An earnest parent or teacher will go just as far personally as he can go with safety. If he is intelligent, he will easily know the proper limits of his own skill and just where the expert becomes necessary. A suitable weighing-machine and measuring-tape, used in connection with the given table every one, two, or three months, will determine the general question of growth. A man who genuinely cares for boys need not be a physician to tell, on looking a boy over carefully, whether there are any marked defects to be corrected. Even in the delicate matters of sight and hearing, though experts would be better, the man who cares can single out the cases which need immediate attention, and can see that they get it even though all the children cannot be submitted to expert examination. I have personally great respect for expert service, but I have even greater respect for the man who brings to his work with children the combined magic of love and common sense. This is particularly true when it comes to acting upon a diagnosis. The scientist may find his chief interest in locating a defect. The concern of the parent and teacher is to correct it.

It is a large art to keep children in perfect health. When one has attained the utmost cleanness possible, cleanness of atmosphere, of person, of drinking-water,

of food, of clothing, of habitation, of spirit, the questions of detail still remain, — how much sleep, how much food and drink, how much clothing, how much work, how much exercise, how much play. In spite of my own large experience in such matters, — or perhaps because of it, — I should be quite unwilling to attempt any hard-and-fast rules. The proper apportionment of the day will depend upon the climatic conditions, upon the season of the year, upon the resources of the locality, upon the needs of the individual boy. I will give in some detail the outline and results of two experiments of my own, one in California and one in New Hampshire. I would not for a single moment offer either programme as a finality, or even recommend its unrevised adoption elsewhere, but they will serve as practical material for critical study, and may be so fortunate as to suggest something better.

In California, we had eighteen boys under our care and a total household of twenty-seven persons. The school season was just eight months long, from the first of October to the first of June. Some of the boys came to us primarily for their health, and practically all were en route for college. We pitched our tents — or, more literally, built our bungalows — on a glorious plateau midway between the desert and the sea, and within sight of the snow mountains. The ranch of nine hundred acres varied in height, but the school site was about seventeen hundred feet above the sea. We were a dozen miles from any considerable town. This had its inconveniences, but also its large advantage. We all rose at half-after six, and made a simple toilet. At seven we had early breakfast. This consisted of cocoa and toast for the boys, and if they preferred it, coffee and toast for

the masters. The boys then made their beds and put their quarters in order for the day. Chapel in the big hall came at quarter of eight, and then, from eight until quarter-past ten there were three lesson periods of forty-five minutes each. At twenty minutes after ten we had our regular breakfast, a substantial three-course meal of fruit, cereal, and entrée. It was a leisurely meal and accompanied by much talk. When we rose from the table, about eleven, the boys went directly to the stable and cleaned their horses and stalls. Each boy had his own horse and took entire charge of it, except the early morning feeding. It was found wiser to have the stableman attend to this, as there are practical objections to going directly from the stable to the schoolroom. When the boys finished their stable duties, it was nearly noon, and usually warm enough for the boys to strip and have a cold outdoor shower bath in the tonic California sunshine. This brought them fresh and clean to the schoolrooms for three more lesson periods, — from twelve to quarter-past two. Then came a most informal stand-up lunch, fruit and some simple biscuit or cake. Most of the boys were ready for a bite, but a few preferred not to eat. The rest of the afternoon was spent outdoors. The boys practiced jumping their horses over rudely constructed and not too resistant barriers, or rode to neighboring points of interest, or played tennis, or wandered in small groups over the surrounding immensity. There was no danger of getting lost, for it is an open country and the sentinel mountains always pointed the way home. By five o'clock the flock came trooping back. During the day the dress was very informal, flannel shirts or sweaters with khaki trousers, and in the warmer months simply sleeveless jerseys and cotton running-

trousers. But all dressed for the half-after five dinner. I do not mean that we put on dinner coats and expansive shirt-fronts, but merely that we all freshened up in some simple fashion. The small boys put on fresh sailor suits and the older boys got into their sack coats and stiff collars. By this time the lamps and candles were lighted, and we all had that pleasant sense of relaxation and leisure which comes at the end of a busy, well-spent day. I remember these dinners with particular pleasure. I do not recall so much what we had to eat, except that in a simple way it was good and wholesome, a plain four-course dinner of soup, substantials, a salad, and a simple dessert. But the dinners remain in such vivid memory because they were what all dinners ought to be, genuine festivals of good-fellowship. We had a merry, happy time, and we all fell into the habit of looking forward to the dinner hour. Perhaps four times a week we had meat or fish; the other three dinners were avowedly vegetarian. The food was prepared by a clean Chinese cook, but the boys took turns in waiting on the table. The matter is easily arranged when the meals are served strictly in courses. The little waiter found the table completely set, and sat down with the rest of us. He brought in the several courses and removed the dishes, but he ate his meal with us, as the plates were helped by the master and passed from boy to boy. In this way one may dispense with servants, and still be decent and orderly.

I am dwelling in such detail upon these simple country dinners, because I have come to accept the Eastern idea that the partaking of food is a sacrament, and that it is a badly spent day which does not have some such festival near its close.

After dinner we gathered around the fire in the big hall and were sociable until seven, with music, games, or talk. The older boys had a study period from seven until nine, and then — if they wished it — a glass of milk and a biscuit. The little boys went to bed between half-after seven and eight. By ten, the lights were generally out all around, and the silence of our vast plateau was once more undisturbed. This scheme of meals — two substantial meals and three snacks — I found in vogue on a large sugar plantation in Cuba where I once spent a happy month. It suited the California conditions admirably. We might have modified it another year, and made other changes in the daily programme. Even in household matters experience is the prize teacher. But the plan seems to me worth stating because of its very favorable results. During the entire school year of eight months, with a household of twenty-seven persons, some of whom were very delicate and were out there primarily for their health, we did not once have to call in a physician. The wonderful California climate is, of course, partly responsible for this excellent showing, but the climate that year was not at its best, — it was, in fact, the worst, they said, in thirty years; so I am disposed to believe that our phenomenal good health was largely due to elective causes.

In New Hampshire the conditions are quite different. We have a regular summer camp for boys, and as the entire session covers only two months, — July and August, — we are obliged to gain our results by somewhat quick methods. But they are capable of adaptation, and could, with suitable modifications, be carried out anywhere, and during the entire year. The estate covers about two hundred acres, and borders upon a most

useful lake, one whose clear waters offer ideal conditions for swimming and diving, and whose surface is sufficiently large for boating and canoeing. The camp site is about sixteen hundred feet above the sea. In reality, the camp is a small village of about eight or nine buildings and as many tents. As these are out of sight of the road, and visitors are bidden on but one afternoon of the week, the conditions are under control to an unusual extent. Any failure to gain results would be, I think, wholly our own fault. We have, as a rule, from eighty to ninety boys, and a total household of considerably over a hundred persons. It is true that the session is short, — just nine weeks, — but when you live with a boy for that length of time, and during the entire twenty-four hours, you have a vastly more complete knowledge of him than could be gained in several years of the less intimate life of a day school. One could ask for no better laboratory for the study of boyhood. In addition, we have, of course, the group system, and that makes the study still more individual and complete. Each master has seven boys under his charge. He becomes for the time their elder brother. He sleeps with them, eats with them, swims with them, works with them, plays with them, until by the end of the summer he knows them as few of their own fathers know them. The little fellows sleep in cabins, and the older boys in tents. They all come to the Main Cabin, a roomy Swiss chalet, for their meals, lessons, chapel, music, and community life generally. At table, the group system is still maintained, so that the master can concern himself with the manners of his boys as well as with their general welfare and their morals.

A day at camp would run about as follows: the

rising-bell sounds at seven, and all are supposed to turn out promptly. The boys generally sleep naked, wrapped in their blankets, and are at once ready for the morning bath. This consists of a cold, open-air shower. If a boy is somewhat delicate and has not been accustomed to cold baths, it may be necessary to go slowly. As the master takes his own shower at the same time as his boys, he can readily determine in any particular case whether the shock is too great. The test is very simple, — it is how the boy reacts. If the lips and finger-nails turn blue it is quite clear that the circulation is poor and that the boy must be watched. He must begin with a shower every other day and perhaps in the warmer part of the afternoon. But if a lad comes out rosy and smiling, thoroughly awake and eager for the day's adventure, the cold shower may be considered an immediate success. In combination with sunshine and fresh air, the tonic effect is soon noticeable. Besides the morning bath, a boy must attend to three other matters before he is technically "ready" for breakfast, — he must brush his teeth, arrange his hair, and clean his finger-nails. If the master suspects any omissions, he asks if the boy is ready; if not ready, he is excused from the table until the deficiency is made good. These are small matters, and the reader may be impatient with me for dwelling upon them, but it does not do to take them for granted. In two large institutions which I visited during the present year, one of them splendidly conducted and one of them very badly, I asked whether there was any one in the establishment who *knew* whether a particular boy had taken a bath that morning, or brushed his teeth, or tidied his finger-nails, and was answered in the negative. It is not considered

manners to ask these primitive questions of well-bred boys, but it would better be, for they are sometimes quite as careless as the less fortunate. And meanwhile it is highly important that good habits be forming.

Clothing at the camp is voluntary and depends entirely upon the weather. On a warm morning few boys will don more than a single garment, — a pair of running-trousers, or a pair of bathing-trunks. Some may prefer not to wear any clothing. This nakedness is not only permitted, but encouraged, on both physical and moral grounds. Experience has shown that sunshine and fresh air are the best possible tonics for growing bodies, and it is held to be desirable that a boy shall be naked and unashamed.

The boys wait on the tables themselves. As there are seven boys in a group, and the waiter serves all day, this means that each boy takes his turn one day a week. The waiter must get over to the dining-room ten minutes before meal-time, so as to set his table. He finds a pile of dishes ready for him in the serving-room, together with the necessary silver and other adjuncts. Each section has a strong wooden tray (made in the manual training shop), and this is capacious enough to make but one trip to the serving-room necessary. In the case of the very little fellows the tray is carried in for them by one of the older pages. The tables are made of four wide planks of selected Michigan pine and are always used bare. The napkins are of white crêpe paper, and dispense with a hopeless amount of laundry work. The table furniture is all carefully chosen. The china is blue and white; the pitchers and bowls are a good brown; the glasses are shapely; the silver is unobtrusive. In spite of its simplicity, therefore, the little waiter can

make his table look very attractive. On special occasions he spreads a napkin under each plate and adds a few flowers or ferns. I try to be in the room while these active sun-tanned little cherubs are setting their tables. It is a pretty sight, for the final eager look with which they scrutinize their work to see that all is right bears witness to the fact that education is in progress. They are learning to do something useful and to do it with orderliness and precision. A few minutes later, when the first bell rings, we all assemble at our places and at the sound of the final bell, all sit down.

We have the Quaker grace, — a moment of silence. I am not sure that all my boys give thanks, — indeed, being boys, I am reasonably sure that the majority of them do not; but nevertheless that moment of silence gives dignity to the meal and converts it into a sacrament.

And now from each table a small messenger — Mercury in miniature — flies to the serving-room and brings in the first course, fresh fruit or melon. He sits down and eats with the rest. In this way he suffers no disadvantage beyond the loss of part of the conversation. The master serves from his end of the table, and the plates are passed from boy to boy. There is great freedom in the way of conversation, and a fair amount of noise, but there is also a required formality in the way of elementary good manners. No boy begins to eat until all are served, and the master lifts his own fork or spoon; no boy reaches in front of another; when a dish is passed, the boy takes it before helping himself, or, if he declines, he either receives the dish and puts it down, or else touches it courteously if that be the fitter acknowledgment. Habits in these little matters soon be-

come established. I have observed with amusement that in declining a second helping of soup, a boy will sometimes unconsciously touch the plate before him. A boy's impulse to throw things and to lay hands on his neighbor are both very strong, but both, in the interest of orderliness, must be strictly prohibited, and if need be, penalized. If, occasionally, a boy on one side of the table suddenly sits up with a start while a boy on the opposite side looks blissfully happy, it is easy to guess that a little cold water *may* have been thrown under the table. But a wise master is one who at times is judiciously blind.

When the first course is finished, the waiter rises and carries out the dishes, the master and the other boys helping him stack them on the wooden tray. Here, as elsewhere, he is expected to be coöperative. A disorderly tray involves useless work in the serving-room, and is discouraged by suitable Spencerian penalties. The waiter brings in the next course, sits down, and eats it with the rest. He goes out and gets "seconds," if they are needed. Another boy may volunteer this service of replenishment, the only rule being that but one boy may be absent from the table at once. At the end of the third course, the waiter clears off everything, the napkins are gathered and placed in a waste-paper basket to be burned, the tables are brushed off (or wiped off with cloth or napkin, in case anything has been spilled), and everything is in perfect order when the camp rises from table. All is ceremonious and orderly, and when these qualities are rightly understood, the boys themselves come to realize that in the end ceremony and order add to one's freedom and happiness; in a word, that even in these small affairs of life there is a suitable, dig-

nified mode of procedure which is vastly more agreeable than the disorder and confusion into which the carelessly minded too easily fall.

I have dwelt at such length upon these details of the meal because the matter seems to me of large educational importance. The act is repeated over a thousand times a year, and for that reason alone would be quite worth idealizing. In addition, our table manners give color to the rest of the day's doings, and become a significant element in the conduct of life. Our American table manners, it must be confessed, leave much to be desired. In Europe, if the man opposite to you in hotel or *pension* omits to say "Good-morning," you may be pretty sure that he is an American. As a rule, our boys have a characteristic contempt for manners. This is because they too often look upon them as silly conventions which might just as well have been otherwise had muddle-headed grown-ups so ordered. But when you show a boy that true courtesy, true manners, depend upon a nice consideration for others, and are a part of the respect which a gentleman owes to himself, — *noblesse oblige*, — you quite easily win him over to your side.

It might be thought that a hundred nearly naked boys gathered at bare pine tables, ungraced by the presence of the superior sex, would seem more like a crowd of young barbarians at play than a company of youthful gentlemen. But in reality it is the latter impression which ultimately prevails. In the first place, the costume is not so careless as it sounds. A boy may appear without any clothing, if he wishes, but he may not appear in any garment that was meant to be covered up; may not wear pyjamas or bathrobe; may not

substitute an undershirt for a jersey; may not wear a shirt without a collar; may not omit a coat over either waistcoat or suspenders. This prevents any appearance of rowdyism, and, in reality, a naked boy — clean, suntanned, erect — does not strike one as undressed, any more than a Greek statue makes such an impression. The human body is so valued in art, not alone because of its possible beauty, but also because of its immense power of expression. After seventeen summers in a boys' camp, I feel that I hardly know whether a boy is really fine and well-bred until I have seen him naked, for character sticks out of every curve, every shoulder-blade, every posture, every movement. It is only when a boy is naked that you can tell whether or not he is genuinely a thoroughbred. What we parents and teachers must work for is this entire fineness of texture in our boys.

And in the second place, the bare tables and simple wooden walls are not barbarous. The tables are spotlessly clean, and the color of the natural wood harmonizes well with the china and table furniture. The chairs are of the simplest kitchen pattern, but instead of being speckled yellow shellac, they are painted a warm moss green. The walls are unplastered, but between the rough studding there are shelves of friendly books. There is, of course, a beauty of magnificence and elaboration, a beauty of jewels and craftsmanship, of damask and embroidery, but there is also the simple and abiding beauty of form and color, and this is open to any one who has in him the soul of apprehension. Beauty is, after all, a spiritual quality, and no amount of magnificence and elaboration is able to capture it if the soul of the builder is itself steeped in poverty. One

would not wish to fail in appreciation of all the subtle beauty in rare craftsmanship and art, but it has always seemed to me the greater victory when with very simple, inexpensive material one creates results of genuine and abiding beauty.

Boys are rather inarticulate souls, and not much given to any expression on matters of art, but nevertheless they are curiously sensitive to the subtle beauty and effect of the right form and color, and, especially at night, to the magic of well-disposed light.

It is true that the best women are always missed, and any company is the poorer for their absence. And yet a summer camp is, I think, better off without them, for the life is so much simpler and freer. It is also to be remarked that in the best men there is a distinctly feminine element, one that may advantageously be cultivated, without any loss of manliness. "Strength and gentleness: men have cultivated the one, and women the other, — do thou cultivate both." This is the type of man needed in all boys' schools, and especially in summer camps and residence schools, — men who are strong, clean, virile, but at the same time gentle and loving. It is a type that the best of our universities are increasingly turning out. But even a monastic camp is not devoid of genuine and valuable womanly influence. It comes in the home letters and memories, in the camp teaching of loyalty to the home, with the scores of women on visitors' afternoon, and with the gracious guests who dine at camp of a Sunday evening and afterwards listen to beautiful music in the chapel.

Immediately after breakfast, the boys make up their bunks and put the group quarters in order. At nine

they all attend chapel. The service is very simple, and is, of course, non-sectarian. It represents, as far as possible, the spirit of the world-religion. We repeat the Lord's Prayer in unison, and follow it with a hymn. As the boys sit in chapel according to their voices, it is easily possible to have part singing. We use the Episcopal Hymnal, not because it always voices the modern religious consciousness, but because it does express in a very rich historic way the sentiment of worship and the best aspirations of the religious spirit. I know of no better collection. Then comes the reading of the daily lesson. This is chosen from the ancient Greek or Hindu philosophers; from Confucius or Zoroaster; from the Old Testament; from the New Testament, — especially from the practical St. Matthew; from our modern essayists, and from the poets of all countries and ages. The lessons cover a wide range of spiritual experience, the one idea being to present a helpful, inspiring thought at the outset of the day's work, to encourage toleration and to bear witness to the catholicity of religion. The service closes with a second hymn and the notices of the day.

I am myself a distinct believer in ceremonial, in good manners, in a somewhat formal etiquette, because I have found by experience that they add not only to the beauty and dignity of life, but also, in the end, to its freedom. I have noticed in traveling on English ships, even small ones in the Far East carrying only a handful of passengers, that the habit of dressing for dinner on the part of the officers, and the invariable Sunday habit of reading the Anglican service, add much to the general decency and orderliness of life on shipboard. It is particularly desirable in handling

boys that there should be a temperate, genuine ceremonial, a required mannerliness, for then the day may be full of freedom, of primitive simplicity, of unconventionality, without losing for a moment its dominant note of dignity and high-mindedness.

After chapel comes the observation class. This is a local institution, which is, I think, worthy of imitation. It consists of a statement containing some hidden incongruity, or a problem of some sort, or a confessed riddle, or an observation, genuinely reported and requiring explanation. The answers are volunteered, the floor being given, of course, to the first bidder. It requires some ingenuity to keep the ball rolling. When the master's stock is exhausted, he calls upon the different groups for a nut worth the cracking. If they succeed in catching him, their boyish glee is only human. The whole thing takes only two or three minutes; its object is to make us sit up and take notice, to be a bit quicker in our mental operations.

Then comes the general singing lesson. The singing-master is a man of large experience and knowledge, but his major qualification is a rich barytone voice which he uses attractively and sympathetically. Here especially it is the art that is wanted rather than the science. The exercises cover a somewhat wide range from simple scales and intervals to complete part singing. Many of our popular songs are not entirely free from objections, but there are any number of fine old English songs which are wholesome and very jolly. Sometimes the master sings the song himself and the boys come in on the refrain or in a rousing chorus. In two busy summer months, one cannot make musicians, but with even fifteen minutes a day one can accomplish something

worth while in the way of forming a musical taste, and in teaching a boy to appreciate good music. Even the negative service of creating a distaste for coon songs and other grotesques is amply worth while. Three young persons went abroad; an interested friend thus described their several attitudes: one, she said, had taste; one had, as yet, no taste; the third had bad taste. We agreed as to which of the three would be the difficult one to deal with.

It is now half-after nine, and the boys scatter for two lesson periods of forty-five minutes each, or for some occupation, — manual training, art work, nature study, music, or corrective gymnastics. The lessons cover the whole range of college requirements, and occasionally venture upon freshman or sophomore grounds. There are classes in Greek, Latin, French, German, English, Spanish, history, geography, science, mathematics from arithmetic to the calculus, — in anything, indeed, that a boy may want, and the collective wisdom of the fourteen or fifteen masters is able to supply. At eleven, the older boys are divided into two groups for the Swedish drill, and the little fellows go down to the lake for their swimming-lesson. The drill occupies something less than thirty minutes, but we hold it to be a very valuable method of cultivating both health and will power. If well carried out, it is a strict discipline requiring complete silence and instant response to command. The drill is given on an open dirt court, and necessitates no apparatus whatever. It involves separate movements of all parts of the body, — arms, legs, thighs, hands, feet, neck, head, shoulders, — and general movements of the body as a whole. The object of the drill is not only to exercise and develop the mus-

cles, but also to give the boy entire control over his body and to make it the ready tool of the spirit. When a part of the body is named, he is expected to concentrate his attention upon it; when the movement is commanded, he is expected to execute it instantly. If he selects the wrong member, the right arm, for example, instead of the left, or if his movement is in the wrong direction, he is reprimanded severely. It is not exercise that is wanted, but predetermined, directed exercise. The major caution in giving the drill is that it must never degenerate into mere imitation. The master may illustrate the several movements as thoroughly as he likes, but when the boys are going through with them, the master must himself remain motionless.

Down at the lake, the little fellows are learning to swim and to dive. Nature has been very kind to us in supplying an attractive cove with a pretty wooded island at the entrance which serves both as screen and as a convenient objective point for the swimming. Our experience here is daily confirmation of the importance of early organic training. Little boys of from ten to twelve are frequently taught to swim in from ten days to two weeks, and, before the summer is over, they swim across the lake, a full half-mile or more, accompanied, of course, by a master and helper in a boat. On the other hand, boys of seventeen, in the afternoon class, take all summer to learn to swim, and even then — if the Celtic is permissible — they don't know how. It takes a second summer to make them really proficient, and it is only at the end of the second summer that they venture to swim across the lake. In fact, many of the older boys are never up to it. In addition to the swimming, considerable emphasis is put upon

diving. Both are useful accomplishments, both are splendid exercise for all the muscles of the body, and last but not least, both are sources of intense boyish pleasure. The little boys only have school from half-after nine until eleven, so that they need not return to the Main Camp until luncheon at one.

It is a small matter, but worth mentioning as typical of the detail into which a man must be willing to go if he really desires health for his boys, and that is the question of towels. It was found that the boys would get their towels much too dirty before service, would use them interchangeably, and worst of all, would take them back to camp, still damp, around their necks or over their shoulders. This gave a crop of stiff necks and sore throats, which vanished at once when towels were prohibited. We now use the "air towel," which explains itself. It is not only cleaner and more wholesome, but adds appreciably to one's independence.

I might add, in passing, that we have also come to use the air towel for our dishes. They are placed on end in a simple frame and are left to dry in a natural current of air. By the next meal they are quite ready for use. The air towel saves a lot of time, and, unlike some other economies, gives a better result. Not only is the luster of the china and glass much brighter, but they are wholly free from any suspicion of that odor of sour dish-towels, which (among men-folks, at any rate) hovers over summer housekeeping.

At half-past eleven, the older boys enter upon a second double period of lessons or occupations, and at ten minutes past one all gather for luncheon. For many years we yielded to the current prejudice that little people should dine in the middle of the day, and we

had that dreary institution, — a midday dinner. For the past three years, however, we have been more sensible, and have had dinner at night. The argument for this plan is threefold. In the first place, the boys have their heaviest exercise in the afternoon, and their keenest appetite at night. In the second place, the evening occupations are naturally quieter and more conducive to easy digestion. In the third place, the pleasant sense of leisure, the fresh costume, the magic of burning logs and lighted lamps and candles all conspire to make the evening meal the high festival of the day. The practical results have been entirely satisfactory. The luncheon consists of an uncooked cereal, an entrée, and a simple dessert, preferably of fresh fruit and biscuit.

After luncheon, the boys scatter to their bunks for a half-hour rest period. The impossible task of going to sleep is not asked of them. It is only asked that they shall remain flat on their backs. In point of fact, the master commonly reads aloud, generally some good rattling story of adventure. The habit of reading aloud cannot be too highly commended. Nothing so binds a group together as to have some such community of intellectual interest. In selecting the reading it is only common sense to choose what the boys actually care for, rather than what we think they ought to care for. In reality boys are immense idealists. They require vastly more prowess and virtue in the hero of the tale than grown-ups do, especially grown-ups with a turn for realism and psychological analysis. But above all else, boys require that the hero shall do something, preferably something quite prodigious, and in an active young creature like a boy, this seems to me a perfectly healthy instinct. I once dropped into a German school,

a famous one, and found a reading in progress, — a long, dull monotonous reading. The children sat on benches, outwardly decorous, but none of them sufficiently disloyal to childhood to be actually listening. I afterwards inquired the name of the author and learned that it was Schopenhauer! I have the greatest admiration for German schools, and this incident, happily, is not typical. It is only typical of the strange aberrations to which the schoolmasterly mind is occasionally liable. In Porto Rico, on the other hand, I found the principle of self-activity and participation carried to a delirious extreme. Under the old régime, the children recited their lessons in unison, the best scholar being the one of the most powerful lungs. The noise was extraordinary, and reached far beyond the schoolhouse. If it ceased for any appreciable interval, the alcalde sent around to see if the schoolmaster were shirking his duty. I permit myself this digression in order to point out that we parents and teachers, like mathematicians dealing with infinities and the fourth dimension, must always be ready to submit our results to that one infallible test, — the touchstone of common sense.

The afternoons — from half-past two until half-past six — are given over to vigorous outdoor life — to tennis, basketball, baseball, track-running, hurdling, tramps, mountain-climbing, boating, canoeing, carpentry, hut-building, mimic adventures. At three, or later if a ball-game is scheduled, the older boys have their lesson in swimming and diving. Towards sunset, the boys begin to gravitate to the main chalet, and at half-after six dinner is ready. It is a simple, three-course meal, but served with all the allurement of light and color, and seasoned with good talk. It is a festival, and everything

is done to heighten the festival spirit. If a small boy has a birthday, it is now that the birthday cake with the lighted candles is brought in, — one candle for each year, and a big candle to grow on. If the master has a particularly good story or pun, it is now that he springs it. The joyous duties of the day are over; it is now the season for leisure and good-fellowship. At first, one must work for this result. Man may be, as Aristotle long since observed, a social animal, but under stress of modern life and the curse of self-consciousness, his sociability is often latent. One must begin by making the physical conditions right. In this big dining-room, for example, the noise would be intolerable if no steps were taken to diminish it. The mere fact that the boys are either barefooted or wear sneakers removes one large cause of noise. Another easy provision is having the actual dining-tables arranged around the edge of the room, — a fringe of noise. In the center there is a large unused table covered with books and flowers and bearing two tall brass candlesticks. When at night the candles are lighted, the table has all the appearance of an altar, and such, indeed, it is, — an altar to silence. It makes conversation possible in the surrounding fringe of noise. Another year, we may screw rubber knobs on the bottom of the chair-legs; the tables themselves are too heavy to yield to any ordinary boyish pressure. One other small provision I ought to mention because it is a convenience which, though obvious, is too often neglected, — each boy has plenty of elbow-room, and the tables are far enough apart not to interfere. A typical group — a master and seven boys — occupies a table four feet by eight. The master sits at one end, and a boy at the other. This leaves three boys

for each side, three boys for eight running feet. The width of the table, four feet, keeps each small boy at a judicious distance from his opposite neighbor. It is by such little devices as these that discomfort is changed into comfort, and social life made possible. I have always felt that good manners and rational intercourse were the easier to cultivate if the surroundings were commodious.

After dinner the evenings pass almost too quickly. Sometimes there is a musical in the chapel; always there is lively talk around the generous fireplace. Quiet games are going on at the big tables. Here and there a boy is reading, another is writing a letter. One group is watching a game of checkers or chess, quite outspoken in the matter of partisanship, while another group is discussing some point of interest with all the heat and eagerness of boyhood. Outside, individual camp-fires burn before some tent or cabin, a marshmallow roast is in progress, or a ghost-story is calling out delicious shivers in tiny backs. By eight, the little boys are in bed; by nine, most of the big boys. The camp sleeps soundly. One may make the rounds at any time during the night without meeting a soul or hearing other sound than the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will, the distant crying of a fox, and, on all sides, the regular breathing of healthy, sleeping boys.

This simple daily programme represents the experience of seventeen summers. It will be noticed that it is less radical than the California programme, especially in the disposition of the meals. The camp season is so short — only nine weeks — that it has not been thought wise to depart too widely from the home practice, or indeed, from the general hours of the neighboring country life. This programme is not offered as anything re-

markable, certainly not as a finality, — it is being modified each year. Its one claim to attention is the same claim as that of the California programme,— its results. In seventeen years there has been no illness of moment, no serious accident, no death, no insubordination. Of the several hundred boys who have been in residence, there have been a few cases only which failed of benefit — two or three chronic ailments which would not respond to the simple, open-air treatment, two or three defectives who needed the skill of professed alienists, and a small group of boys who could not bring themselves into sympathy with so simple and unexciting a life. But the great majority of the boys, certainly well over ninety per cent, responded wonderfully. Many of them were made over physically; many of them became for the first time in their lives really robust; most of them gained some new insight into the beauty and desirableness of a social, well-ordered life. The simplicity of the camp experience is so radical and complete, the association with the masters is so intimate and unbroken, that the two months of such a life really exert a more profound influence upon a growing boy than the eight or nine months of an average day school.

I have reported these two experiments in so much detail because as actual experience they have a value much in excess of greater enterprises which are still untried. They have, as William James would say, a much larger cash value. The social significance of the experiments is of course limited to their adaptability. Not every parent and teacher can pitch his tent on the uplands of Southern California, or the hilltops of New Hampshire; can give his boy a horse to ride, a lake to swim in, or even broad acres to roam over. But many

could bring the equivalent of these things to their children, if only they had the idea, if only they were persuaded of the graciousness and beauty of such a simple, open-air life. The obstacles in many cases are mental rather than physical, a failure to image the integrity of a child's life and to apprehend its simple needs. While the rank and file of parents and teachers must content themselves with the environment immediately at hand, and do the best they can with it, the essential element in these experiments can, fortunately, be realized almost anywhere, — the rigorous cleanness of atmosphere, of person, of drinking-water, of food, of clothing, of habitation; the invigorating cold bath, the simple diet and costume, the adequate exercise, and the purifying sunshine. Anywhere the daily bread may be made a sacrament by a moment of devout silence; anywhere the evening meal may be transformed into a simple festival; anywhere the combined magic of love and common sense may create a garden of health and happiness.

The things that I am here so eagerly commending either cost nothing, or they cost less than the things they supplant. Outdoors is cheaper than indoors. The Swedish drill requires no apparatus; it may be given in the back yard of a city house, or even in a city room with the windows all open. Cold water is more available than hot. Simple food and clothing cost less than elaborate food and clothing. It is not that these essentially healthful things are difficult of attainment, — the difficulty is in our not sufficiently wanting them.

I have called these childish years the years of grace. In a well-ordered life all years are gracious and fruitful, but these first fourteen years are perhaps the most important of all. The gods have laid a heavy charge

upon us, for the early years are also the most helpless years of all. The child is entirely dependent upon his elders. He is plastic, impressionable, receptive. We elders hold his destiny in our hand. The health which we give or withhold; the skill which we impart or omit; the impressions which we permit or deny; the things which we do or fail to do, all give color to the subsequent life and have about them the tragic significance of Destiny herself. Evolution proceeds by almost imperceptible steps. The world grows human very, very slowly. As individuals we can accomplish little in the rebuilding of ourselves, — when the spirit awakens to the need, the years of grace have already flown. But in the children, in the new generation forever oncoming, we have the opportunity to incarnate our dearly won ideals, and exercise the high prerogative of creation. The radiant goal is not for us, but we may make it increasingly for them.

TABLE OF HEIGHTS AND WEIGHTS

NOTE: A child may, of course, vary from the approximate averages here given, but any marked variation would better be looked into, and especially any disproportion between height and weight. More detailed information will be found in Hastings's *Manual*, or in the publications of the United States Bureau of Education.

AGE (years)	BOYS		GIRLS	
	Height	Weight	Height	Weight
5	3 ft. 6 in.	39 lbs.	3 ft. 5 in.	38 lbs.
6	3 8	43	3 7	41
7	3 10	47	3 9	46
8	4 0	51	3 11	49
9	4 2	55	4 2	55
10	4 4	61	4 4	60
11	4 5	65	4 5	64
12	4 7	72	4 8	73
13	4 9	78	4 10	83
14	4 11	87	5 0	94
15	5 2	103	5 2	103
16	5 4½	116	5 2	111
17	5 7	125	5 3	111
18	5 8	130	5 3	112

VII

SPIRIT

EDUCATORS and psychologists are beginning to recognize the immense importance of the early years of childhood. These years are, indeed, fraught with tragic significance. The happenings during the first fourteen years of life have such power for good or evil in all the subsequent years that they almost offer scientific ground for a belief in predestination. Many impressions received during even the first four years are quite unconsciously carried over, and become determining factors in later life. Many abnormalities may be traced to these latent impressions. The cure depends upon discovering such obsessions and bringing them over the threshold of consciousness. In the majority of cases, these residuary impressions are wholly trivial and illogical. Their power depends solely upon the fact that they work unknown to the sufferer, an enemy at once hidden and unrecognized. They cannot survive the light of day. As soon as the patient recognizes them, he recognizes at once their triviality and illogic, and puts them away from him spontaneously and without effort, — their power is gone. The diagnosis and the cure coincide.

But the harm of the intervening years remains, the stubbornness, the unwisdom, the abnormality. And it has taken great devotion and skill on the part of the psychological practitioner to discover the obstacle. The patient cannot offer any help, for the impressions

themselves are wholly unconscious. They can be identified only by some outer ally. Freud and other investigators have used the association test and dream analysis. With extraordinary skill and patience they have pried into the secrets of the inner, subconscious life, in order to rob these secrets of their power for harm.

I am the more ready to accept the results of psychoanalysis because they harmonize with much in my own more limited experience. I often detect in myself conduct which is neither logical nor consistent, conduct in fact which a subtle self quite disapproves of. But the apparent motive is so justifiable that, in spite of the inner confusion and hesitancy, I am forced to go on to the end of the chapter. Often the mystery and dissatisfaction remain. But in many cases I have been able to find out the cause of the trouble. It is very simple, — *it is that the apparent motive is not the real motive.* When the real motive is clearly apprehended, the whole matter is easily cleared up. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Now, when I am conscious of dissatisfaction and hesitation, I hold up the event, and run back as quickly as possible over the causal chain to the other end of conduct, — the underlying motive. I am not always able to discover the intruder, but the more stubborn the hesitation, the more certain am I to find that a pseudo-motive is cloaking a real motive; and that the real motive, as soon as it is brought into the light, is one whose validity I do not for one moment accept. In some cases it is possible to trace the hidden impulse back to some event in childhood or early youth, to some impression stamped much too deeply upon the unreflective sub-conscious self. In

my own particular case, the difficulty is prone to be some inhibition, quite proper when applied to the case in hand, but actually disabling and misleading when spread by a childish conscience over too large a sweep of territory. The increasing freedom of later years is largely due, I think, to just this mastery over hidden and hitherto unrecognized inner obstacles, — the stubbornness and egotism of an inexperienced and undisciplined soul.

This personal experience is, I think, quite common and typical. Many men and women have, when questioned, reported something very similar. It is even possible to make the subconscious self disclose its own secrets. If one has a strong will, and is sensitive to the inner confusion of divided motives, one may by some sharp command force this agent of past time over the threshold of consciousness into the destroying logic of the present. In frequent cases, a peremptory order, such as "Face it!" brings to light the cause of one's inner confusion, and in doing so, removes it. I would urge upon all parents and teachers some such rigid self-analysis whenever they discern the oncoming of a spiritual fog. Many of the difficulties of daily life, perhaps all of the so-called "problems," are the direct result of opaque motives.

In dealing with children, the only key to a troublesome situation is often this psychological key. It may sound a little mystical, but it is nevertheless a reality of experience that in attempting to meet the difficulty one must be willing for the moment to put one's self completely aside, almost to cease to be, so as to identify the self utterly with what is happening or has already happened. One must enfold the little troubled soul

with one's own calm, unaccusing spirit. Then only is one master and able to serve.

If I return often to that penetrating voice from the Far East, to that ancient Buddhist prayer which Sister Nivedita sent me just a few weeks before her death, I do it not only because of its haunting, iterative beauty, but still more because it seems to me to be the voice of a universal spiritual experience. The fundamental, essential work of education is with the spirit. It must safeguard the child spirit from false impressions, unsound conclusions, unwarranted commands and inhibitions. It must remove obstacles and enemies and sorrows. The proper work of education is not to prune and thwart and bend and force. It is rather to keep hands off as well as harm off. It is to feed and nourish and cheer, so that the child spirit shall move forward freely into the novel creations of its own appointed path.

We elders have been doing great violence to children, just as the established world has been doing great violence to us. We have been bruising the childish spirit, cramping it, deforming it. We have been asking it to conform to old models, when the new wine of life prompts to new adventures.

As a result of my own educational work, and my study of child-life generally, I have come to believe more firmly than ever that we ought not, *primarily*, to concern ourselves with the intellectual development of children; but that we ought, in the most complete and thoroughgoing manner, to concern ourselves with spirit and body, and to accept the inevitable intellectual development, which accompanies the development of spirit and body, as a welcome and perfectly natural

by-product. To do this is, I believe, to turn from effect back to cause, and so, in the end, to reap an immeasurably larger harvest. It is, in reality, to become scientific. Spirit and body are the known sources of a rich intellectual life. Spirit is the motive power, the inspirer, the immortal, indwelling god. Body is the tool of spirit, the trained purveyor of those multitudinous and properly quantitative sensations out of which the intellect must build its rational superstructure. I dwell at so much length upon this point because it has for me all the importance of a discovery.

It is a commonplace of observation that great men have good mothers. This is due, in part, to heredity, — sons are prone to resemble the mother. But it is also due, in still larger measure, to the spiritual and bodily training which a wise mother instinctively gives to her children. She is the shrewdest psychologist of us all. She shields and protects the little one from hobgoblin and enemy; she helps the child spirit unfold and expand; she cares for the little body tenderly and effectively. It is the mother who creates an atmosphere of love and magnificent trust. For the moment, she obliterates herself, entering into the soul of her child, banishing disorder and confusion, and making impossible forever the sentiments of fear and shame and doubt. And when such a mother sends her man-child out into the world, he cannot fail, — he is bound to win, because in his own spirit there are none of the hidden seeds of discord and failure.

The educational method to which those of us who reverently care for children are more and more turning, is the method involved in our Buddhist prayer, in German and Swiss reforms, in the teaching of Freud and

Montessori, in the heart of our so-called new education. It is summed up in the one word, — to *unfold*.

We cannot get more out of children than there is in them, but we can easily get less.

The more conscientious we elders are in following out the old methods of education, the more indefatigable and devoted, the greater amount of harm we are capable of doing. We prune and twine and thwart and force, and when all is done and said, we are visibly disheartened at the lean harvest. It seems to me that the real work of the teacher is largely negative. It is to remove the obstacles and hobgoblins and fear and disorder in a child's spirit, and then, in this atmosphere of sunshine and confidence, to allow him freely to find out things for himself, to discover the outer world and the inner texture of relationships, to have the joy and the assured rewards of original research. As Madame Montessori puts it, the teacher cannot begin his work by educating a child, for the simple reason that he has no clue to the operation and cannot proceed in any scientific manner. He must begin by observing the child, and then, when he knows his material, he can, with some hope of success, go to work.

There is quite as much occasion for temperance and timeliness in teaching as there is in eating or drinking, or any of the other arts or necessities of life. Knowledge for which a child has no immediate use has small chance of appropriation or survival. Knowledge for which he is not yet ready is really just so much rubbish, and much more likely to be crooked than straight. To know a lot of things which are n't so is a very great intellectual and spiritual misfortune. We parents and teachers may not fashion a human soul. The attempt to do so has

given the world such a crowd of dull and uninteresting persons, and such a crowd of misinformed persons. All we can properly do is to gain freedom for the arriving soul, and so help it to fashion itself. We must be ready to answer inquiries; not prematurely, before they are put; not afterwards, when the hour has gone by; but at the moment, when inquiry is red-hot, and our answer, the truest we can possibly formulate, fits into that structure of the world which the child is eagerly building. Then only is our precious knowledge sure of a vital and enduring place.

Good advice is valueless unless it not only fits a need, but as well a need that is *felt*. It is related that Franklin and a young friend were once looking at the moon, when the young friend, by way of making conversation, remarked, "Did you know, Mr. Franklin, that things not used on the earth go to the moon?" Quick as a flash came Franklin's retort, "What a lot of good advice there must be up there!" And yet it is significant, almost pathetic, the eagerness with which a child welcomes both information and advice if they are not thrust upon it, but are only furnished on demand. When a boy is doing something, he wants to know the best and quickest way of doing it, and that is the time to teach him. His interest is engaged, and his mind is fertile ground. One may be sure that the harvest will be an hundred fold. It requires more patience and more art for us to accommodate ourselves to the children than for us to ask, as we commonly do, that they shall accommodate themselves to us; but it is really the only sound way.

Gardeners and stock-breeders accommodate themselves to the plant and animal life which they are seeking to perfect; I see no reason why human educators

should not exercise an equal *finesse* in dealing with children. We are not, like God in Eden, to fashion a man out of the clay of the ground, and breathe into him our own spirit and make him after our own likeness. The man is already there in embryo, and it is our high office to clear away both spiritual and physical obstructions and limitations, and to help our man-child develop into something more admirable than any of us have been able to foresee.

These first fourteen years of life are literally years of grace. Both spirit and body are plastic and impressionable, and more can be done at this time than at any other period of life. The days are far too precious to be wasted over the dull tasks of the ordinary schoolroom or in poring over textbooks whose value at best is essentially second-hand. All the proper and practical work of this period can be summed up under these two heads, Spirit and Body, and the task can be made definite and tangible by formulating in exact terms those attainable qualities of both spirit and body which, after sober and painstaking reflection, we believe that a lad of fourteen ought to possess. This will be a highly practical way of getting at the matter. Since education is at all stages a process for accomplishing certain ends, we shall be the more efficient the more clearly we see these ends and the more literally we adapt our methods to their realization.

Assuming that spirit is the essential cause, the genuine motive power of life, we may well begin by asking what spiritual qualities a boy of fourteen ought preferably to possess. By keeping our endeavors in flexible, general terms, we may conserve the race gains and still leave ample opportunity for individual initiative and

novelty. We may present many spiritual goals, but at the end of every eagerness we must add that we have not told the whole story and cannot tell it, since the world is ever fluid, and each generation must seek a new interpretation and must add its own peculiar contribution. In Eastern symbolism, the dragon is the emblem of change, and therefore of life itself. In the higher mathematics, the significant factors are variables. In the teaching of Christ, greater works than his own were promised to the disciples who came after. We elders, attempting to guide the fluid, onflowing forces of life, may never with propriety suggest stationary goals. Okakura thus sums up the teachings of the Chinese philosopher, Oyomei, who lived in the early sixteenth century, but who is still a vital force in Japan: "With him all knowledge was useless unless expressed in action. To know was to be. Virtue was real in so far only as it was manifested in deeds. The whole universe was incessantly surging on to higher spheres of development, calling upon all to join in its glorious advance." A healthy boy is ready to take part in such a spiritual pageant, and the more eagerly as he comprehends that the total result depends in tiny measure upon himself. In concerning ourselves with his spirit, as with the motive power of his life, we concern ourselves with his religion.

I find it helpful in attempting such a formulation of desirable spiritual qualities to consider a boy first as an individual, and then as a social unit. It is not for one moment that his life is divided into such compartments, but only that the division clarifies our own thought and gives some assurance of completeness. I should say, then, that a boy of fourteen ought to possess Imagina-

tion, Initiative, Sincerity, Truthfulness, Concentration, Thoroughness, Courage, Reverence, a high Sense of Honor, Habitual Serenity, and above all, a complete Lack of Self-Consciousness. It would be easy to extend the list or to curtail it, but either act would, I think, be a change for the worse.

As a social unit, it seems to me that a lad of fourteen ought to possess Warm Affection, Good Manners, Helpfulness, Unselfishness, and a keen Sense of Justice.

I submit these lists of spiritual qualities, not as the best possible lists, certainly not as a finality, but simply as the best lists that I have been able after considerable thought to formulate. Each parent and teacher may want to modify the lists, so as to make them conform more closely to his own attitude towards life, that is to say, to his own personal conception of religion. The major point is that the proposed spiritual goal shall be definite and specific, but shall be handled in such a fluid way that it shall always include the possibility of growth.

It may well be contended that some such goal is even now worked for by every earnest parent and teacher. To a certain extent this is happily true, but the goal is commonly worked for as a by-product, and not as the major end of education. We *hope* that our boy will have some such spiritual qualities, but we *mean* that he shall know how to read and write and figure. My whole point is that these spiritual qualities in a boy are infinitely more important to his present charm and future achievement than any amount of academic training, than the most complete knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, grammar, spelling, classics, and natural science. For charm and achievement are of the Spirit. It is very clear, then, that we ought to make

these spiritual qualities the major end of all our endeavor during those wonderful years of grace; and that we ought to allow the intellectual development, up to fourteen years at least, to be a by-product, valuable and welcome certainly, but not primarily sought after. In the end we should get much the larger harvest of intellectual power, and much the larger man.

When we erect a factory near some upland stream, we do not first equip it with delicate and multitudinous machinery, and then, quite incidentally, inquire into the amount of available water-power. As practical persons we first gauge our stream, and, by suitable engineering devices of storage reservoir and higher level, increase our motive power to the utmost; then we design and build our factory. A similar course in educational matters would seem to be only rudimentary common sense. It is the motive power of life, the human spirit, that we want first to gauge and then to heighten.

The practical method is once more the method of bringing about in our own souls those changes which we desire to set up in the souls of our children. As a parent or a teacher, I must ask whether I myself have imagination, reverence, initiative, serenity, and all the other individual qualities which I desire in my little people; whether I have genuine affection, manners, justice, and those other social qualities which I wish them to have. If I personally do not possess these qualities, I cannot readily communicate them.

It is a great thing to be reverent, to feel the essential sacredness of all life, in myself, in others, in animals and plants, in star and planet, in the gods, in the All-Father; to destroy nothing wantonly; to undervalue nothing; to cherish all things for the precious fire of being that is

their inner heart. To be reverent is to avoid all sacrilege, all vulgarity, all caricature, all disfigurement. It is to be something so essentially fine that in attaining reverence we might almost disregard any other quality. In reverence, we stand at the very heart of things. The reverent man is full of dignity and self-respect; he must be just, and seeing the excellence and beauty of the world, he cannot fail to admire and love. The great ethical teachers of the race have been reverent men. We have in this one supreme quality an epitome of the virtues of the spirit. It is akin to the Greek idea of Esthetics, that exquisite constraint which leads a man to hate all that is unsuitable and sordid and exaggerated, and to love all that is excellent and temperate and beautiful. It is difficult, in any satisfactory way, to define reverence. It is so essentially a quality of the spirit that we can tell of it only meagerly in terms of the intellect. But we all know something of its quality, and as we practice reverence, we know increasingly. When we see a reverent man or woman, we know him as something worshipful, and in his presence we can only be our better self. I have known several such men and women, and their memory is a constant inspiration. A great man is always reverent; children begin by being reverent. They lose this lovely quality as life becomes vulgarized, and they gain by imitation that deplorable thing, a cheap view of life. We cannot wholly shield the children from this ugly vulgarization, for it is on all sides of us, in business, in politics, in sectarian religion, in social life, even in our so-called education and art. But it is we who produce the atmosphere of the earlier years and control the most abiding impressions. If we have cast out of our own daily lives all vulgarity, all cheap hu-

mor, all impiety, all caricature, all nasty insinuations, all evil gossip and uncharity, we are in a position to keep our children reverent, and to make it impossible for them in after life to be wholly vulgar. Personally, then, I should name Reverence as the most important quality of the spirit which we parents and teachers can cultivate in ourselves, and can communicate to our children.

To say of man or woman that they have no Imagination is to convict them of many actual and potential sins. Such a defect means obtuseness in manners and morals, sterility in art and science, blundering in the general conduct of life. Children are often accused of having too much imagination, but in reality that is hardly possible. The imagination may run riot, and, growing by what it feeds upon, come dangerously near to untruthfulness, — the store of facts may have been too small. But the remedy is not to cripple or kill the imagination; it is rather to provide the needed equipment of facts and to train the imagination to work within the limits of truth and probability. The unimaginative man is exceedingly dull company. From the moment he opens his eyes in the morning until he closes them at night, he is prone to the sins of both omission and commission. No matter how good his intentions, he constantly offends. No matter how great his industry, he fails to attain. One can trace many immoralities, from slight breaches of manners to grave criminal offenses, to a simple lack of imagination. The offender failed to see, — he was, to all intents and purposes, blind. At its best, imagination is insight. As its absence is responsible for many of the brutalities of social life, so its presence is the direct source of most of our social amenities, of

toleration, charity, consideration, — in a word, of all those social virtues which distinguish the child of light. "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*"

It is not safe to assume that we parents and teachers are blessed with such a large store of imagination that we may at once pass on to the work of cultivating it in our children. On the contrary, our immense lack of equipment in this illuminating quality is only too evident when one glances at our schools, our industries, our churches, our government, at our own irrational lives. A lively imagination playing freely about these social institutions would long ago have quite transformed them. The fact people of the world have scant regard for the imaginative people, for it is imagination which pricks many a solemn bubble and upsets many a time-honored convention. Imagination is at the heart of all reforms, of all progress. It is the enemy of all absurdity and unreason. To see the world as it is, and then to picture it as it ought to be and might be, — this is the high province of the imagination. Even in the exact sciences, it is the man of imagination who extends the boundaries of knowledge. In mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, even in biology, one must be a poet, and must see the things that are not, as well as the things that are. One must image novel results in order to win novel results. I once asked a fellow-student at Zürich what was the matter with a certain hard-working Englishman who seemed to be getting nowhere. "Oh," said he, "he 's a fact man, you know," — and his answer did not leave me wondering.

All the men and women who have done things have had imagination. So valuable a quality is well worth cultivating in ourselves and in our children. It can be in-

creased by definite and practical methods. One excellent step in this direction is not to take things for granted, but in a friendly way to question all statements by contrasting them with their opposites. Another is to read books of travel and adventure, fairy-tales of a sober sort, and the lives of inventors and pioneers. We are prone to forget that human achievement is a spiritual victory and depends upon invention. A prominent sociologist thus states the case: "Wealth, the transient, is material: achievement, the enduring, is immaterial. The products of achievement are not material things at all. They are not ends, but means. They are methods, ways, principles, devices, arts, systems, institutions. In a word, they are *inventions*." In the face of such testimony as this, it is odd that we should make education consist of repetition, and should grant such small part to initiative. Another step in the cultivation of imagination is to try to put one's self in another's place, and so discover why he did as he did. In all social study, conduct is only intelligible when you establish a motive. With the help of imagination, the human drama becomes fluid, — you see how a catastrophe might have been averted, a situation saved, a quarrel avoided. To follow consequences back to causes, and causes forward to probable consequences, to put after each statement of what is, the statement of what might have been, to hold the world fluid in the hand of your fancy, — all this is to give the imagination pleasurable and helpful exercise, to increase it through use.

But to keep the imagination wholesome, to make it a useful quality of the spirit, and not a mere dissipator of energy, one must observe the sound limits within which the faculty may operate. When imagination slips

her anchor in fact, or opposes herself to proved fact, we pass into a region of pure fantasy, and commonly return home empty-handed. There are many such idle excursions, and they have done much to discredit the legitimate and helpful use of the imagination.

In most of our current education, instead of cultivating so valuable a quality, we have stupidly done all that we can to suppress it. We have not sufficiently studied the actual boy before us to find out what *he* is up to, and what end *he* has in mind. On the contrary, we proclaim, with curious indifference, some end of our own devising, and, with what really amounts to spiritual brutality, we try to drive him towards it. We do this, we irresponsible parents and teachers, because we ourselves lack imagination, and do not see that we are blunting, instead of sharpening, our human tool. Yet we define education in terms of imagination when we say that education is the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit; or, that education is a setting-up in the heart of the child of a moral and æsthetic revelation of the universe; for the human spirit which we are trying to establish is not a fact, but a gracious possibility of the future, and the revelation which we are seeking to bring about does not deal with facts, but with that subtler and more imaginative thing, the significance of facts.

In nothing do we need more desperately to reverse our tactics, for without imagination, education itself is quite impossible. When, in the name of education, we stifle imagination, we cripple at the same time another spiritual quality which we ought with immense assiduity to cultivate, and that is Initiative. One recalls, with a heartache, the story of that conscientious Boston mother

who said to her little boy, "Now, Jack, to-morrow's your birthday, and I want you to have a very good time. Think a moment, and tell mother what you would most like to do." But Jack knew without thinking, for he answered promptly, "Thank you, mother. I should most like just to be let alone."

We do not invariably cultivate initiative by letting children alone, but in nine cases out of ten, it is a highly effective method. In our honest desire for their betterment, the temptation is always to jump in and to do for them, when we would much better keep hands off, and allow them, under favorable conditions, to do for themselves. They may do something which, from an objective point of view, is much less excellent than our own well-considered plan. But education is not an objective process. It is subjective, and was wrapped up in the funny blundering little enterprise of the child, rather than in our own intrusive one. I have known boys to attend schools reported to be good, from nine o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, and then, after a late luncheon, to have a tutor come for a couple of hours to help them with their lessons. Those of us who live in careful New England are familiar with the sight of a college man, of a Saturday morning, taking a group of youngsters into the country, to teach them, ye gods, to play! Personally I always decline to name a man for either misdemeanor, much as he may be needing the money, for I know how enfeebling it is for a boy to be led around by the nose in either work or play. It is our province, we elders, to suggest activities, if need be, and to supply such reasonable equipment as the boy cannot put together for himself. It is our privilege to help, to sympathize, even in a quiet way, to oversee; but never,

as we value education, may we do anything that will make the boy less spontaneous, less self-reliant, less initiative.

We all have to deal with helpless youngsters, made so by over-active parents and unwise teachers, and often the only cure is to administer wholesome neglect, to allow the youngsters to be thoroughly bored, for several weeks if need be, until it dawns upon them that, if they are to have a good time, they must themselves be up and doing, and must get into the game on their own account. I have had such little fellows at my camp. They have been visibly amazed to find that they did not occupy the center of the stage; that their little ills were not taken seriously; that life held larger matters than their own purely personal concerns. Sometimes they have been indignant, sometimes rebellious, often bored and ready to go home at the first opportunity; but in the end, if they have good stuff in them, they come around, pick up the reins of life, and learn to be good campers and good comrades.

These helpless boys come mostly from private day schools which are the abode of much unwisdom; and from wealthy or well-to-do homes which are the abode of self-indulgence and soft living. A day school depends for its support upon a very local clientèle, and unless it has greater backbone than common, represents the educational and social prejudices of its patrons, rather than the wisdom of its headmaster. In homes where the parents themselves are given to soft living, it is useless to expect sturdiness in the children.

In reality there is little hope for a boy without initiative, or a girl either, for that matter; and it is our plain business to work for it with a passion which we

have never brought to the subjunctive mood or the rule of three.

In Sincerity and Truthfulness, we have, perhaps, the most important virtues of the spirit, and yet, as a matter of educational effort, I have not placed them first. They seem primal virtues, to have to do with the very fiber of the spirit. But the more I study and value them, and the more I work for them, the more persistently do they present themselves to me as the result of reverence and insight. A boy will, in the main, be sincere and truthful, without express mention of the words themselves, if the conditions of his life are sound. The main obstacle is that we, his parents and teachers, are for the most part neither sincere nor truthful. We lie about the most important things of life and plume ourselves upon our honesty in trifles. We lie about our religion, professing beliefs which we do not hold; we lie about our business and industrial life; we lie about marriage and friendship; we lie about education and art; we lie outrageously about politics. We fib our way through social life. And in the end, we pay the tragic, unescapable penalty of all lying, — we lie unwittingly to ourselves.

Bismarck was once asked whether he intended to follow a certain diplomatic line. He replied, without hesitation, "No; but had I intended to follow it, my answer would have been the same." It is not manners to ask certain questions, but the slight offense hardly justifies the graver one.

Children are very quick to detect insincerity and untruthfulness, and they are also very imitative. We elders must make our own thought and speech and deed wholly honest before we venture to present our

souls before the questioning, clairvoyant eyes of childhood. When Jack takes a piece of candy and says that he did n't, it is reprehensible, of course, but not nearly so reprehensible as many of the things which his father and mother are doing the whole twenty-four hours.

The real objection of the grown-up world to all plain speaking is due to a petty view of human nature. We assume that our auditor only wants to hear so much about himself as is flattering. We pay him a poor compliment. It would be a far greater compliment to assume that he wants only the plain, unvarnished truth, and to present it to him in a serene, natural-history spirit without any thought of either flattery or condemnation. The truth ought to be of interest to no one quite so keenly as to the man it concerns. To think or to act otherwise is to esteem him very meanly. There are, of course, extraordinary circumstances under which lying is quite justifiable. I should myself lie without compunction to an invading army, to a criminal, or to a person either insane or grievously ill, and believe that in doing so, I was doing God's service. But we seldom meet such an emergency. The majority of persons that we come in contact with are neither invaders, nor criminals, nor defectives. They are normal, aspiring, truth-loving persons just like ourselves. If we could bring ourselves to think more highly of them, we would tell them the truth.

But even if we assume that we elders have so far become truthful ourselves that we can stand unabashed before the round, open eyes of childhood, there still remain a number of things which we must do, and must not do, if we wish a similar honesty in the little people. For one thing, we must never put a child on the defen-

sive. This is to place a premium on lying. In all our relations with children, we must play fair, — we must remember that size and strength and experience and authority are all on our side, and that to use this advantage unduly is to invite on the children's part the one possible defense, untruthfulness. A child lies generally because he is afraid. He may be temperamentally a coward, or he may simply for the moment be afraid of us, afraid of our ridicule, or scorn, or punishing power. The remedy for lying is not to be too visibly shocked by it, but rather, in a fine and gentle spirit, to help the little fellow overcome his fear. To ask in anger if he has done so and so, or why he has done it, is to inspire fear and invite a lie. The better way is to hold his hand in yours, to take him on your lap, perhaps, to make him feel your love, your calm, your immense, impersonal sense of justice. In that fine air of confidence it is possible to speak together quietly and truthfully.

Children do not commit large offenses. Their greatest faults, if rightly handled, are mere peccadilloes, and the punishment ought logically to fit the crime. For most sensitive children, effective punishment has already been administered when the wrongdoing has been quietly but inexorably analyzed and made to appear in its true light. When children cease to be frank, and begin to conceal and deceive and lie, it nearly always means that parents and teachers have been both unwise and unkind, and have forced the children into a false position. If the children had had greater courage, they would, perhaps, have braved it out and stood the consequences. But why assume courage? It is a highly desirable quality of the spirit, but one that may be less

reasonably assumed than many of those other qualities for whose cultivation we have been willing, with so much patience, to work.

Each day in a child's early life is a voyage of discovery, and he is brought at any moment face to face with the unknown. His first and strongest instinct is that of self-preservation; and it is easy to see in the unknown something fearsome and threatening. Furthermore, such terrors are most real to the best type of child, to the most alert and most imaginative. Fear is so perfectly natural that it is, I think, more scientific to assume fear than to assume courage. On this assumption it is manifestly fatuous to heighten fear and then to expect truthfulness. Fear and lying go together; courage and truthfulness. One is reminded of the small boy's definition of a lie, — an abomination unto the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble.

It is seldom wise to try to laugh a child out of his fear. What really happens is that at best he merely smothers the fear, to all appearances, and goes on quaking in secret. A sensitive child suffers an altogether unwarranted nervous strain, and, as Freud has shown, may store up harmful impressions to dog the footsteps of his later life. The only sensible thing is to remove fear, carefully and lovingly, by showing it to be in most cases quite groundless, and by teaching a boy, as early as may be, to meet the unavoidable disasters of life, the veritable catastrophies, with a manly courage that will rob them of their sting. As Emerson says, "Fear nothing but fear." It seems to me, then, a quite useless beating of the air to try to instill courage into a boy without first removing the sources of fear. For fear is the primitive, positive thing, the natural shrink-

ing of the inexperienced spirit in the presence of possible harm; and courage is the absence of fear. To teach a boy that in all the great universe there is no genuine occasion for fear, to show him that to a reverent, enlightened soul no essential harm can come, is to bestow the high gift of courage, and along with it, its bedfellow, truthfulness. We cannot too vividly realize that these flowers of the spirit, which are the real goal of education, have their necessary roots in an orderly, rational attitude towards life, that is to say, in religion; and that, unless one is willing to go to the root of the whole matter, one cannot be a faithful parent or a true teacher.

In Concentration and Thoroughness, we have another pair of those spiritual qualities which need not so much to be cultivated as conserved. In a healthy boy, both are present. There is something astonishingly thorough-going in all the boyish activities which spring from a genuine interest, and have well-developed foundations in a boy's own spirit. No scientist at his problem, or artist at his work, shows a greater concentration than an alert boy at some natural and proper task. In certain lines of enterprise, *boyish* is almost synonymous with *thorough*. There is in boys of the right sort a splendid surplus energy which they pour unstintingly into those activities which genuinely engage the spirit. We elders may well envy their concentration and thoroughness and sincerity. These robust, full-blooded, alert boys are the very flower of boyhood, but they are the very boys whom our current conventional education does its utmost to cripple and dwarf. Instead of utilizing this splendid boyish energy, it tries to diminish it; instead of thanking God for such gospel measure of

spirit, it busies itself with trying to tame and subdue it. This seems to me both unscientific and immoral. Our proper work is just the contrary; it is to conserve this priceless energy, this magnificent spirit, and, if we can, to heighten them, for we are dealing with the motive power of life. In a word, we must work *with* the boy, not against him. True education is unfolding, not imposing.

A high Sense of Honor, like so many other good qualities, is really involved in reverence. It is a reverence for one's self, a sense of what is due to one's own standard of personal excellence. At its best, it is so precious a quality that it deserves special emphasis in every scheme of education, and special effort for its attainment. But there is need for great skill. A man's sense of honor, or a boy's, may easily be perverted; it may easily become a petty and detestable form of egotism. In the end, he may come to strut and attitudinize, to carry a chip on each shoulder, to make himself utterly ridiculous. It is our man of honor who works himself into a passion when there is no occasion for passion, who fights silly duels, and who, when his domestic affairs go wrong, ceases to be a gentleman, and becomes only an infuriated male. There are few fine qualities which have so many tinsel substitutes. In reality, honor is a sensitive thing, and one may not play with it. It must ring true, and every time. Perhaps it may sound odd, and even paradoxical, but the only way to cultivate a high sense of honor, a pure-gold reverence for one's self, is to pass beyond the self into that impersonal world of excellence where human passion and bombast and absurdity are quite impossible attributes. Talk to a boy about honor, help him in every possible way to

deepen his own sense of honor, but, above all, see to it that he has hold of the genuine, universal thing, and is not merely strutting, trying to lift himself by his own boot-straps.

There are many legitimate appeals to a boy's sense of honor, but they all involve this seeming paradox, that, while they are intensely personal appeals, they are always to something essentially impersonal, to something bigger than the boy himself, in the end to some august principle of excellence in the remote and passionless empyrean. A practical parent or teacher does not begin out in space, — he ends there. He appeals to the boy himself, to the inner image of his own honorable self, to the boy as member of an honorable family, as member of a school of good repute, as citizen of town and Commonwealth, as an American; and only as the boy's own thought mounts, comes that final, immense, unescapable, impersonal appeal, to the boy as Man created in the image of God, and committed, therefore, to the excellent and the universal. It is hard for man or boy to resist the compulsion of such an appeal. In yielding to it, he becomes a hero; in entertaining it, he is potentially a hero.

The good habit of Serenity is best cultivated in our boys by exhibiting it in ourselves. It reduces the useless friction of life and so heightens its efficiency.

In the Lack of Self-consciousness, we have a vital element in the equipment of the spirit. I have placed it last in order to give it the greater emphasis. Self-consciousness is a fault of practically universal extent; the absence of it is the first qualification of the larger life. The Indian sages teach that there are three stages of consciousness. In the first stage there is no recognition

of a separate self. The knower and the knowledge are one, — subject and object coincide. I am the event, the thing that is happening, the fabric of the dream. Very young children are supposed to be in this first stage of consciousness. It is identification through ignorance. In the second stage, the illusion of self has entered. The knower and the knowledge have flown apart, the subject and object have retreated to opposite poles. In this stage, the drama of the world moves on outside and apart from the self. There is a sharp distinction and separate interests. The self looks on as spectator, taking part when it seems profitable to take part, and holding aloof when it seems better so. But participation is not always voluntary, and it is this which makes the second stage of consciousness so unsatisfactory an abode. However exclusive, the self is constantly enmeshed in the world-drama, sometimes as a happy participant, but often and unwillingly as shrinking victim. It is the stage of self-consciousness through illusion, and is the portion of nearly all mankind — an arid desert wandering in which reside fear, cowardice, envy, malice, and all the evil brood of the isolated, tormented spirit.

But there is a third stage of consciousness which our Indian friends call the Cosmic Consciousness. It is a return through knowledge to the beatitudes of early childhood, a rediscovery of the identification of knower and knowledge, a coming-together again of subject and object. Once more, I cease to be, for I am the event itself, the thing that is happening, the storm, the fire, the whirlwind, the still small voice, the universe itself. So perish all selfishness and doubt, all fear and cowardice, all embarrassment and evil thinking, — I lose myself, and gain the world. This third stage of consciousness, this cos-

mic consciousness, is the theater of the great things, of the heroisms and achievements. It is the vestibule of heaven, the meeting-ground of men and gods. In attempting to make it articulate, one only succeeds, perhaps, in making it seem mystical and unreal; but it is, in truth, a very substantial thing, a genuine experience which comes to all of us in the great moments of life. In the presence of superb beauty, under the spell of divine music, face to face with the heroic, carried away by love, patriotism, enthusiasm, wonder, the little self vanishes, and one is conscious only of the greater marvel of the whole; one is merged in it, and becomes part of it. In this absence of self-consciousness is the secret of many charms, — the charm of childhood, of enthusiastic youth, of unselfish womanhood, of faithful manhood, of inspiring old age. Then is life at its highest and best. It is then that happiness comes. When I ask much for myself, I am always poor, — when I ask nothing, I have the wealth, not of the Indies, but of the universe.

And life is at its lowest and meanest when it is provocative of self-consciousness. We have here an all-sufficient test of morality. In self-consciousness alone is there the possibility of sin; in the cosmic consciousness, our one approach to godhead. Formal education, and the culture that is offered ready-made, have a tendency to foster self-consciousness, and to that extent are evil. The petty jealousies of men of science, the belittling controversies over questions of priority, are evidences in point. It is only by starving self-consciousness in childhood that we can prepare the spirit for a truer culture. And here again, the parent or teacher who has gained such a victory for himself will be the better qualified for the task. From the nature of the case, self-

consciousness cannot be cured by sermonizing. The less said about it the better. But one can watch, and guard against it; one can throw out the over-personal note in every boyish narrative; one can make it felt that things worth telling must have an interest in themselves, and not depend merely upon the fact that they happened to the speaker. With fair skill an older person can gradually shift the emphasis until the little egoist becomes quite unconsciously a faithful reporter.

I have heard women complain of this over-personal note in women, and I realize that our society does its utmost to produce it. This is especially true of the young girls in well-to-do and wealthy families. They are deprived of all wholesome work, petted, decked out in the finest, fêted in every permissible way, flattered by men and women alike, indulged and catered to on all occasions, until it seems to me quite seriously as if an older generation, jealous of the natural charm of youth, had conspired to ruin that charm as rapidly and completely as possible. An over-conscious woman may be amusing for a very short time, but she is never really charming. Ten to one, her seeming adorer is laughing at her up his sleeve.

This over-personal note is not limited to women. It is found only too well developed in men as well, from statesmen and literary lions down to day-laborers and commercial travelers. And in both men and women it is deplorable, for it is the source of nearly all the meanness and crime in the world. I have come to believe that salvation is in reality a very simple process, a passing-out from this over-personal life of the second stage of consciousness into the larger, universal life of the cosmic consciousness. To live on this plane is to become

as a god, putting off all fear, all hatred, all jealousy, all pettiness, and entering into the life eternal. I have seen men and women being saved, just as I have seen them being lost, and I know how dramatically real the process is. These great impersonal souls are to me very worshipful. They demand nothing and therefore have everything. In their presence, one puts off all pettiness, as one puts off a soiled garment, and arrays one's self in all that is big and universal and eternal.

It is more rational and efficient to save children from self-consciousness, or to nip it in the bud when it has already appeared, than to ignore it, or even to foster it, as we do in so much of our current education and social practice, and then trust to the discipline of later life to root it out, perhaps, and save the soul alive. Absolutely the most vital and important thing in education is to make our children big in spirit by making them universal and unconscious of the self. From the moment of birth, education should strive after this supreme good, — both home and school should stand for the larger life.

It is, perhaps, natural for an individualist to believe that the social virtues grow out of individual, personal victories, rather than the reverse. Certainly it seems to me that a boy who lacks self-consciousness, who has a high sense of honor, who is reverent and courageous, who is thorough, single-hearted, truthful, who has sincerity, initiative, imagination, will almost unavoidably display those social qualities which we have agreed are desirable. He will have the sources already existent in his own inner spirit. But here, again, determinate culture is a distinct help.

If a boy has Warm Affections, we can keep them unimpaired, and can heighten them. We can show him that love is truly the greatest thing in the world, greater than knowledge or wealth or fame, — greater even than athletics; and we can, perhaps, keep him from the silly belief that it is unmanly to show emotion. Inhibition of all signs of emotion leads finally to the inhibition of emotion itself, — the springs run dry. There are few persons who are wholly lovable, but happily there are also few who are not partly so. The search for excellence and lovableness may be made a habit. A boy can be taught to seek the good points in his companions, and to help stifle the bad points by ignoring them, quite as readily as he can be taught the rules of grammar and arithmetic. And it is much more worth while. The bad points are often only bad because they are inconvenient to ourselves and wound our own egotism. Once get into the habit of looking for what is heroic and lovable, and once over the habit of making personal demands, and the world changes from a jungle to a garden. A boy is freckled and snub-nosed and undersized, but, ye stars, how bright his eyes are! He is not much at baseball, but, ye whales and little fishes, how he *can* swim! His spelling is all to the bad, but, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Velasquez, and Whistler, how beautiful his drawings are! He does n't care a brass farthing for me, but, Roland and Oliver, how stanch he is to the friends of his own choosing! Now, this attitude of mind can be made just as real and natural as the current belittling attitude, and it is vastly more wholesome and helpful. Furthermore, it can be cultivated. Little children are naturally affectionate; their loyalty to father, mother, nurse, friend, is some-

thing superb. If they cease to be affectionate and loyal, it is because they have been repulsed and deceived. Once more the fault lies at our own door. It takes skill to love a child successfully, just as it takes skill to idealize any other relation in life. We need more tact, we parents and teachers, and, to be quite frank, more unselfishness. The simple trouble is that we love children for our own pleasure, not for their good, — we pet them, indulge them when the mood is on, smother them with kisses, spoil them, making ourselves the real object of attention and the children the toys. We are gratified when the children respond, and forget that in reality we have bribed them. A boy does not want to be interrupted at his work or play, to be petted and made much of. But there comes a moment when work is over, and play is over, when darkness comes on apace, and our lad is tired, and bedtime approaches. This is the time for tenderness and confidences, — when he is ready, not when we are. To love children for our own pleasure, to pet them with more intensity, perhaps, but in much the same fashion that we pet kittens and puppies and other soft warm young animals, is no particular credit to us and may easily be a harm to them. The only love worth talking about is the love that prompts to service. We parents and teachers must be quite frank with ourselves, and distinguish quite sharply between the love which is self-seeking and the love which is unselfish. We want, by example first, and by precept when it is timely, to encourage in our boys a warm affection for the world at large, an affection rich in giving, not in asking.

I do not think that children are naturally either mannerly or rude. At their best, they display a quiet self-

possession which is an excellent basis for all social training. If, in addition, they have a genuine consideration for other people, the quest of Good Manners is already well advanced. Too often, manners are presented to children as somewhat arid conventionalities which might quite as well have been different, and, as such, all healthy children, and especially boys, are prone to shy at them. Good manners, for most people, are the result of culture, and, as we all know, it would better begin with our ancestors. But no wholesome boy is really averse to good manners. The task is simply to present them in a right light. Mere mandatory statements — "You must do this," "You mustn't do that" — are very apt to leave him cold, or even antagonistic. But when you show him good manners as the very best and most reasonable way of doing things, as the way which will be most considerate of others, and best satisfy his own sense of suitableness, he is sympathetic to the point of eagerness. The practical way is to get him interested in good manners, and then to impart them. An imaginative boy is quick to learn, and if both your example and your instruction are sound, he is quick to see the point. But good manners are much too valuable a possession to be left to chance suggestions and hints, or to any sort of hazard whatsoever. They must be taught systematically, persistently, thoroughly, for in the successful conduct of life they are vastly more important than many of the academic branches which we, with so much industry, pursue. Just as a matter of discipline, they quite excel mathematics. It is not difficult to be systematic, — one has only to run over the events of a typical day. The boy gets up and goes to bed, dresses and undresses, eats three meals a day, meets people,

talks with them, is alone and in society, at home, at school, on the street, in public places, at work and at play. These and other typical acts of the day are to be examined and idealized. Unusual situations may be presented, and the best conduct under the circumstances discussed and illustrated. Above all, the boy must be shown that good manners are not a garment to be put on and off according to the society in which he finds himself, but are, on the contrary, a part of the very fiber of life; that a well-bred man is quite as mannerly to himself, when he is alone, as on the grandest occasion in society.

It is this perfect poise of the well-bred which embarrasses and finally irritates the man of shifting standards. "Company manners" are seldom carried off with any degree of success, and never yet appeared other than artificial and tawdry. To be truly mannerly at any time, one must be mannerly at all times. This is a lesson particularly needed in American homes, where mothers and fathers are often distressed at the rudeness of their children, but forget that they themselves are frequently off guard, in undress, as it were, spiritually. If one is at all sensitive in these very human matters, one can tell all too easily whether the children are merely on their good behavior, whether the host is really a gentleman, whether the hostess has assumed her voice and carriage and manner for the occasion, or graciously possesses them at all times. I know of few little things more annoying than to be with persons who are apparently playing up to a rôle, and who must, as it were, remember not to be rude.

Where good manners are apprehended as mere conventions, they are at best uncertain, and slip off with discouraging ease. But where they are the outer mani-

festations of an abiding inner grace, they may be counted upon as long as consciousness lasts. To be mannerly from an inner necessity is to be well-bred, and any child or man or woman who is less than that, may not by any courtesy be called educated.

Under conditions at all favorable, a boy's native Sense of Justice is generally pretty sound. He may do cruel, unreasonable, unjust things, but it is commonly through ignorance, or through that cowardice which he shares with many a grown-up, the fear of being different from other people. But in nine cases out of ten, he really wants fair play. It is our opportunity to show him in what fair play consists; to make clear to him his own right to do exactly as he pleases so long as he does not infringe upon others, and the right of all other boys and girls, men and women, to do exactly the same thing. Any boy can easily be made to see this, but as a rule it must be pointed out to him, for in his excessive conventionality he is prone to think that people who are different are necessarily wrong. It is wise to illustrate this fundamental principle of justice with a variety of concrete examples, especially by the case in hand, whether the boy is himself the offender or the one offended against. And it is particularly wise to illustrate the full measure of justice in your own dealing with the boy. Boys are very concrete, and as we all know, much given to unconscious imitation. If they have learned to have confidence in their fathers and teachers, they have at once a very ready-to-hand and serviceable standard. "I wonder what father would say," or, "I wonder what Mr. A. would do under the circumstances," become handles for many a problem, and warders-off of many a casuistry.

Justice is the first of the cardinal virtues, and in the dealings of man with man it is the quality of greatest practical importance; but in dealing with children we must remember that the conception of justice is rather large and abstract for childish minds to grasp. It has taken the race several millenniums to evolve the idea, and even now our hold is very partial and insecure. In the beginning, I think, the conception of justice must come as the flower of the more concrete and easily imaged virtues, of imagination and reverence, and a high sense of honor, and love and mannerliness. The good life, like the moral law, is all of a piece. He who is possessed of one fundamental virtue is potentially possessed of all. But as the boy grows older, he can be led to meet each issue in matters of conduct with this one penetrating test, — *Is it just?* If he has offended, he can be brought to see and acknowledge his fault much sooner if, instead of scolding, one carefully and dispassionately analyzes the case, and asks for his own pronouncement upon its justice or injustice. At such moments most boys tell the truth.

Helpfulness and Unselfishness go together, and both are the product of good health and the absence of egotism. An invalid is devoid of the spare energy needed in the service of others. An egotist is too busy with his own small affairs to have time or inclination for the service of others. The remedy is good health and bigger, more impersonal interests. I have already pointed the road to good health, — it is cleanness of body, inside and out, of atmosphere, food, drink, clothing, habitation; above all, cleanness of thought. The road to unselfishness is not through direct instruction or sermonizing. It is by taking the boy's hand in yours,

and leading him out of his poor, small, selfish world into a world of bigger and more commanding interests, where the petty concerns of the self die through inattention. Salvation, as I have been pointing out, is a rebirth, in which we give up the old too-personal life, and so gain the whole world. Unselfishness is, indeed, a large part of religion, for it is a determining factor in one's whole attitude towards life. The majority of us have made experiments in selfishness, and have learned how lean the harvests are; and the majority of us, as a result of this experience, have genuinely turned towards unselfishness as the better mode of life. And yet no great progress has been made; it is still a very selfish world, and consequently a very unhappy world. The obstacle, I think, lies in our method; it does not sufficiently go to the root of the matter. We cannot, with much hope of efficiency, give ourselves over to the direct cultivation of either selfishness or unselfishness. They are the effects of still deeper and more essential causes, and it is with these sources that we must deal. If our major interest in life is personal we are unavoidably selfish, no matter how saintly our pretensions, our philanthropies, our proclamations. There is a respectable school of thought which acknowledges this fundamental fact and teaches that from the enlightened selfishness of individuals we must look for the greatest general good. It may be partially true for the lusty part of life, from twenty, let us say, on to fifty; but for the whole of life it is not true, since the personal life of mortality is doomed to ultimate eclipse and failure. Body and spirit go part of this journey together, increasing in strength and power. But there comes a time for all of us when body lags behind, and

spirit, if progress is to continue, must journey on ahead. The major concern of the spirit is not with the petty personal matters which make up so large a part of the life of the body, but with those universal interests which concern mankind at large, and outlast the life of the body. To get children interested in impersonal things is to make them unavoidably unselfish. Solitary children, only sons, only daughters, are as a rule extremely selfish, for the simple reason that their lives have been so overwhelmingly personal. The way out is through group activities, through pleasures as well as through service. There is a highly personal side to life which no normal man would wish to ignore, but it must be subservient always to something larger. If life is to be permanently successful, and happiness genuine and secure, the major interest must be impersonal, must have to do with something bigger than the little self, must concern itself with the abiding and universal things.

These are the spiritual qualities which it seems to me a well-equipped boy of fourteen ought to possess. Were they his, all things would be his. Like a modern knight, he would go forth to serve, and serving, gain everything. Then would Progress, with willing feet, resume her journey, and the Beyond-Man become once more a possibility. It is for us, parents and educators, to work for these spiritual qualities, and to attain them. In view of their immense desirability, it is extraordinary that we should waste these precious fourteen years, these plastic, formative years, in the stupid, brutal way we do. As practical persons, bent upon sound education, we ought to draw up a formal record of these spir-

itual qualities for each boy in our charge, and mark his progress in some very definite and illuminating way. Only when we were able with entire honesty to write *plus* after each quality would our own work be complete. Such a record is not for the boy, but for ourselves.

REPORT

Individual Qualities		*Social Qualities*	
Imagination	+	Affection	+
Initiative	+	Manners	+
Sincerity	+	Justice	+
Truthfulness	+	Helpfulness	+
Serenity	+		
Concentration	+	Unselfishness	+
Thoroughness	+		
Courage	+		
Reverence	+		
Sense of Honor	+		
Lack of Self-Consciousness	+		

In commending this report to the serious attention of all parents and teachers, I need not, perhaps, enlarge upon the transcendent value of the spiritual equipment it indicates, nor need I point out that it is far from being the possession of the average American boy, whether he comes of wealthy or middle-class families, or is confessedly of the slums. In the wealthy classes, Jack has small chance. Ten to one, he will grow up selfish, boorish, unimaginative, lazy, self-conscious. As a rule, his misfortune will be the greater, the more recent the wealth. In the slums, Jack escapes the danger of over-indulgence, but he must carry the heavy handicap of genuine destitution and wretched example, obstacles so great that he seldom comes to anything.

As things go, Jack's best chance is in an average middle-class family, for here he has the discipline of required service, and at least the hazard of gentle example.

At fourteen, it is quite immaterial whether Jack knows how to read or write, or even to do sums. I would certainly not make these small arts the direct object of effort. If I were sure of having Jack with me during the high-school period, from fourteen to eighteen, I would much prefer that at fourteen he should not know how to read. As soon as a boy begins to read, he passes from the glorious world of first-hand experience and observation into the shabbier world of the second-hand, the world of the reported, and his life becomes less real and genuine. The more passionately fond of his books he is, the smaller the chance that he will, himself, do anything novel or useful. It is so much easier to have thrilling adventures by proxy in the world of romance, history, travel, biography, science, than it is to observe and act for one's self, that I have slowly come to the conclusion that reading, instead of being the immense benefit it is commonly represented to be, may all too easily become, like excessive church-going, a form of laziness and self-indulgence. I would prefer that Jack, at fourteen, certainly at twelve, should not know how to read, because I believe that in the end he would make the wiser, bigger, more original man. There is a general truth in that often-quoted remark of Hobbes, "If I had read as much as other people, I should probably have known as little."

But it will seldom happen that Jack does not, at some hour ordained of the gods, decide for himself that he wants to read, and when that hour strikes, not even a

stupid teacher can stop him. This hunger does not come at one particular age, — it comes at any age. In my own case, it came at eight. The day was marked by a frantic desire to know what was in the books around me, and an immense, desolating sense that I could n't find out. Along with this desire to read, there came, curiously, a second and more difficult ambition, the desire to be "converted." It seemed to me that if I could only be converted, and could learn to read, I would ask nothing further. I do not remember the process of learning to read; I only remember that, quite before I knew it, I found myself reading, and ever since I have been a great and rapid reader, and have known the meaning of delight. But I never reached the third degree in reading, that economical stage which few attain, but which might easily be attainable, in which one reads, not by letters, as the child does at first; or by words, as most grown-ups do, first and last; but by sentences, the way that Macaulay and a less well-known genius of my own acquaintance used to do. My friend seldom picked up a book twice; he could read an ordinary volume of four hundred pages in perhaps an hour and a half. When he got through, he not only had an astonishing knowledge of the contents, but he also had a sense of the book as a whole which no slower reader ever quite gains. At the end, my friend still remembered the beginning and the intermediate part. He could picture the whole as one can picture a completed building. If we want to teach children to read, why not wait for the psychological moment, and then do the thing with art and efficiency.

I might add that the process of getting "converted" turned out to be a very much more difficult adventure, but

vastly more interesting, for at no time can one look upon it as an accomplished fact. On the contrary, it involves an endless series of rebirths. It is not enough to be born again once — one must be born again constantly. Each goal approached means a more distant one sighted, until in the end we attain peace and serenity in the midst of tumult and eternal change. The goal is not here, not there. It is immediate, momentary, — it is life itself, an endless, creative becoming.

Somewhat the same objection holds to the other subjects of the conventional curriculum. The hour not having struck, we do the thing badly and ineffectually. But the major objection to the whole scheme of academic instruction for children must forever be that these first fourteen years of life are altogether too precious to be wasted in this spendthrift fashion. The intellectual harvest is small and stunted; sometimes so essentially unsound that it handicaps a man for the rest of his life. He receives wrong impressions in the vital concerns of life, impressions which, in the prompter's box of the subconscious, later stand between him and a truer comprehension. But aside from these grave evils, every moment of these precious years is needed for the spiritual culture just outlined, and for the bodily accomplishments we are now to consider. Body and spirit are always more or less impressionable, but never so plastic as in childhood.

VIII

BODILY ACCOMPLISHMENTS

DURING the years of grace, — the first fourteen years of life, — there is no time for formal intellectual culture, both because the hour has not yet struck, and because these years are needed to the last moment for the vastly more important and timely work of cultivating the spirit and training the body. This is not a matter of schoolmasterly choice, —it is a matter of organic necessity. The trained spirit will meanwhile reach out and gather in many wholesome intellectual fruits, because in the great drama of life it is the spirit which is the motive power. When the proper time comes, at fourteen or thereabouts, a boy strong in the spirit will have no trouble in mastering language and mathematics and history and science. Indeed, he will already have mastered them incidentally to an extraordinary degree. But the reverse is not true; the gift of the spirit does not necessarily come with formal academic culture; in fact, it does not usually come. It is, then, only rational to concern ourselves first of all with the spirit, the motive power, and as the faithful guardians of childhood see to it quite beyond peradventure that the spirit is strong, informed, and free.

There might still be time for academic culture were it not that these are also the years of grace in the bodily life, when the organism has the plasticity of rapid growth and an impressionability never again equaled in the whole of the traditional threescore years and ten.

What we would do in the way of bodily training must largely be done now, or at least inaugurated now, if we are to have any hope of success. The majority of persons are not accomplished; few realize how much there is to be done in the way of organic training; and fewer still the high necessity of setting about the work while there is yet a chance of success. It has been pretty well drilled into us that you cannot teach old dogs new tricks; and it has been brought home to us rather painfully, perhaps, when we have ourselves tried in mature years to master some accomplishment requiring a flexibility of body which we no longer possess. As parents and teachers, however, it is the positive and constructive form of this old saw that we want to bear in mind and act upon; that you *can* teach *young* dogs new tricks. It is the same in the human world. It is in childhood that the accomplishments must be taught, and rightly handled they are immeasurably more useful and important than all the second-hand material to be found in textbooks. What these accomplishments should properly include can be readily discovered by asking, as we did in the matters of the spirit, what reasonable equipment may be expected of a fourteen-year-old boy.

It was agreed, to start with, that Jack must have good health, and that alone will require time and intelligent effort. But taking this immense good for granted, the list of bodily accomplishments is still very long, and not one of these accomplishments may properly be omitted.

It is easy to be thorough if one is systematic. I find it convenient to cover the range of desirable bodily accomplishments by listing them under such inclusive heads as the following: Body without Apparatus; Body

with Apparatus; Eye; Hand and Eye; Ear and Voice; Nose and Palate; Coördinated skill of all the Faculties. So grouped, the list is reasonably complete, and at the same time convenient. Let us consider these groups in order, remembering always that the object of education is not to produce athletes, not to produce unusual physical development in any direction whatever, but solely to train the body in such complete and catholic fashion that it shall be the efficient tool of the human spirit. And this double culture of soul and body, this acquisition of spiritual qualities and bodily accomplishments must go on absolutely hand in hand. As Montaigne says: "'T is not a soul, 't is not a body that we are training up, but a man, and we ought not to divide him."

This is the voice of the seer, supported — as the literature of insight always is supported — by the results of our latest experience and research. We know that we ought not to attempt to divide soul and body; we know that we cannot train up a soul, and then, at some convenient moment, bestow a well-trained and well-equipped body; and we know with equal certainty that we cannot develop the body, and then, when it pleases us, bestow the gift of the spirit. Soul and body must grow together, and the growing season for the foundations of both soul and body covers these wonderful years of grace between birth and fourteen.

In considering the Body without Apparatus, it seems to me that at fourteen Jack ought to be able to Walk, to Run, to Climb, to Jump, to Dance, to Wrestle, to Swim, to Dive. In addition, he ought, in a systematic Drill, to be able to command his body as a whole. These nine basal accomplishments require no apparatus whatever,

beyond a companion and the open. None of them may be taken for granted. Boys naturally do many or even most of these things without instruction, but our concern as educators is not that they shall simply do them, but that they shall do them well.

It is an art to Walk, a greater one to Run. To walk successfully, one must be properly clothed. One should wear the least clothing that convention and temperature permit, the lightest weight shoes that are durable, and no hat. One should carry nothing heavy in the pockets, and nothing at all on the back or in the hands. On a walking trip of several days, it is usually possible to send the necessary articles by parcel post. Many a walking trip has been wrecked by a pack, heavy shoes, and too much clothing. For those who were either Indians or pine trees in their last incarnation, the most perfect walking is to glide through the forest without any clothing whatever. For the moment, one ceases to be a care-burdened man, and becomes an integral part of the great forest. All the sensations are heightened. Each step reports the texture of Mother Earth, hard or soft, rock or dirt, moist or dry, moss or log. Sunshine and summer wind smite the body with the sting of life. Grasses and low-swinging branches put out their friendly, detaining hands. And in such noiseless progress, one sees a goodly number of forest folk, of deer, and fox and squirrel and pheasant. It is an adventure, and in the heart there surges a curious elation, as if the self had died, and the spirit had put on the bigness of the enfolding Nature.

But most of our walking is on the highway, and there one must dress the best that one can. When one is lightly clad, it is an easy matter to walk properly.

There are, I think, only three necessary injunctions. The first is to hold the body erect and free. (This is at any time a sound injunction for those who were made in the image of God.) The second is to walk from the hips rather than from the knees. And the third is to walk on the ball of the foot, touching heel to earth only when resting. In this way one can breathe freely, can swing over long distances easily, and can have the sensation of swimming through the intoxicating ether instead of plodding over a dull earth. To one who learns the trick, walking becomes a keen pleasure, and one can cover ordinary distances, twenty or thirty miles, let us say, without undue fatigue. I have myself done as much as forty-two miles in a day; and some of my boys have done fifty.

Walking is both an art and a habit. In these days of rapid transit, it is not esteemed as highly as it deserves. As a gentleman's sport, I know of nothing better. In the first place, it costs nothing, beyond the time and the modest entertainment en route. And the true gentleman of the future, it seems to me, will increasingly consider the cost of his pleasures, counting those clean which do not depend upon appropriated labor-power, and those unclean which necessitate any measure of slavery on the part of men or women or children. In the second place, one must generally walk alone, and, if on good terms with one's self, is sure of excellent company; or if one is so fortunate as to have a companion, he is pretty sure to be of the right sort, for at least he is neither lazy nor dyspeptic nor indifferent. And finally, walking has the immense advantage that one need not follow the crowd, but may go where one pleases, over hill and dale, wherever fancy

or beauty calls, with no road-map beyond a compass or the north star or the friendly sun. And the glorious independence of it, to go swinging over creation like a god of the dawn. Walking is an art well worth teaching our boys and girls; and a habit well worth getting them into.

Nearly all boys run, sometimes for the fun of it, but generally to get there. Both objects are good. All the boys need is a hint about easy breathing, about keeping the body itself fairly quiet, about running from the hips and landing always on the ball of the foot. Easy running is really a series of graceful springs, and the test of it is whether one can keep it up for some distance without getting either tired or out of breath. A healthy boy ought to be able to run for from two to five miles without harm and with genuine profit. Few boys can do this, — probably not one boy in a hundred. But it is worth doing, both as a physical art and as a culture of endurance and will power. To be a good runner requires training and intelligence. Like walking, running is both an art and a habit, a dangerous one if attempted when a man is no longer young and is visibly over-dressed and over-fed, but a wholesome and useful one if acquired during the years of grace. I should be sorry to have this praise of running construed into even the faintest praise of racing. From what I have seen of track-running, and from the distorted faces of the winners pictured from time to time in the daily papers, I am quite convinced that the strain of such events quite exceeds any possible benefit. My contention, throughout this whole chapter, is not for athletic prowess, but for thoroughly trained bodies, that is to say, for thoroughbreds. And my high appreciation of thor-

oughbreds is that they may the more efficiently carry out the serious and artistic purposes of life.

It is the same with climbing and jumping, — one must learn the trick when young, or never; and both are worth learning. One may never have to climb a tree for any utilitarian purpose, or shinny up a water-spout, or creep along the roof of a burning house, but the ability to do such things means power to do the things that will be needed. In climbing, it is well to begin with an old and many-branched tree, where the foothold is reasonably secure, and the boy may cultivate a steady head as well as obedient muscles. When he has gained some confidence, the task may properly be made more difficult. In the end, he ought to be able to climb a straight pole, — not greased, perhaps, but devoid of any appreciable footholds. Climbing brings every muscle of the body into play, — one must learn both when to cling and when to let go, — and it has the great merit of immediacy; the boy must be all there in mind as well as body; there is no chance for inattention and wool-gathering. Watch a boy when he is climbing, and you will have a picture of reality the superior of which no philosopher need seek.

It is a good plan to combine jumping with climbing, to let a boy drop from branches of varying height and learn to land on his feet, taking up the impact by a judicious use of the muscles of the leg. It is good, too, to include "chinning" in the climbing exercises, that is, to have a horizontal bar, and train the boy to lift himself by his arms until his chin rests for a moment on top of the bar. It looks easy, but to do it well, and especially to do it a considerable number of times in succession, requires no little practice, and a lot of will

power as well as muscle power. The chinning exercise makes use of apparatus, but of such a kind that it may be taken for granted in any country home.

If you have ever seen a stag clear a ditch, or a well-trained hunter take a five-rail fence, you have felt not only genuine admiration, but I venture to say an added touch of envy. It may be several generations before our boys can be taught to leap a fence without touching it, but they can easily be taught to vault a fence, right-hand, left-hand, between-hands, and to leap unaided over smaller obstacles. Picture the joy of a cross-country walk if you could take with you this ability to clear all ordinary obstacles, — the legs of a fawn with the soul of a man.

I do not recommend pole-vaulting, not alone because it requires special apparatus, and is extremely dangerous if the pole breaks, but also because it can hardly be called a useful accomplishment in everyday life. One can gain the same muscular exercise in less hazardous and more profitable ways.

Dancing offers large opportunities of a valuable sort, not only as a general bodily exercise, but also in the cultivation of grace, of sociability, and even for the expression of patriotic and religious emotion. Those who have seen the Chicago school-children dance the folk-dances of their several nationalities; or Ruth St. Denis, the Invocation to Flame; or Michael Mordkin, the Bacchanale; or the sweet-faced old priestess at Nikko, the Ceremonial Dance of the Temple, will be quite ready to believe that the omission of dancing in our individual and national life is the unfortunate omission of a valuable means of expression.

In addition to its merit as a purely bodily exercise,

dancing helps to bridge over the awkward age, and to bring boys and girls together under pleasant, wholesome conditions. It is more than probable that the mother of the family was fond of dancing in her girlhood, and gave it up all too soon. It would do her a world of good, as well as her children, if she could be their teacher, and could gather enough children from the neighborhood to make a group of eight or twelve. In order to allow all the mothers to share in the benefit, they might take turns. If the fathers could lend a hand at the piano, or an added partner on the floor, so much the better. There is no end of beautiful dances, and of large chances for invention. One can add in this simple way to the genuine joy of life, and redeem many a long evening or rainy afternoon from dullness or mischief. I recall with a thrill of pleasure the summer that my sister and I spent in an old farmhouse up in Connecticut. There were eight or more children of about our own age, and nearly every evening we cleared the floor of the old-fashioned parlor, and had a lively, jolly dance. We went in for all the dances we had ever heard of, and when it came to Sir Roger de Coverley, the elders also joined in. The most wholesome pleasure costs no money; it only costs the idea and a little initiative.

Wrestling, like climbing, brings into play about every muscle in a boy's body; but here he must struggle not alone against gravity, which works always in the one downward direction, but still more against an active, aggressive force which may come from any direction whatever. Wrestling has the large advantage of teaching a boy to keep his temper and to play fair. A boy who grows angry and tries to punish his antagonist must be ruled out of the game. Here is a fine chance for the

father to supervise the exercise, lending such hand as may seem wise, and establishing, as nothing else will, a spirit of comradeship between himself and his boys. It is a great thing when fathers and boys can be genuine chums. In America, teachers and boys are more apt to be chums, for the fathers are mostly too busy and too preoccupied. When comradeship fails between father and son, the boy loses a lot, but the father loses still more.

All that is needed in home wrestling is a clear floor space and several mattresses. The boys should, of course, be barefooted, and should preferably wear only tight-fitting trunks. If circumstances permit, the Japanese wrestling, jiujutsu, is the art most worth cultivating. I attended the jiujutsu school in Tōkyō, and was greatly impressed, not only with the muscular work going on, but even more so with the unfailing courtesy and self-control shown by all the boys. Afterwards, I saw an exhibition at Cambridge, in Studio House, by two Japanese students studying at Harvard. Both were short and very grave. They bowed so ceremoniously and were so apparently deliberate in all their movements that when from time to time one of the students flew through the air over the shoulder of the other, and landed flat on his back, it gave the impression of being part of the game and agreed upon beforehand. To the onlooker, the performance seemed to require the consent of both parties, and to have been permitted, rather than suffered. A friend of mine who was present, a well-developed member of the Cadets, suggested this to one of the Japanese students, and asked what would happen if one of the contestants knew nothing of the game, and merely struck out to win, in any way he chose. "Would

you like to try?" asked the little student. My friend thought that he would. In less than a minute he was flying through the air, big man that he was, and landed flat on his back, while his small antagonist stood smiling and bowing. The effect was the more amusing because my friend was in very correct afternoon dress, and though perfectly good-natured, could not look otherwise than droll. In spite of its immense art, or perhaps because of it, jiujutsu ought not to be undertaken unless one can secure a competent teacher. It might be well to begin by reading some good book on the subject.

Boys take to the water so naturally that we are apt to assume that they know how to swim and dive. The fact is that many of them never have a chance to learn, and for far too many, the one chance is under such hazardous conditions that the loss of life is hardly forgivable. The time to learn to swim, as I have already pointed out, is very early in life, the earlier the better. My friend of the Cadet Corps now has a small son of his own, and he proposes to teach him to swim while he is still a baby. That seems the best plan of all, and both natural and feasible. A baby might properly learn to swim even before he can walk, for the water supports his body, and all the little fellow has to do is to strike out lustily with arms and legs. Few boys have the good fortune to be taken in hand so early, but it is a safe rule to begin at once, any time from one year up to eighty. As swimming is partly a natural art, all the teacher has to do is to make a few simple, practical suggestions, preferably born of his own experience. The first thing is to have a boy overcome any possible fear of the water, and any repugnance to an involuntary ducking. His fear can generally be overcome by showing him experiment-

ally the great buoyancy of water and how little muscular effort it requires to keep afloat. The repugnance to ducking can best be got rid of, not by ducking him, but by persuading him to dip his head under water repeatedly, until he has learned to manage his breath and to feel no discomfort. A boy who is not afraid, and who does not too much mind getting his head under water, will easily learn to swim. It has been my own experience that it is not wise to use water wings or life preservers or other helps to buoyancy. It is much better to have a boy begin in shallow water where he has perfect confidence and can give all his attention to acquiring the requisite and coördinated movements of arms and legs. If the shore is shelving, it is a good plan for the boy to wade out until the water comes up to his chin, then to spring up to the surface and strike out for the shore. In the case of little chaps who have learned the rudiments, it is helpful to have the swimming-master wade out into the deeper water, up to his arm-pits, say, and have the little fellow swim out to him. In this way the boy gets beyond his depth, but he does not lose confidence because he knows that a pair of strong, friendly arms are ready to grasp him in case of need. Later, a raft anchored in deep water, not too far from the shore, offers a definite objective point. Or better still, as at my own camp, an island a couple of hundred feet out proposes both a challenge and a test. It is not safe, or wise, to have boys swim out indefinitely into deep water, with no well-defined goal. If they grow frightened or anything goes amiss, it is hard to locate them and they become appalled at their own isolation. There should always be definite bounds to the swimming-course, and the entire course should be within plain sight of a com-

petent master. The best course is naturally one in the open air. A lake fed by clean springs is the most desirable of all, on account of the purity of the water, the absence of currents, and the fairly uniform temperature. Unfortunately, in America, we are badly off in the matter of lakes. It is generally Hobson's choice, — one must take river or creek or artificial swimming-tank. Rivers, particularly in their upper courses, are as variable in volume, current, and temperature as the weather in the hills which send them forth. A slow, tepid, shallow stream becomes in a single day a cold, muddy torrent. My own first camp was on the banks of such a stream, the Upper Delaware, and I know something of the dangers and difficulties. The conditions can only be safely met by extreme and unremitting precautions.

But many localities — in fact, the great majority of localities in the United States — do not offer any natural facilities for swimming and diving, and one must either forego the accomplishment or create artificial pools. In addition to its immense value in case of accident, swimming is such a perfect exercise, and such a joy to every alert boy, that we ought to be building swimming-tanks by the thousand. They need not be large, they need not be deep, and they need not be expensive. A water-tight floor, with a surrounding wall of brick, or concrete, or stone, need not cost over a few hundred dollars, and will be a source of health and delight to a goodly company of boys. Perhaps twenty by thirty feet ought to be the minimum, — fifty by one hundred feet would be great luxury. Our present swimming-tanks are nearly all objectionable because they are located underground in some gloomy basement, quite away from the air and light. In a few cases they

are even inimical to health. They ought always to be aboveground, in the full sunshine. In the Southern States, it is wise to forego the use of the tank during two or three months, if need be, and have the tank uncovered, so that the boys may experience the tonic effect of air and sun. In the North, some cover is necessary, but it can be made of glass, after the manner of a greenhouse, and the place can be warmed and ventilated. The water, it need hardly be said, ought to be clean to start with, and ought to be renewed with sufficient frequency to keep it reasonably pure. If clean, wholesome boys use the tank every day, it may properly serve in lieu of a bathtub; but if the tank is public, and is used somewhat indiscriminately, every one who goes into the water ought first to be required to take a cleansing shower bath. In some of our public natatoriums, the water is not changed often enough, and when you reflect that a small boy, especially if just learning to swim, is pretty sure to swallow a lot of water, the thought is neither pleasant nor hygienic. Clean water, pure air, and abundant sunshine are the three essential things.

It goes without saying that where circumstances allow, the boys would much better bathe naked. Not only does this allow greater freedom of movement, but it also means less danger from cramps. The boys are in and out of the water many times, and if they wear bathing-suits, even trunks, the wet cloth against the bowels is apt to make trouble. The "air towel" is also better than any fabric, because it is ideally clean and involves no question of mixed use. To make the story complete, I ought to add that my own preference for air towels and naked boys has an even deeper social reason. Towels

and bathing-suits mean just so much unnecessary trouble for some one else; and in that genuine democracy which all aristocrats invite, one is quite as jealous of unnecessary tasks for some one else as for one's self.

In teaching boys to dive, or, more accurately, in encouraging them to learn to dive themselves, it will be wise to have them put cotton in their ears, if there is any tendency to ear trouble; and safer, in general, to have them first learn to swim. I have had plucky little chaps dive off into deep water before they could swim a stroke, so sure were they that, as soon as they came up, strong arms would be there to pull them out. But it is safer to have them swim first, for clear still water is very inviting, and our little lad, without fear in his heart, might easily be tempted to dive in when no strong arms were there to rescue. If a boy hesitates to dive, it is sometimes helpful to have him first jump off a raft or pier until he has accustomed himself to the sudden plunge. He ought to learn to dive from a raft or a low spring-board before he tries diving from higher levels. My own feeling is that it is more prudent for him not to try anything greater than his own height.

In teaching boys to swim and dive, it is vastly better to have regard to the psychological verities than to try brutal, catastrophic methods. It may be true that many boys have been taught to swim successfully by being thrown overboard and made to think that they must swim for their lives. But they have suffered a quite unnecessary shock, and they have lost confidence in the kindness of the grown-up world. In many cases these boys experience such an aversion to the water that they never again willingly go into it. It is vastly better, not only for the swimming itself, but also for the boy's gen-

eral development, to remove the mental obstacles, the fears and objections, by showing him how groundless they are, by explaining and illustrating the great buoyancy of water, and in this friendly fashion to encourage him to swim rather than to browbeat him into it.

I have said so much about swimming and diving because they seem to me a splendid exercise and a most useful accomplishment. From a boy's point of view they are an inexhaustible source of pleasure. They add immensely to his feeling of self-mastery and control. In reality an educated boy ought to be master of his body in the water as well as on the land, and he ought to feel that he is master of it. The next generation, or the one after it, may gain a similar mastery in the air.

All the bodily accomplishments which I have been so warmly commending — walking, running, climbing, jumping, dancing, wrestling, swimming, and diving — have the large advantage of being open to every one. They cost nothing, and require no apparatus, — even dancing, at a pinch, can dispense with instrumental music and can proceed to the rhythm of whistling or song, and happily they are the most important of the bodily accomplishments making for health and grace and self-control. I might profitably have added breathing, for that is a distinct accomplishment which few of us have mastered. It ought, however, to be involved in all the rest, and it may well be incorporated as a distinct exercise in the Swedish Drill.

The drill is best carried out with a group of boys of approximately the same age and strength. A roomy wooden platform in the open air is a convenience, but a simple grass or dirt court, uncovered, and preferably in the full sunshine, is all that is needed. In the warmer

months, the boys should be barefooted and should wear only short running-trousers. This allows a free movement of arms and legs and trunk and feet. In colder weather, the costume should be the same, if the drill is carried on indoors. If carried on outside, the boys should, of course, be amply protected against chill, but they should never be asked to exercise in unnecessarily heavy clothing. The old-fashioned sweater, with its muffling neck-piece, should especially be avoided. I prefer the Swedish Drill because it requires no apparatus, and because it exercises every muscle in the body. The bending movements — forwards, backwards, sideways — and the varied torsional movements are particularly good for the digestion. The deep breathing and the arm-flinging exercises are excellent for strengthening the lungs. Many teachers and some parents already know the general principles of the Swedish Drill, and perhaps a number of the preferred movements. While the best preparation for giving the drill would, naturally, be gained by taking the regular normal course, still excellent work can be done by those who have merely seen the drill well given and have studied one of the several books on the subject. Here, as elsewhere, the bodily exercise is only at its best if it goes hand in hand with a culture of the spirit. When properly carried out, the Swedish Drill makes rather large demands upon a boy, for it asks such prompt and accurate response through his own exercise of will. A good teacher will explain the movements carefully and will himself go through them while the class looks on. But when the boys are doing the exercises, the teacher will stand perfectly still. As already explained, the idea is not that they shall imitate him through the eye, but rather that

verbal commands shall be promptly and accurately translated into muscular movements. A boy must first apprehend what he is to do, and then do it. He is not like sheep mechanically to follow a leader. This feature alone makes the drill an admirable discipline in will culture. In addition it requires prompt coöperation among the boys themselves, and the patience of complete silence. If the drill is at all strenuous, twenty minutes is ample, thirty minutes at the outside, and it should always be followed by five or ten minutes' rest, and a chance to freshen up.

The group drill is best, but if this cannot be arranged, a drill may be given to one or two; or a boy may even give it to himself alone. Even five minutes a day will accomplish much in the way of health and bodily control. In this case, the exercises may well be taken just after the boy has had his cold bath, and before he puts on his clothes. The movements may wisely be taken in units, — perhaps twenty each. It is a good plan to count. From five to ten such units — one hundred to two hundred movements — may be taken each morning and the programme changed once a week, or at least once a month. These simple movements are admirable for growing children, but are even more admirable and necessary for literary people and other sedentary workers. Personally I find that a hundred vigorous movements directly after the daily bath are better than any tonic. The question of health is, I confess, a tiresome one, but it must receive due consideration from most of us. Few people who have reached middle age, or beyond, have serviceable health unless they work for it. A clean, well-exercised, well-disciplined body is the first condition of individual and social efficiency.

In that cultivation of the body as a whole which does require apparatus, I should certainly place Riding first. In town it is an expensive accomplishment, since a good riding-horse costs from three hundred d ars up ; and his keep, as much, or more, per year. But all boys whose parents can manage it, ought, it seems to me, to be brought up in the country, and there, especially if the country be in the South or West, horses are still cheap enough for any fairly well-to-do person to ride. Here in Texas, where I happen to be spending a month on an upland ranch, I was offered a serviceable animal only yesterday for thirty-five dollars; and on my own ranch in California, I rode a beautiful young horse that cost but sixty. Even in our older communities, a little patience will generally disclose a suitable mount that will come within one's means. Many families could manage a horse for their boy or girl, and, if need be, do without something less important. The time to teach a boy to ride is before he is fourteen. He can learn later in life, but he will never feel entirely at home in the saddle, never quite to the manner born. It is far better for a boy to have a riding-horse than to have a motor-cycle or a motor-car. Caring for the horse is in itself wholesome, and teaches a boy a lot about animals, — knowledge quite worth having.

In the saddle Jack has splendid exercise and great draughts of clear, fresh air. He can go where he pleases, regardless of roads, and be once more an independent knight and explorer. If he ride without a hat, he will never have to jump off to pick it up. If he roll his sleeves up to his elbows, he will have a freer hand with the reins. If he dispense with whip and spur, he can teach his horse to obey the voice. In general, he will find that

gentleness accomplishes more than violence, — both for himself and the horse. A boy soon learns to ride well. All he needs are a few practical hints, and a mount. He must, of course, be taught to hold the reins in his left hand; to keep his right hand free; to mount always from the left; to have firm grasp of the reins before he attempts to mount; to spring into the saddle, if possible, without catching hold of anything, or if he must have help, to grasp the pommel rather than the rear. It is now considered better form to stick close to the saddle, but a boy who has learned to rise and fall in his saddle, with ease, — that is, to jockey, — can ride the roughest horses and go the longest distances without undue fatigue.

A word more as to the horse itself. It seems to me criminal to allow a boy to ride a vicious animal, and foolish to compel him to ride an ill-trained one. In nearly every countryside there is some lover of horses, with a natural gift that way, who will for five or ten dollars break a horse of any distinctly bad habit, and teach him enough in the way of gaits and response to signals to make him a fairly comfortable mount. Up in New Hampshire, last summer, I had a young driving-horse which clung to the inconvenient habit of declining to back. A neighbor of mine, a boy who is a veritable genius with horses, spent perhaps ten minutes with the animal, and never again did I have a moment's trouble. For a short afternoon turn, we all love a good brisk gallop, but for a day's jaunt, an easy, steady trot is the better. The boy who can jockey successfully can easily outride a more robust companion. In California, my boys and I rode one hundred and sixty-five miles in three days, and felt quite justified in laughing at those

gallant generals who grumbled so loudly when Mr. Roosevelt ordered ninety miles in the same time.

As to the saddle, the choice lies between two types, the small English pad of leather, with its slender metal stirrup, and the comfortable, deep-seated, horned saddle of the army and the plains, with its broad wooden stirrup and leather foot-guard. The English saddle does well enough for park riding, — I would even grant that it is the prettier of the two, — but for the rough-and-tumble, all-around riding that we want our boy to undertake, the horned or Mexican saddle is much the better. With reasonable care, Jack can hardly be unseated; the broad wooden stirrup does not tire even a bare foot, and in the event of accident, the leather guard allows easy disengagement of the foot, and so prevents a thrown rider from being dragged. A boy's education can hardly be considered complete unless, among other manly accomplishments, he knows how to care for a horse, to saddle him, and to ride him.

Much may also be said for driving. A boy who cannot harness a horse properly and drive him with reasonable skill will often be put to inconvenience, and may easily be less useful than he could have wished. It is such an easy accomplishment that it really seems too bad not to impart it. At some time or other, all of us who live active lives are called upon to drive a horse. It looks very simple, but it is hardly safe unless we have been taught how, and have also been taught to look over both harness and running-gear, and to know whether all is sound and in good order. In spite of the keen competition of the automobile, the horse still holds his own, and under many circumstances is still the better motor power of the

two. The knowledge of how to feed and care for a horse, how to saddle and harness him, how to ride and drive him, is a useful accomplishment, as well as a large pleasure.

Bicycles have not retained the first place that they once occupied, but as a means of quick and cheap transit they have lost none of their original usefulness. In a level country — and most of our immense area *is* level — it is quite worth while for a boy to own a stout bicycle, and to know how to use it. He need not weaken his heart by racing uphill. He need not imperil his own life and other lives by reckless scorching. He can be taught to be as reasonable here as elsewhere.

A boy under fourteen ought not to be allowed to run either a motor-car or a motor-boat, for the danger is too great, both to himself and to others. But when the day comes that he is curious to learn, it is well to explain the engine to him, and the construction of the transmission mechanism and the steering apparatus, and to teach him the way it all operates. It may not be prudent for him to run either car or boat at present, but it is highly desirable that he should be an intelligent passenger, en route to captaincy.

After a small boy knows how to swim, he may profitably learn to paddle a canoe, to row a light-weight boat, and in somewhat sheltered water, to sail a skimming-dish or other easily handled craft. The value of this nautical knowledge, as an accomplishment, will be limited, of course, to the amount of time he spends near usable bodies of water, and may easily be small; but the open-air life, and the educational value of learning to manage for himself, — "to paddle his own

canoe," — will have large and permanent results. As a source of wholesome, manly pleasure, all forms of boating appeal to the majority of small boys, and with proper precaution need not be unduly hazardous. It is manifestly foolhardy to allow a very small boy to go out in a canoe alone, or to allow any boy to go in a canoe or rowboat before he knows how to swim. Nor is it prudent for a boy to sail a boat of any sort in a crowded or treacherous waterway. And there are obvious cautions in regard to Jack's conduct in all small boats, — that he must not rock them, or attempt to stand up, or under any conditions change places with another voyager. In a word, in small boats, as elsewhere, there is always need for common sense.

Our winter sports in the colder states are well developed and well known. There are few Northern boys who do not know how to skate, and how to guide a sled or toboggan down an icy hill, or who have not at some time adventured forth on skis or snowshoes. They may even have tried the hazard of ice-boating. Many of these sturdy lads prefer winter to summer, for in the ice and snow and stinging frost they find the greater fun. All these winter sports are of large value, but they need the supervision of intelligent parents and teachers to see that they are not unduly hazardous, that they are done well, that they do not overtax the childish strength, and, above all, that they do not absorb too much of the short winter day.

All these accomplishments, which involve the body as a whole, with or without contributory apparatus, are of fundamental value, since they tend to establish good health, and to make the body an obedient tool in the hands of the spirit. If these accomplishments are

imparted *pari passu* with those qualities of the spirit which have already been urged, they will do much to give us a race of Americans, stronger, more beautiful, more accomplished, more lovable than any we have yet known. They are the foundations of education upon which the subsequent intellectual life must be securely built. But the story of the body is not yet complete, even for these first fourteen years, for this is also the time when we must cultivate the faculties, the five senses, when we must implant a wide range of interests, and when we must develop taste. The hour for this organic work has struck, because it is now that the organism is plastic and impressionable. With so many more important things to be attended to, it is easy to understand why an intelligent parent or teacher declines to squander these precious years on the formal studies of the old curriculum. The formal studies can be given later and with far greater efficiency. But the bodily accomplishments must be given now or never.

If this chapter produces the impression that I am here advocating a distinctly Spartan discipline in the upbringing of boys, I shall be pleased, for that is precisely the impression which I wish to produce. In the course of a long and busy life I have known hundreds of boys, even thousands, and many of them intimately. Some of them are delightful, high-minded products of our aging civilization. But the majority are neither strong in the spirit nor robust in the body, and their intellectual achievements are correspondingly meager. I no longer blame these boys. I blame the older generation, the parents and teachers who allowed the boys to believe that they could attain excellence as human beings without paying the price of self-discipline and

self-mastery. To grow from the sm
self is not an easy process. When
make it impossible. The great nee
resolute spirits in robust bodies.

IX

SHARPENING THE TOOL

In a recently published "Life" of our most amazing English dramatist, it is stated that he wanted to do everything that he could n't. And he explains, with characteristic humor, that his passion for art, with Michael Angelo for his model, was due to the fact that he could n't draw; and his passion for music, to the fact that he could neither sing nor play. He never wanted to write, because it never occurred to him that literary ability was exceptional. Having it himself, he thought that all men had it. Those who have trained faculties, and the consequent ability to express themselves in artistic performance, can never know or appreciate the passionate longing for adequate expression on the part of the poor souls who were set on fire by the flame of purpose when it was already too late to sharpen the tools for any effective work. It may easily be that no amount of education, even during the wonderful years of grace, could make a man master of all the fine arts, or indeed of any considerable number of them. It may perhaps be true that in order to be a master in any one or two directions a man must throw over all other pretensions and concentrate upon the chosen art. It is the common belief that a specialist must pay the price of his preëminence by a willing and tolerably complete ignorance of about everything else. Many specialists illustrate and confirm this belief. One may be genuinely grateful for these contributions

of the expert, and still pity the man himself. But the time for specializing is not during childhood, and especially not during the first fourteen years of life. This is the time to develop powers and to enlarge aptitudes. One never knows what one *can* do until one tries. And my own belief is that while a man ought to strive to be a master in some one department of human effort, he will be the greater master, as well as the larger and more lovable man, if he strive with almost equal ardor to develop himself in all directions. The choice of a vocation ought to be deferred, at any rate, until a boy has had the chance to look over the field. Many a man goes to the university with a pretty definite plan of life mapped out before him, only to find on coming into contact with other lines of research and other workers that his own proper vocation is in wholly different channels from his original purpose. Sometimes he does not discover his métier until several years after graduation; and sometimes — worst luck of all — he never discovers it. We ought to resist specialization in a boy, not aggressively and audibly, but by quietly letting him run the whole scale of boyish preferences, from soldier to missionary, from cowboy to lawyer, without taking any of these passing whims seriously, and above all, without ever holding him to an outgrown choice. It is clearly not our business to choose for him, but it is our proper office to enlarge the possibilities of his choice by giving him an adequate tool to work with. It is in this spirit, the desire to equip a boy for a large life of participation in the best activities of his day and generation, that I would devote a considerable part of his first fourteen years to the cultivation of the five senses. The first thing is to get

the organs themselves in good condition, — the eye, the ear, the hand, the nose, the throat, — and the second thing is to increase the skill and range of their operations.

The practical way to reach an adequate programme of sense-training is the simple method of enumerating the senses, and working out under each sense, or under some suitable combination of related senses, such discipline as will bring them to the greatest efficiency. There are only five senses to be developed, and the activities of our material life are carried on by some combination of these tools working at the bidding of the spirit. Eye and hand naturally work together, just as ear and voice do, and tasting and smelling. The object in cultivating the senses is dual. It is not only to make a more useful human being in the world of affairs, but also to make a more complete human being in the world of the intellect. The senses gather the material for the thought life and determine in part its quality. If the senses bring abundant and sound material, if they report the great outer world fully and accurately, the thought life is active and trustworthy. The majority of us do not see, do not hear, do not touch, do not taste, do not smell, with any degree of comprehension or accuracy. In many cases the tissues are diseased, and the sense-organs themselves do not function properly or adequately. The first step towards a radical betterment is to restore health to the tissues and organs. It is evidently a foolish waste of money to employ craftsmen and artists and musicians to teach our children, if the children themselves are not, first of all, in good health, and the sense-organs, which we want to cultivate, in good order. Good health, as I

have been pointing out with friendly and perhaps tiresome iteration, is the first and fundamental task of all education. The school, like the home, should be first of all an efficient sanitorium, making delicate children strong, and strong children still stronger. It is a grave indictment that under the present régime children are so frequently withdrawn from school on account of their health.

While the health is being built up, by a clean, simple, outdoor life, the sense-organs themselves must be carefully examined by qualified experts before we start out to train the senses. When we know perfectly well that only a small per cent of civilized persons have normal eyesight, it is manifestly absurd to formulate an educational system on the assumption that all children see well. As a known matter of fact they do not see well. It is to be hoped that in the years to come normal eyes will be far more common than at present, but meanwhile we have to deal with children, most of whom are defective. Evidently the first thing to do is to examine every pair of eyes, to correct such defects as we may by suitable and carefully carried-out gymnastics, and when we must, to supply appropriate glasses. Any parent or teacher, not himself too near-sighted, can detect the more obvious cases, the children who squint their eyes over their tasks, who jump up from their seats and get as near the blackboard as possible, who bring paper and book too near the face; but it is safer and more rational to have every child officially examined. A nearsighted or astigmatic child in a classroom, or at large, is much in the position of an ordinary child asked to report things beyond the horizon. It is too absurd, and yet parents and teachers,

professing common sense, are constantly doing this very stupid thing.

It is the same in the matter of hearing. Dr. Blake, of Boston, tells me that in the New England climate, at least, probably not more than sixty per cent of the population have normal hearing. Nearly half of us are partly deaf and in many cases from preventable causes. It is an educational impropriety to put up with a removable defect since it not only diminishes a man's efficiency in the present, but also tends to become more acute with age. Instead of asking whether a child can read and write and cipher, an intelligent schoolmaster ought first to ask whether he can hear perfectly. Many children appear stupid merely because they do not hear. If there is any defect, the next step is to discover the cause, and the final and important step is to bring about as speedy and complete a cure as the case permits. Many cases of deafness can be traced directly to catarrh, and the treatment will have to be both local and constitutional, and, above all, persistent. Good health, good circulation, cleanness, open-air and sunshine, all these are needed before we need the services of a music-master, or, indeed, of any teacher whatever. When you reflect how shut off deaf persons are from social intercourse and inspiration, it would seem as if for nearly half our children physicians are much more needed than schoolmasters.

The sense of taste depends largely upon the sense of smell; and this, in turn, upon a wholesome condition of the mucous membrane. The same good influences, therefore, which make for acute hearing also make for acute taste and smell. Education has never laid any stress upon sound organs of taste and smell, and has

never, I believe, attempted to cultivate the senses themselves. But it is quite clear that to have the sense organs themselves in good order is an essential part of that general good health for which education ought primarily to work; and to have taste and smell alert and discriminating is to add materially both to the content of thought and to the general efficiency of the organism.

The sensitiveness of the hand depends upon general health, and more especially upon the health of the muscular and nervous system. The sensitiveness is heightened by suitable exercise given either in the drill or separately; and by keeping the hand clean and reasonably free from callous growths. A thoroughgoing boy has a proper contempt for soft, white hands. He wants his hands to be brown and strong and reasonably hard, even a trifle disfigured if it has been in a very good cause. But there is a speedy limit to the value of this sort of toughening. A boy loses manual power if the hand is abused or overhardened in either work or sport. It is much more sensible to use a stout glove whenever the operation in hand threatens to make the instrument less delicate and sensitive. Some years ago musicians and others made the experiment of cutting that inconvenient tendon which so hampers the free movement of the ring finger, and makes certain piano passages exceedingly difficult. I declined the operation myself in the fear that loss of grasping power in handling delicate instruments in the laboratory might easily offset any gains in general flexibility. But without any recourse to surgery one can easily devise for one's self hundreds of simple exercises calculated to increase the power and suppleness of the hand, and our control over its service.

But even in thoroughly healthy boys, the sense-organs often render most partial and imperfect service because they have never been duly trained. It is a case of inertia, — the trouble is with the sluggish spirit. A boy may be fairly bursting with good health, and have eyes and ears and hands and all the rest of the organism so perfectly normal that one could ask for nothing more, and yet the boy himself may give a very indifferent account of the universe around him, and may be distressingly clumsy in both his bodily performances and his mental processes. The quality of his sensations depends upon something else in addition to the health of the tissues and the anatomical perfection of the organs. It depends upon the will back of it all, upon the fine organization of the brain centers connected with the outer sense-organs. It is, apparently, a question of the nice organization of the brain tissue, of its complexity and degree of development. The perfect eye must still be taught to see; the perfect ear, to hear; the perfect throat, to sing; the perfect hand, to exercise its cunning. And this can be done only by making the sense-exercise quantitative. It has long been recognized that we have only so much science as we have mathematics. It must now be realized that we have only so much educational organic training as we have measured exercises. The faculties must be given the discipline of use, but they are only trained when they are taught to do something definite and predetermined. A street urchin, with vast lung power, may be able to make a prodigious noise, and yet it may be impossible ever to teach him to sing. Those of us who advocate manual training, or more properly speaking, organic training, as an integral part of genuine culture, are

frequently taunted with the inquiry as to why, if manual training has such a high educational value, the man who digs ditches and spends his whole day in manual labor is not a better social product than the college-bred. But such a criticism is quite without point and merely shows that the question at issue has never been apprehended. The ditch-digger is not in any sense a product of manual training, for his labor is mere bodily exercise of the most mechanical sort. There is nothing quantitative about it, — the sense-culture and intellectual reactions are at a minimum. The personal product, under favorable conditions, may be bodily strength, but it is never skill. And it must always be remembered that we have no such thing as a detached, pure perception. Every perception, however simple, contains small immediate content, and a very large ingredient of both memory and anticipation. Any experienced sensation must be interpreted and we can only interpret it in terms of what is past or what is expected. Perception is not at all the simple thing which at first sight it appears to be. As M. LeRoy puts it, "Perception is always the fulfillment of guesswork." Once more, it is only possible to educate when we educate both body and spirit. Even with perfect sense-organs we can only perceive what we set out to perceive.

The whole object of this immensely valuable organic training, during boyhood at least, is to sharpen the tool, to prepare the body the better to carry out the commands of the spirit.

Let us turn now to the specific problem. In training the eye and hand, for example, it is not necessary to systematize the work, especially in the earlier stages. Any parent or teacher of ordinary intelligence who has

caught the idea that a trained hand and a trained eye are desirable educational results will find no difficulty in realizing them. He may well begin with the eye alone, and train it to discriminate in matters of color, shade, distance, texture, and shape. Then the hand may be brought into the work, and taught to trace outlines and explore surfaces, confirming and extending the testimony of the eye. It is significant that we call a certain type of hand artistic, for the artist sees as well as works with his long, wonderful hand. A Japanese workman may truthfully be said to look at a thing with his hands as well as with his eyes. Between the clumsy-handed and the skillful there is a whole void of lost perceptions. In a world whose culture is too largely linguistic and mathematical, and too little organic, we have taxed our eyes and brains too much, and have too little utilized the willing service of our hands. Mme. Montessori has shown that children can learn to read and write quicker through the hands than the eyes, quicker by repeatedly passing the fingers over the outlines of the letters than by inertly staring at them. It is, I think, a safe generalization that those events which are accompanied by appropriate muscular activity, make the deeper and more lasting impression upon the memory. Manual training at its best does not mean merely constructive work, a sublimated form of carpentry, but also perceptive work as well. I have known of a mineralogist who could, blindfolded, determine all the more common minerals simply through the sense of touch, and we all know with what marvelous skill the blind use the hand for seeing, and the dumb for speaking. It is sheer pedagogical laziness to make our current education so

preponderatingly literary, and to neglect such a wonder-working organ as the hand. The first cost of the literary education is less, but in the long run it is the more expensive form of education, for we get so much less for our money. It is more important that a boy should have perceptive hands than that he should know the contents of many textbooks; and the time to give him perceptive hands is while he is still under fourteen. If a boy has had this training of the hand, he may easily be taught to draw and paint, and to use the simpler tools in wood-working and clay-modeling. But here again we must ever remember that what we are after is an inner result, a training of the spirit by which it can express itself through hand and eye. Such a result can only be gained by making the work self-prompted and self-directed. At this stage of the process, the objective result is in itself of small importance. It makes little difference what the boy turns out, but it makes a lot of difference whether the product expresses himself, and whether, as the work progresses, it gives evidence of increasing power and control. The objective utility element in children's work must not mislead us. I should say that at first it ought to be wholly incidental. Society does not look to children and boys to supply it with even the small conveniences of craftsmanship, and certainly not to contribute any art work in either drawing or painting or sculpture. The problem is to provide the hour, the room, the implements, the materials, the judicious hints, and to allow the boy a chance to master his medium and to express himself in it. Much of our manual-training work, our wood-work, clay-modeling, sewing, basketry, paper-work, is less valuable than it might be just because it fails to do

this, fails to bring about genuine self-expression through genuine self-activity. We have such a passion for system and for tangible results that we offer so many weeks, so many lessons, so many projects, all planned by some mind other than the boy's; and then when we have taught him to imitate others rather than to express himself, we measure the value of his work by marking the product itself apart from the little worker, rather than by estimating the purpose and growth to which the product bears witness.

Imagine some little boys gathered together in a room and that we are possessed by the happy idea of training their eyes and hands. We must begin by remembering that they will get little eye culture by simply staring, — that is as bad form educationally as it is socially. To be helpful and quantitative the exercise must go along with some movement of the body or hand. For example, how large is the room? To sit still and guess is a very futile operation. The architect or prospective householder will want to know in terms of feet and inches. But we are not now dealing with him. We are dealing with a small boy, and would much better select some personal unit. Suppose we suggest that he pace off the distances, the length and breadth. This is something genuine and organic, and even a small boy can do it without any outside help. Several may want to try. They will get different results, and in the dispute as to which is right, they will naturally repeat their pacing, and each boy will come to some rough standard. It will not take long to see that the paces had unequal values, and that if they are to give a reliable measurement they must be made as uniform as possible. Each small boy will want to introduce into

his pace a quantitative element, one that he can only gain by learning at each step to put forth the same amount of muscular energy. It will also be seen that Jack's paces are not the same as Bob's or Dick's. When it comes to deciding how high the room is, it will be evident at once that pacing is quite out of the question, and that some other method must be devised. Jack may suggest that a couple of poles, one touching the floor, and one the ceiling, and tied together where they overlap, will serve the purpose, since the compound pole may be stretched on the floor, and its length paced off, as before. Or Bob may think that if Jack stood up against the wall, Dick and he could guess how many Jacks it would take, one above the other, to reach the ceiling. Or Dick may add that if they knew the height of the door, they could probably guess the distance from the top of the door to the ceiling and so know the height of the room. Such work will not go far without suggesting to the boys the great practical advantage of a standard measure, — foot or yard or meter. When this thought has been well established, and the boys have gained some skill in estimating distances, the process can be reversed, and they may profitably exercise themselves in laying off given distances, small at first, then larger and larger, until they have learned to pace off a hundred feet, a hundred yards, a half a mile, a mile. Afterwards they can test these results with a surveyor's tape. It is not the convenience of estimating distances that we are after, though that is of distinct value, but something of far greater value, — the cultivation of the quantitative sense. Ground areas may well be included in these exercises. In California I had my

boys learn to pace off a square containing just one acre.

No parent or teacher, perhaps, will carry out just the process I have outlined, but if he will do something like it, he will find the time well spent. Boys trained in this way will attach a real meaning to the words "foot," "yard," "mile," "acre."

In determining colors and shades of color, the eye must, of course, work quite alone, but it can be aided by the enforced attention of well-arranged contrasts; first, the strong crude contrasts between unlike colors, and later, the subtle contrasts between different shades of the same color. Very early in the work a boy's attention ought to be called to the fact that as the landscape is never of one color, so colors themselves have no absolute value, but are always relative, conditioned by their neighbors and by the degree of illumination. These are very obvious facts, but they are commonly the property of artists only. They are seldom realized in house-painting or even in dress.

Not only should all this organic work of hand and eye be self-prompted and self-directed, but as far as possible it ought to be free-hand. This may seem at first blush an odd way to develop quantitative values, but it must be remembered that the quantitative sense is subjective and not objective, and that it must be developed accordingly. If the work is constantly gauged by rule and measure, it may be made objectively accurate, but the process itself reduces to the visual discipline of making two lines register, and does not develop anything so inner and subtle as the quantitative sense. An error of ten per cent in free-hand work may be a better educational result than a deviation of one tenth of one

per cent in measured work. The common preference for measured work comes from the over-emphasis which nearly all critics place upon the product, and still more, perhaps, from our incurable laziness. It is easier to gauge and mark the measured work than it is intelligently to estimate the free-hand craftsmanship. Too many teachers would prefer to exhibit a pile of conventional little pen trays, all the same size and equally uninteresting, or a pile of little table doilies, all the same size and all ugly, than to venture the less self-evident merit of genuine educational work. The products of manual training in wood or clay or cloth or paper or rafia ought to be as individual and unlike as the minds of the little workers. These products ought to express their thoughts, not ours, their ideas of form and color and design, not ours. The dreadful uniformity in modern education, even in the so-called new education, tempts one at times to agree with those who quite openly proclaim that education, as now carried on, is a doubtful blessing, a barrier to progress, instead of a help. We do not want people uniform, — not even if they were all as nice as one's self! We want them heterogeneous to the last wholesome degree, each precious individuality saved, developed, and utilized. Many of the earlier friends of manual training have lost much of their original interest, not only because the training is being exploited more and more for commercial purposes, but also because it is more and more going over to the devil of uniformity.

In developing the hand and eye, the boys must, for practical reasons, be gathered into classes, but the actual work must, for educational reasons, be essentially individual. General suggestions may be given to the

class as a whole, and many sound exercises evolved which require team work, but these are the exceptions; or perhaps we ought to say that even in team work, each boy must have a specific task and be responsible for that. Day in and day out, each boy must have his own proper work. This is entirely feasible, even in a large class, when you bear in mind that the need of direction and of formal discipline are both reduced to the minimum by the simple fact that each lad is carrying out his own genuine plans, and under the stimulus of a wholesome self-activity is little prone to get into mischief. It is the idle boy who gives trouble, or the boy who has some unsuitable and alien task in which he can feel no honest interest. Without the push of a genuine motive, some inner necessity, all school work, like all outside work, comes to nothing, for it fails to express the boy himself; unless, indeed, it express a veritable fault of character, — his willingness to go through the motions of carrying out some one else's will. Docility, in the new education, is not accounted a virtue, but a grave defect. There are many specific tasks which an intelligent parent or teacher wishes his boys to do promptly and thoroughly, but he wishes them to act from an inner impulse, not rebelliously under protest. This newer education concerns itself primarily with the impulse, and only incidentally with the task. In a word, education is, first and last and always, an inner process.

In the work-shop (and I think that this is a much better term than the pedagogical circumlocution, "the wood-working department") it is wise to begin with the simplest tool, say the sloyd knife. It ought to be sharp, and consequently it is dangerous. In putting such a tool into a boy's hands, the teacher may wisely

call attention to its sharpness, and the wisdom of being careful, but he ought not to show the boy how to use it. Left with the knife and a stick of wood, the boy will soon discover how to proceed; only when he has come to the end of his own devices, ought the teacher to offer any suggestions. Then they will mean something and will, as a rule, be eagerly welcomed. In selecting something to make, the boy must have the fullest possible liberty, but must of course be kept within the reasonable limits of his own powers, and the resources of the shop and lumber-pile. If he has an idea of his own, so much the better. If he is devoid of this originality, he may find some project to his mind by looking over the models on exhibition in the schoolroom, or by watching the work of the other boys. He may not be up to designing his early projects, but if they are to have any value, he must at least be up to selecting them. All in good time, the other woodworking tools may be taken up, the saw, the plane, the hammer, the chisel, the gauge, the auger, and the rest. As before, the boy ought to be left to discover all he can of their use before the teacher intrudes his own knowledge.

It is only elementary courtesy not to laugh at a boy when he makes his first crude but brave beginning. Ridicule is a bit of genuine disloyalty on the part of parent or teacher, for, in proposing the task, they have themselves created the possible embarrassment of the situation. On the contrary, the boy must be encouraged to go ahead and find out, to make mistakes and to correct them, until finally out of defeat he learns to win victory. As Leibnitz so well said, "Show me a man who has never made a mistake, and I will show you a man who has never done anything."

I have especially spoken of wood-working because it is such a practical and excellent way of training both hand and eye. By intelligent attention to the height of the work-benches, and to the boy's position in handling his tools, the wood-working can also be made a valuable gymnastic and health-giver. But it is quite the same in all the other forms of educational manual training, in drawing, painting, modeling, sewing, and the rest. The one formula holds for all: tools, material, opportunity in the presence of an older artist who is skilled, sympathetic and silent. *God give us grace to hold our tongue, and keep our hands off*, — this ought to be the daily prayer of every parent and teacher who essays the task of sharpening a child's faculties. The final test is not whether a boy has made a whole lot of wooden projects, and modeled a whole lot of animals and ornaments, and drawn a book full of sketches and designs, and painted a rainbow into earthly shapes, but rather whether there has been developed the trained eye and perceptive hand which can be depended upon henceforth to render sure and instinctive expression to the purposes of the will, and at the same time yield accurate and comprehensive report of the outer world.

In training the voice and the ear, the teacher is forced to take a more positive and intrusive part, for here he must supply the standard and correct the performance. The musical scale is not one of the eternal and natural things of life. It is natural in the sense of being a product of æsthetic evolution, but it is wholly artificial in being a convention which is different among different peoples, and even different with the same people in different periods. One has only to compare ancient Greek music with modern orchestral

scores, or the music of modern Japan with the music of modern Germany to realize the evolutionary character of musical taste and standards. Within my own memory music declared impossible has since been accepted, and even advanced to the highest post of honor. It is quite absurd to say with Thoreau that the birds offer a better concert than can be had at Symphony Hall, for in point of fact they don't. They offer a few monotonous notes, repeated, for the most part, in a very monotonous and tiresome way. There are few more irritating noises in our noisy daily life than those produced by an industrious canary bird. Many of the sounds of nature are agreeable, but it is sheer romance to call them music. In reality, music is a highly conventional and artificial thing, and even among the well-born is not to be taken for granted. It must be taught, but if it is taught intelligently, the children will learn with genuine delight. What *is* natural is the desire to make a noise, to shout, to sing in sheer exuberance of spirit, and with little regard to the logarithms of the diapason. That is the instinct to be taken hold of. The children must be given something definite to do, and encouraged to do it with all their might and main, and then there will be little trouble. I have seen restless, unruly children reduced to order and industry by the simple device of providing each child with a slender rod for beating time. It was a stirring sight to see a score or more of lively youngsters at a Boston Settlement House, beating time for dear life, and singing away with gusto, if not always with precision.

It is fairly true that every one who can speak can also sing. At least every one ought to be given a chance, and the chance is greater, the earlier in life it

is given. To sing the major scale, to strike the common intervals, to read simple music, and to understand at least the rudiments of musical arrangement and composition ought to be the common heritage of all children. We are not a musical people, in spite of our strong admixture of German and Italian blood, but we are beginning to render a better account of ourselves both at home and in Europe. We have not as yet produced any composers of the first rank, but we have to our credit some excellent performers, and many of the showiest song-birds of grand opera. There is good material in our midst, and with even elementary training we could in a couple of generations become a fairly musical people. We do need, however, a distinct and general heightening of our standards. Most American women play the piano in a meager, bloodless sort of way, and many of them sing badly. The difficulty in the majority of cases is lack of physique — in some cases, lack of temperament. A man often plays the piano better than a woman for the simple reason that he has more muscular power, and can dominate the instrument. Music only flourishes in a musical atmosphere, just as great art requires back of it masses of artistic people. In school we can hardly hope to produce great musicians, but we can cultivate an intelligent appreciation which will make a national musical achievement more possible.

Children ought to be taught to sing as soon as they can speak; and they ought to be taught to use the singing voice in all speaking. We need the "Singing Man" in fields and mines and factories and stores and schoolhouses, — above all, in homes. We need on all sides women with sweet, well-modulated voices. Even

children need to have their voices gentled. In the daily art of life, this is a much more important matter than many of the studies to which we now give serious, if not successful, attention. If our American voices were more musical in both speech and song, we should undoubtedly resent, and finally prohibit, the dreadful noises in both town and country which now make civilization and pandemonium so nearly synonymous. It is hardly to be expected that the older generation will ever do much better, — after forty, we do not change easily, — but the younger generation can have its interest enlisted in a sweeter, clearer, and more musical speech. A daily drill in singing and speaking in all our homes and schools would add more to the charm of American life than a complete and disregarded knowledge of the nominative, possessive, and accusative cases. To use the voice effectively and agreeably is a practical art well worth cultivating, and one may feel genuinely grateful to the man or woman or child who in the midst of the current stridency soothes the ears and the nerves with the rare music of a well-modulated voice.

A child who sings, and who lives in an atmosphere of lovely sound, will naturally crave the greater musical range of piano and violin, harp, 'cello, and organ. Delightful as a child's voice is, when well trained, it is of course limited to melody and to a somewhat narrow range of pitch. If there are children of different ages, or, better still, if all the household sings, it is possible to have very delightful part-singing. In addition to its own large merit, in and for itself, this sort of music has the advantage of being manageable in a variety of pleasant places, fields and woods, work-shops and voyagings, as well as in well-regulated drawing-rooms.

If America would only sing, what a light-hearted, really great people we might be! It would not much matter then who was President.

I would always place the greater emphasis upon vocal music because all can join in; because it costs nothing; because it can be evoked at any time in any place, and because it uplifts the heart beyond almost anything else there is. Both voice and ear are being cultivated, and the organic sense of music deepened. But if in addition we could have instrumental music as well, we should gain so much in the more intricate harmony, the greater range of pitch, and the immensely increased variety. The piano, because of its fixed notes, and wide range, and rich possibilities of harmony, is probably the best first piece in a family orchestra. But it is wholly uncivilized to have the instrument of poor quality or out of tune, and even less excusable to have it badly played. Most people do play the piano very badly, and harm the cause of music by their bad playing. Frequently the performers have not the sound organic equipment to play well. Their anæmia gets into their playing. It takes red blood and robust muscles and nerves to do the thing well. It is heartrending to think of the thousands of women and girls all over America who are playing the piano this very minute, and doing it so wretchedly that one is tempted, on the whole, to class the piano as an instrument of torture. But when the piano is good, and it is well played, there is no instrument so continuously and permanently satisfying. To play with genuine distinction, a boy must begin young, say at eight or ten years, while the organism is still plastic and he is forming muscular habits and perceptions; and he must from the start have a

competent teacher. It is a fatal mistake to place him at the mercy of a poor teacher in the beginning, with the amiable thought in mind that when he really knows how to play and can appreciate the privilege (and the expense), he shall have a competent master. It is in the beginning that the boy most needs a master. Better start out with a master, and if economy require that his services be soon dispensed with, the boy can continue the work himself, and build upon the initial good habits and sound musicianly knowledge that are already his. Any teacher in any branch would rather start with a boy wholly untaught than with a boy so badly taught that much of the precious time must be given to undoing the harm. There is a certain hopelessness about this latter task, for one can never be quite certain that the faults and errors have all been uncovered. In music it is particularly true that a wrong start is an almost fatal handicap. In many localities, it used to be the custom, and in some localities it is still the custom, for young women, suddenly called upon to make their own living, to presume upon very slender musical knowledge, and set up as music-teachers. And good-natured neighbors, with the desire to help, hand over their children. But this is unfair both to the children and to the art.

Few even among educators estimate at its true worth the immense organic training involved in the art of piano-playing. Quite aside from the value of the music and its spiritual enlightenment, a boy gains so much in general perception, in actual development of hand and eye, in quick muscular response to an intellectual purpose, that the mastery of the piano is worth while in and for itself. It is manual training of the first order, in addition to being an art which opens up such a large

avenue for self-expression, and supplies one more vital interest for the enrichment of daily life.

Much that I have said in praise of the piano applies to the violin, 'cello, and harp, and in smaller measure to the more slender instruments of music, the guitar, mandolin, flute, cornet, banjo, and zither. Most of them have, of course, the limitation of allowing melody only, and cannot offer the rich harmonies of the double clef; but each of the more serious instruments, especially the violin and 'cello, have beauties of timbre quite their own, and all have one large advantage over the piano in the matter of portability.

I have not spoken of the organ, perhaps the most majestic of all the instruments of music, because at its best it requires such wonderful coördination of hands, feet, eyes, and spirit that it ought to come somewhat later, after fourteen, and only when the boy has a sound foundation of general musical knowledge. Better to play the flute or mandolin well than the organ badly.

It is common knowledge that to gain any degree of mastery in handling the violin, 'cello, or harp, one must begin not only in boyhood, but in very early boyhood. If the art is delayed, it is omitted. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of really knowing how to play any one of these splendid instruments. The violin, for example, requires a certain initial sensitiveness of organization, but it also heightens this sensitiveness, and brings out qualities of spirit and body which nothing else quite can. The very absence of fixed notes, and the consequent possibility of employing the true musical scale, both contribute to this result, for the boy is thrown back upon himself for the pitch of every note, and the value of every interval. Perhaps no other in-

strument depends so wholly upon the ear and the hand and the spirit of the player. Certainly none other allows the musician such opportunities for self-expression, such shading of interpretation, such subtle overtones, and none compels such complete self-revelation. There are moments, when the violinist is lost in his instrument, that it seems scarcely decent to listen, for one is regarding, uninvited, the naked human soul. A boy who plays the violin artfully is a different human product, different in both body and spirit from the clumsy lad listening, open-mouthed, to the playing, but unable, himself, to evoke a note. The player is not only a different product, but from our human point of view a much more valuable product.

In this lavish praise of music, the music of both voice and stringed instrument, and in this emphatic insistence that music as an art is an integral and unescapable element in all true education, I do not deny that such a culture would be quite inimical to our current industrialism, and to the current irreligion upon which it rests. The sensitiveness of spirit and body evoked by musical training would find itself out of harmony with much that now characterizes our daily life; the remedy, however, is not to avoid the sensitiveness, but rather to remove the causes of offense. My own conception of education is that its one office is a supreme concern for persons.

Tasting and smelling are a part of normal daily life, and as such are worthy of educational attention. Upon taste and smell depends the wholesome gusto with which we partake of food and drink. Not only is it a legitimate pleasure to taste agreeable flavors and to smell agreeable odors, but the possession of discriminating

taste and smell adds just so much to that sensitiveness of the human organism which it is the purpose of education to intensify and enlarge. Flavors and odors are notoriously hard to describe, but the attempt to describe them is eminently worth while as a pure exercise in discrimination, to say nothing of the possible enlargement of sense-knowledge. Nearly all children are passionately fond of flowers. It would interest them to try to define the characteristic odor of each flower; and later, blindfolded, to name the flowers from their odor. One could devise many pretty and helpful exercises along this line. They need not come often, not more than once a week, let us say, or even once a fortnight. The point is to call the children's attention to the matter, and to cultivate in them the blessed habit of discrimination. The characteristic odors of plants, of woods, of metals, of foods, of common substances generally are quite worth knowing. A subtle part of woodcraft depends upon a keen sense of smell. Wild animals are much keener in this respect than tame ones, and both are much ahead of ourselves. It would not be desirable to exercise children along the line of pathological odors, but when these occur, as they do at any time and in the most careful communities, it is the part of wisdom to point out their warning significance, and to suggest a remedy for the evil.

In the matter of taste, boys are very explicit. They like, or they do not like. They will look forward for days to the coming of some favorite dish, and they will quite stubbornly refuse to eat things which they fancy they do not like. So marked are these preferences and dislikes that I have come to believe that the sense of taste must be much more acute in boys than in older

persons. I would not force children to eat things that they actively dislike, but neither would I allow them always to have the same things to eat. We have a very simple rule with our own boys, — it is to provide a wholesome varied table, *without alternatives*, and to allow the boys to eat or not to eat. Unless a boy is really ill and requires a special diet, his taste soon comes to be reasonably catholic. It would be worth while to encourage children to describe tastes, and to detect flavors, even to estimate quantitatively the amount of lemon juice, or salt, or sugar, in a given quantity of water. Here, again, it is not so much the extent of the taste discipline, as it is the desirability of further enlarging the habit of discrimination. Unless one has already made some such experiment, one would be surprised to see how many persons are quite unable to name the flavor of the very food they are at the moment eating. Just as we want the perceptive hands and eyes and ears, so in subordinate measure we want the perceptive nose and tongue.

This whole question of organic training, of developing and sharpening the faculties and so providing the spirit with a better tool, deserves a large volume, but I am only able to give it a scant chapter. If, however, the major point is won, — the immense desirability of such sense-training, — then practically the rest follows. I would sum up the matter by saying that on the whole, it would be better educationally if at fourteen a boy had not yet learned to read. The chances are that if he had been in good company, animal and vegetable as well as human, both the power and the habit of observation would be far keener than if he had been permitted to know life only at second-hand

through books. As I have already suggested, few bright boys will reach fourteen without teaching themselves to read, and I would not for a moment deny them this privilege. When the appetite for such knowledge comes it is the proper time to satisfy it. But I would not allow the newly acquired art to usurp much of a boy's time, nor would I encourage him to regard it as an accomplishment of any great present importance. It would better be taken for granted that of course all persons of intelligence learn to read sometime, and that reading is a good second-best when first-hand thoughts and occupations are not within reach. But this very temperate use of books is quite different from making our school discipline wholly or even largely literary, and neglecting the real sources of human power, the awakened spirit and the trained body. As I have been trying to show, these are the real matters of educational importance. There is so much to be done in unfolding the spirit, and in strengthening and perfecting the body that if we parents and teachers have any degree of skill and gift of insight, any measure of love and devotion, we shall find these first fourteen years all too short for our large purposes. If we go about our important business with scientific thoroughness, we shall need every minute of the time. There will none be left over for those formal English branches which now waste the days of childhood because they belong rationally to the days of youth. I venture to believe, as a result of experience, that all the academic knowledge commonly given to a boy up to fourteen, could be imparted more easily, more thoroughly, and more accurately during the one year from fourteen to fifteen.

We shall be held to our radical purpose even more rigidly if we have the insight to perceive that in the great drama of cause and effect, intellectuality itself is more surely attained as the by-product of an intense, first-hand spiritual and bodily life, than as the direct product of scholastic effort. I cannot too deeply emphasize this vital and revolutionary truth. It has, I think, all the importance of a discovery, and it is illustrated in the biography of nearly all our great men and women. I would urge the reader to select for himself one hundred eminent persons, and look into the ascertainable source of their distinction. He will not find it in the current school discipline, — some have had it, many have not. He will find it in the strength of the spirit, and in the health and efficiency of the body.

And now, looking at the matter from the schoolmaster's point of view, I would suggest that merely as material for the succeeding high-school process, boys trained in the manner just indicated, trained in spirit, in body and in human faculty, would have far greater power, and be in every way distinctly more promising than the customary material which now offers itself, — or to be more accurate, is sacrificially offered. Place the two products side by side, give them the same intellectual tasks for three or four years in the well-known process of preparing for the college entrance examinations, and the boy who is spiritually and organically trained, who is sound in spirit and in body, will come out ahead every time.

But there is another test. Any rational scheme of education, no matter when interrupted, must justify itself as the very best scheme that, *up to that moment*, could possibly have been offered. I make this state-

ment in spite of the fact that many professed educators deliberately offer different courses during the high-school period, — one for boys who can go to college and will; the other for boys who cannot go to college or won't. This reasoning has always seemed to me unsound. The question of going to college ought not to be closed at fourteen. Many boys do not know until the time comes whether they can go to college, or even whether they care to. But the fundamental objection to this separation of adolescents into sheep and goats is that it ought to be our earnest concern to give them all, every one of them, the best and soundest education we can while they are with us, quite regardless of the hazard of future study. If the courses leading to college have the high disciplinary value which the college authorities maintain that they have, then quite clearly the boy who may not have the advantage of college needs such courses even more than the intended collegian. And it is just as clear that if the required courses fail to prepare a boy for life outside the college, then the requirements ought to be changed until they do. There are grave objections against any such separation, and I do not know of a single logical argument in its favor. Better far the policy of giving every boy an equal chance, and making the chance the largest possible.

In America our schemes of education are constantly being interrupted, and will continue to be interrupted as long as we prefer the romance of fortune's wheel to the orderliness of a purposeful industry. Accepting for the moment the disorder of our present industrial life, let us ask, as practical persons, what will be the situation of a boy who comes to fourteen under our rational

education of spirit and body, and then through some parental inability or blunder, suddenly finds himself obliged to go to work instead of going on to the high school and college. This is a somewhat severe test, but a perfectly fair one. No scheme of education is defensible which may leave a boy stranded at any stage of his career. And I answer unhesitatingly that a boy so trained will still have an immense advantage over his scholastic rival, for of the two, he is the one who is really educated. He has the stronger motive power and the better tool. He will be more resourceful, more interesting, more alive. He will have greater human charm, greater health, greater skill. What he does know will be at first hand and of proven everyday worth, — it will have the great advantage of being so. His store of knowledge may be slender, but it will be wrapped up in his very fiber, the result of his own personal experience, and therefore a permanent possession. He need not waste the golden hours in constant reviewing, for knowledge of this sort will not slip easily away. It is the old contrast between power and unorganized fact. In life it is the power which always wins.

Although I was myself brought up in the camp of the scientists, and know something of the delight of scientific knowledge I have come to believe that all formal knowledge — language and mathematics as well as natural science — is a large obstacle to true education when it is introduced too early in childhood or pursued too exclusively in youth. For knowledge of this sort is necessarily analytic and static; it is gained by regarding its object from many different view-points, but always from the outside. It is unavoidably a knowledge *about* things. And when such knowledge, in or-

der to become articulate and communicable, incarnates itself in language, it is forced to use such vocabulary as it finds at hand, and to express itself in ready-made and ill-fitting concepts. Knowledge is essentially explanation. Its process and its boast is to explain the unknown in terms of the known. But this is only possible if we posit a universe in which all is given, and the only conceivable novelty is some new arrangement of old elements. Such a process is in grievous conflict with that vital view of life in which existence is itself creation, and each arriving moment is large with possible novelty. In formal knowledge we may be said to explain all that does not need explaining, and to have no words, no concepts in which to express that unique element in the occurrence which gave it significance and value. In saying all this, one says nothing against the utility and desirableness of such knowledge in our daily life of action and effort. But to be of educational value, it must be introduced in its proper place and at the right age; that is to say, when a boy is mature enough to understand its limitations as well as its utility and can realize that in science he is dealing with symbols and representations, with cross sections of reality, and not for a moment with the whole of existence and thought.

It is also worth remarking that in attempting to share this large body of formal knowledge with our children we are hampered not only by the confusion of approximate language and concepts, but still more by the disabling fact that the children themselves do not clearly understand either language or concept, and attach a partial or absolutely erroneous meaning to both.

It seems to me much more reasonable to preserve children, at least up to fourteen, from this premature

intellection, and to occupy them almost wholly with the realities of experience. It is better for them to know things than to know about things. It is better for them to enter unreservedly into life, and identify themselves with events, than to stand aside and analyze. Just as in language study, we often make the mistake of offering grammar before the children have an adequate stock of words for the grammar to operate upon, so in much of our formal study of all sorts, we ask children to analyze life, to create symbols of reality, to employ alien concepts before they sufficiently know the reality of life itself. The richer harvest for them, as for us, is through participation, through identification, to gain that intuitive, absolute knowledge by which alone one comes to know reality. In such a process we involve most of the spiritual qualities which have earlier seemed to us worthy of cultivation, and notably unconsciousness of self. To know life by identification with life, is to lose the separate, partial self and to enter upon the path of salvation. The knower and the knowledge are again identical, and we stand once more at the very heart of things.

X

THE AWKWARD AGE

A WHOLESOME boy, at fourteen, is a very attractive creature. For a boy, it seems to me the perfect age. He has still the endearing charms of childhood, and he has, in addition, the larger intellectual curiosity, and the touches of maturity which make him an excellent comrade. With the passing of the months, he ought to be no less attractive, for in reality his companionableness is constantly increasing; but it must be confessed that under our current systems of education his personal charm is apt to diminish. He naturally loses the childish dependence and chubbiness which make so strong an appeal to the father-and-mother instinct in all of us. We must put up with this, just as we must put up with that gray day when our lad doffs his knickerbockers and dons long trousers, serving unmistakable notice upon an older generation that it is less and less needed, and must soon face the competition of younger blood. But there are other and less desirable changes which pile up after the fourteenth birthday for which we elders are responsible, and which we may not so assuredly cast on the broad shoulders of Nature.

Along with the increased maturity come an increase in self-consciousness — making it an awkward age — and a loss of disinterestedness, making it a selfish age. And there are manifest physical changes. The chubbiness which was so attractive in the small boy is far from attractive in the older lad, for it suggests over-

feeding and bodily laziness. The ideal for the adolescent age is not chubbiness, but a clear-cut muscular leanness, suggestive of the thoroughbred. When our growing lad is developing wholesomely, one can detect these changes of contour almost from day to day. The soft, flower-like face of the boy is melting into the more finely chiseled face of the lad; and his cherub-body is giving place to the lean, muscular body of the youthful athlete. Where the spiritual life has been keen, and the bodily discipline at its best, both changes should be in the direction of greater beauty. The lean, eager face of the lad of sixteen and his well-developed muscular body ought to manifest the loveliness of which the beautiful child gave such abundant promise. But commonly this is not the result. The rare cases in which Cupid unfolds into Adonis proclaim the possibilities, but as a rule, our lad is less lovely than the lost child whom he succeeds, and whom we unavoidably mourn. A man ought to grow in beauty up to forty or even fifty, and even then the graciousness and wisdom and dignity which have been the slow harvest of the long years ought to suffice to make him more godlike, rather than less godlike. He begins life as Cupid; he ought to end it as Jove.

This period from fourteen to eighteen, this awkward age, by common consent, is, from the point of view of the boy himself, marked by very real difficulties. Some of these are essential and perhaps unescapable, since they are the accompaniment of the radical changes taking place in his own bodily organism, the subtle tumult of adolescence. They may not, I think, be entirely got rid of, but they may certainly be so far minimized as to be robbed of their powers of shipwreck. It is our cus-

tom to desert the boy when he most needs our help, to proceed quite as if this tumult were not on his hands, and to attack the boy problem by stupidly ignoring a vital part of it. This educational unreason is due partly to the vulgarity of our men teachers, who have come to the incredible conclusion that because the sex question is delicate, any mention of it is immodest, even morally reprehensible; and partly to the unfortunate and emasculating prevalence of women teachers in our public education. Men teachers for boys, and women teachers for girls, with both men and women sound, virile, instructed, and unashamed, and the difficulties of the awkward age, due to adolescence, would at least be in the way of being solved.

But there are other difficulties connected with this period which have a social rather than a physical basis, and which are more readily within our power to mend. Our greatest stupidity, it seems to me, is that we parents and teachers profess to love children, and yet deliberately and prematurely we proceed to get rid of them just as soon as possible by thrusting upon them the standards, decisions, and responsibilities of adult life. As the cup-bearers of civilization we elders ought not to ask our boys to be prematurely men. We ought to hold them back rather than press them forward, so that when in the fullness of time their hour really strikes, they shall have been nourished upon an ample childhood, and shall in the end attain a more opulent manhood than we ourselves have been able to attain. The American high-school is open to serious criticism, but none more serious than this, that it is a premature destroyer of childhood. Some, of course, by the grace of God, and unusually intelligent parents, do escape;

but the typical product is not a larger and more attractive boy, to whom has been added the gift of a sound scholarship. The typical product — I meet many of them — is a crude, over-conscious young person who is neither boy nor man, and whose scholarship, to say the least, is uncertain. During the four years at the high school, the average boy almost invariably loses his simplicity and disinterestedness, along with much of the physical charm of boyhood; and he gains self-consciousness and calculation, as well as a regrettable selfishness and unmannerliness. We acknowledge the evil, those of us who look at society with open eyes, and we stifle our doubts by the fond delusion that though these boys lack personal charm and breeding, they are nevertheless being educated, and we must meanwhile be patient. But if our fundamental definition of education is the right one, that education means an increase in human wealth, a deepening in human quality, a growth in human charm and loveliness; if it means a spiritual revelation, the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit, — then by all the evidence, these boys are not being educated, they are being debauched, for they are being made less original, less lovable, less sound. If we turn aside for the moment from this deeper, religious meaning of education, and apply only the test of formal scholarship, the showing is no better. I do not speak unadvisedly or hurriedly. One very real test of scholarship is momentum. The natural sequel to the high school is the university. If our high schools really made for scholarship, the majority of the graduates would turn to the university as a matter of course. As it is, perhaps half drop out before graduation, and of those who do graduate, a very small per cent go on to the univer-

sity, some of them gladly and voluntarily, some of them under compulsion, perhaps for no better reason than that socially it is the thing to do. Some of the boys are compelled, for economic reasons, to go immediately to work, but applying the same test of momentum, how many of the non-collegians enlarge their scanty scholarship in after life, or even retain their initial pennyworth? The plain truth is that the American high school does not make for sound scholarship. Taking all the states, and estimating the high schools, not by their pretensions, but by their actual performances, and it will be found that they fail even in that formal education to which they avowedly address themselves.

American boys have, among American adults, at any rate, a great reputation for cleverness; why, then, should they in all sound scholarship fall so markedly behind many of their European brothers? The answer seems to me transparently clear. Education in all its phases is a matter of the spirit and the body. When these are not engaged, education is at a stand-still. In our American high school, spirit and body are not engaged in education, for the simple reason that they are engaged elsewhere. Life in a typical high school is a life of distractions, — the more progressive and up-to-date the high school, the greater the number of distractions. The spirit is engaged in class organization, class politics, school journalism, secret societies, lunch clubs, debating clubs, photographic circles, trading operations, stamp collecting, social ambitions, incipient flirtations. And the body is engaged, not in the cultivation of grace and health and accomplishment, but with the furtherance of the most senseless competitive athletics that the arch-enemy of human excellence could

well devise. To say that our current interscholastic athletics makes for manliness and genuine physical prowess is simply to be disingenuous. The boys who least need the exercise take the most prominent part. The boys who most need it take no part whatever, except to shout themselves hoarse with a real or feigned enthusiasm. And so little is the furtherance of health an object that, as we all know, the boy who enters an event must win it at any cost, — for the honor of the school. Our current athletics is physical culture reversed.

Real distinction in high-school life is not the reward of scholarship. It is the reward of successful competitive athletics or successful class lobbying. The school hero — the boy who does most for his school — is the boy who works in almost any direction whatever, except in the direction of the one goal which the school is supposed to aim at — scholarship. My own fundamental criticism of the American high school is that it does not apprehend the deep religious and economic meaning of education, or the efficient approach to intellectuality through spirit and body; and my secondary criticism is, that even granting its professed goal, formal knowledge, it does not arrive. What it does attain is adolescent distraction, some of it innocent, some of it futile, some of it even pernicious. But adolescent distraction, whether innocent, or futile, or pernicious, is not education. My own conception of the high school is a very sober one. I phrase it to myself as the process of youth. The fundamental test is human, — how has it all affected the boy as a human being? What changes are taking place in his spirit and his body? What equipment is being added to his mind? Is he moving

from a smaller into a larger human world? It is in such terms as these that every civilization must ultimately express itself — in terms of persons, in terms of human charm and accomplishment and power, not in terms of commercial or material magnitudes. It is common to believe that our monster steamships are great achievements. So they are, — they displace fifty thousand tons of clean salt water; but whether they do this in the service of God or the Devil does not depend upon their bigness, but wholly upon the people who occupy their bigness. They are the symbols of achievement and civilization only if the people they carry are persons of charm and accomplishment and spiritual power, bent upon worthy errands, and not wretched pygmies running hither and thither for the simple and deplorable reason that they have nothing of moment to do anywhere. Our educational ideals are naturally and properly the expression of our social ideals, and we have gone pretty far astray when we allow these ideals to shift from persons to things.

The high school covers four years; in some private institutions, five years. It would better be limited to three, and might, very easily, if those adolescent distractions of which I have been speaking with such grave disparagement, were wisely and resolutely eliminated. If we conceive of the function of the high school as primarily to get a boy ready for college, it can be fulfilled with wholesome leisure in three years. I have known it to be well done in one year. My own preparation occupied five months, and I was not a clever boy, either, but I *was* interested. I had not been to school more than a year and a half in all my life, and the juice had not been squeezed out of the process. Also it

was easier to enter college then than now, and easier to enter for science than the arts.

But in a wiser age we will hold a broader view of the function of the high school. We will repudiate all preparatory schools. We will not get ready for anything, not even for death. We will live cleanly and reverently in the present moment, and in doing this we will be prepared for all things. I am not, then, interested to present the high school as a preparatory school. I am only interested in it as the suitable process of late boyhood and early youth. In my own thought, it covers three years, from fourteen to seventeen, years not so pregnant as those wonderful years of grace up to fourteen, but nevertheless very precious as the fitting time to heighten and make permanent the spiritual and bodily achievements of boyhood, and to add to these the elements of a sound formal knowledge, — to add to them, mark you, not to substitute for them. It is a season for conservation, as well as for acquisition. In truth, if I were forced to choose between conservation of spirit and body, and acquisition of a formal sort, as so many high-school teachers bent upon preparatory work seem to feel that they must, I would reach a different decision from theirs, — I would unhesitatingly choose conservation, and trust the acquisition to the growing intellectual curiosity of youth.

Education is really a very leisurely art, and is prone to hide her face in the presence of too much confusion and bustle. Boys, as well as grown-up persons, must have leisure to invite the soul. The studies to be taken up during these three years of early adolescence ought to be determined solely by what we believe, upon mature and deliberate reflection, a wholesome lad of seven-

teen ought to possess in the way of formal knowledge and formal intellectual training. This seems to me here, as earlier, the one infallible method. It is only when we know precisely what we want that we can entertain any great hope of getting it. "The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going."

I will, then, set down in formal order, the studies in which I believe a lad of seventeen ought to be well grounded, and I will ask as careful attention to the omissions as to the inclusions. I am naming the studies in what seems to me the order of their importance: —

1. English, including a careful drill in Latin and Greek roots, in composition, in legible penmanship, and in the most exacting elocution.
2. Literature and history, given wholly as abundant reading courses, and never as recitations.
3. Mathematics, covering non-commercial arithmetic, elementary algebra, and plane geometry.
4. Science, taking in botany, zoölogy, and practical hygiene.
5. French, during all three years.
6. German, elementary, and preferably during the third year.

I should regard a lad as well educated if at seventeen he had conserved the spiritual and bodily charms of his early boyhood, and had added to them a sound quantitative knowledge in these five departments of study, and in the sixth, a liberal idea of history as literature, and of literature as a rich source of intellectual pleasure and enlightenment. I will not defend my choice. It is open to any man or woman to make out a rival list. If it is better than mine, I will appropriate it so quickly that they will have difficulty in establishing priority! But I will gladly explain my choice of

studies, and be as specific as an admitted advocate, so that at least we may not disagree through lack of understanding. I may say, in general, of all the studies, that I have included none for any supposed industrial value; none for any supposed past or future utility, and none certainly as preparatory to anything under the sun. My one criterion has been immediacy. So far as I know what immediacy is, I have chosen only those studies which have an unquestionable contemporary value. Out of the long list of possible studies, these seem to me the best qualified to make our lad a more complete and lovable human being. I do not want to make him a docile citizen, or a smug shopkeeper, or an incipient artisan, or a walking encyclopædia, or an expert linguist, or, for that matter, any other special creature. I insist quite frankly upon the higher claims of human graciousness and charm. If our three-year high-school course make the lad more interesting, more lovable, more resourceful, more of a person (as our expressive phrase has it), then the process is commendable education. If it fails to do this, then it is an admitted futility. If the process does the reverse of this, if it turns out a boy less human and lovable and competent at the end than in the beginning, then manifestly the high-school is a plain malevolence. I would ask every student of education to apply some such practical human measure to the high-school boys and girls whom he meets in the school, on the street, in public conveyances, at the theater, in the shops, at home.

One may not, of course, admit the validity of this test of immediacy; and in that case there is nothing to be gained by argument. The difference is funda-

mental, and we stand at the parting of the ways. Some of my friends are more hopeful than I, and under the spell of what they are pleased to call *ultimacy*, — an agreeable antithesis to my own *immediacy*, — are disposed to put up with impertinent and unlovely youth far more cheerfully than I do, in the expectation that out of it will spring in the end something quite satisfactory and beautiful. I appreciate their optimism, and disbelieve in it, — what ye sow, ye reap. But I may add parenthetically that in all times and places, I repudiate with vehemence that shallow blasphemous contention that we must educate our boys for the world as it *is*, not for the world as it *ought to be*, for the world *is* what we to-day make it, and the lazy device of throwing upon providence, or God, or destiny, or fate, or any of the unseen powers of the air, the responsibility for all the sacrilege and brutality in our current social and industrial life is the last resort of craven and lost souls.

If immediacy be granted as the proper test of education in all its processes, there still remains open a large field for profitable discussion as to how this immediacy may best be attained. This is the present issue, and its high importance makes it imperative that it shall be kept clear and incisive. Let us then weigh the immediate human value of those studies which I have selected and enumerated.

And first, as to English.

I place English at the head of the list for the simple reason that the main intercourse of daily life depends upon the spoken and the written word, and that our own vernacular happens to be English. Command of English is then of the very first importance in the in-

terchange of thought. Less than the Latin races, yet still to some slight extent, we express nuances of meaning by shrugs of the shoulders, by lifting the eyebrows, by gestures with the hands, and by other significant movements of the body; but the main carriage for our Anglo-Saxon thought is the word. To have the word selected with discrimination, to have it so placed with respect to other words as to make the meaning of the whole transparent and unequivocal, to have it all spoken in an agreeable, easily audible voice, or written in a clear, legible hand, or printed in well-proportioned type is certainly the least that one need ask of any person supposed to be educated. And yet from the majority of persons we get very much less. To mean what you say is accounted a mere commonplace in minor morals, and most honest persons fancy that they satisfy it. But the better statement of the same injunction — to say what you mean — is seldom insisted upon and seldom attained. I do not here refer to the accepted conventions and hypocrisies of our social and business life, in which we deliberately say anything but what we mean. I refer to the honest efforts of the average man to express himself in speech. We may grant that actions speak louder than words, and yet regret the fact. There is surely some grave defect in our current education when a nice discrimination in the use of words, our own mother tongue, mind you, is a rarity even in literature and journalism, and a subtlety too great to be looked for on the streets. We elders have fallen into the habit of guessing at the meaning of those who try to communicate with us, and in time get to be quite expert. "From what the gentleman says, I infer that he means so and so" —

does not signify that the commentator is either dull or trying to be funny. It signifies too often that he is literally and frankly puzzled to know what the gentleman *does* mean, and so hazards what seems to him the most rational guess. It is significant to watch an honest, persistent child fairly badger some fuzzy grown-up in the attempt to get a possible meaning in all the articulate noise. A clever child soon learns that his badgering is not always welcome, that the grown-up, under cross-fire, grows a bit irritable, and so, to avoid this untoward result, the child also takes to guessing. Later, if you question him, you will find that frequently he guesses wrong. Part of this confusion is due, of course, to the child's inexperience, but part of it, perhaps indeed the greater part, is due to the clumsy misuse of words on the part of the grown-up.

The choice of the right word is the first and most important art in formal education, and until we, as a people, have mastered it, it seems to me a large foolishness to enlarge our curriculum elsewhere. Our failure in the choice of the right word is reflected in the current use of slang. The major objection to slang is not that it is inelegant, — that is a sound minor objection — but that it still further confirms us in our sins. It encourages us to make a verbal noise instead of expressing a thought. I recall an acquaintance of my boyhood, a man notoriously inaccurate and ineffectual in all the real issues of life, who used on all occasions to say to me, "Don't let them come the giraffe over you, my Boy." I suppose that this strange combination of words had originally some meaning, but it was either lost in transit, or grown too variable to convey any definite thought.

American boys affect a marked carelessness of speech. They prefer to throw out uncouth fragments, interjections, current phrases, and let you guess their meaning. In some cases this is difficult, because there is no meaning, — it was a mere noise, a conversational padding. And this evil tradition is carried forward into adult life and permeates the conversational habits of both men and women. The probable explanation is that boys confound accuracy with priggishness. They fancy that correct speech must be academic speech. Nothing could be further from the truth. We have splendid idiom, vigorous Anglo-Saxon in which the most outright boy or man can say precisely what he means, and without recourse to foreign derivatives or classroom English. In point of fact this idiomatic, Anglo-Saxon speech is the very best we have, and is the habitual speech of the masters. But so long as our boys and men obscure their own meaning, partly through sheer ignorance and fuzzy thinking, partly through deliberate intention, we may hardly account ourselves an educated people.

Good English means not only the choice of the right word (I prefer this to the current expression, *the right choice of words*), but also by necessity such placing of the words as will make the meaning — *your* meaning, bear in mind — clear and unequivocal. To choose the right word, and to say the wrong thing about it, would be no less a tragedy. As we all know, it is easily possible to take a given sentence, and by a very slight change in the order of the words, to alter the emphasis completely, or even to give the sentence an entirely different meaning. It is not too much to ask that our wholesome lad, before he can be considered educated,

shall have acquired the ability to say what he means, and shall have established the habit of doing so.

Nor is it too much to ask that he shall invariably say what he means with that literary effectiveness which we name style. I use the word "invariably" with intention, because it is a fatal mistake to believe that he can omit style from his table-talk at breakfast, and fetch it back successfully at dinner, or dispense with it in his home letters and daily intercourse, and bring it out, at will, when he comes to write a theme. Style is not a superficial thing with which to adorn our good, plain, everyday English. It is not an embroidery, a decoration, to be put on or omitted according to the importance of the occasion. On the contrary, style is an integral part of the thought, and is sound and good only when the thought is sound and good. Slovenly English is not merely the forgivable carelessness in expression of an otherwise good fellow, — it is the certain sign of slovenly thinking. We have, of course, our professed stylists who would deny all this. When the occasion seems to them worth it, they fetch out their jeweled words and string them together with what they imagine to be literary effectiveness. Some of them write books, and some of them write for the magazines, and some of them turn off little things in verse. It is "fine writing," but no educated person ever mistook that for style. Like breeding, literary style is a part of the very fabric of life, and only to be won by years of faithful devotion to the things of the spirit. Style is not communicable. Each lad must win it for himself, and he must win it first of all by having something to say.

"People think that I can teach them style," said Matthew Arnold. "What stuff it all is! Have some-

thing to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style."

We read in literary biographies of men who spent years in the quest of style. Some of them never found it, and remained imitators, second and third and fourth rate men, to the very end. Those who really gained the quest won by finding themselves, by organizing their thought, by working out some philosophy of art or life sufficiently novel and valuable to be worth communicating to their fellows. When they had that, they had style, and the quest was theirs. It is a paradox, but true, that the best way to cultivate literary style is to disregard literary style, and to attend with knightly devotion to the quality of one's thought. And so we come back to our starting-point: good English is not the product of analysis and drill, — it is the product of character, a child of that rich human spirit which having something to say, finds quite naturally a worthy mode of expression. The English which is to-day charming the ears of Great Britain and America is not the work of stylists. It is the speech of men who have had the industry to think, and the stout heart to think originally and worthily.

The failure of the American high school to communicate good English is a spiritual failure. The school has ignored the source of all vital language, — the life of the spirit. In sheer cowardice, it has fought shy of religion and taught copy-book platitudes. In the desire to offend no one, however belated, it has turned away from constructive economics, and attempted to work out a scheme of daily life, with bread-and-butter calmly taken for granted. How can Education rear any commendable superstructure, if she stubbornly refuses to

build upon the only possible foundations? How can she unfold and perfect the human spirit if she will have nothing to do with the spirit? How can she further that sound intellectuality which is the joint product of the spiritual and bodily life, if in her vulgar, prudish conception of modesty, she is shamed at the sight of a naked boy, and in her fear of offending some dishonest pocket-book, hesitates to ask how the children are to be decently fed and clothed and housed? Our failure in America to use good English, to speak and write our beautiful mother tongue with accuracy and distinction, is the sign and symbol of our poverty as persons. It is a very grave failure, very significant, for it is a failure of the spirit.

But a wholesome lad at seventeen ought to do more than possess an admirable English style, great and unusual as that accomplishment in America is. He can only communicate his excellent English by speaking or writing. It is not too much to ask that when he speaks to you, he shall hold up his head, turn his face towards you, enunciate clearly and so pitch his voice that you will like to listen. But it is vastly more than one commonly gets from either boys or men. As a rule, they look anywhere but at you, they mumble and mutter, talk through their noses, mis-pronounce their words, and pitch their voices either to an inaudible gurgle or an excited scream. I am not speaking here of the so-called illiterate classes, but of those who have had the advantages of the schools, sometimes for ten or a dozen years, and have failed to acquire these simple fundamentals of English culture.

Nor is it too much to ask that when this wholesome lad at seventeen writes you a letter, he shall send some-

thing at once legible and well-spaced and attractive-looking. A man is fortunate if with a large correspondence, the postman bring him one such letter a day.

And so, being a very practical person, and believing in cause and effect, I include both elocution and penmanship in the English work of a rational high school and regard them both as of large importance.

The old-time elocution of the platform orator and the stump-speaker, with its unnatural cadences and pump-handle gesticulations, has very properly fallen into disrepute. But there is another form of elocution, the voice culture of the well-bred, which deserves high place in the curriculum of every school. It is a very partial sort of education which does not teach a boy to speak distinctly and agreeably. The effectiveness of what he says depends upon the manner as well as the matter, and I question whether ultimately the one does not react upon the other. Skill in conversation is more important than in public speaking because it represents the major part of our social intercourse; but the ability to speak acceptably in public, and the self-poise which enables a man to do it naturally and imperturbably are an essential part of his moral equipment. These qualities are particularly needed in a republic. To keep silent in a public meeting when things are going the wrong way, and we know that they are going the wrong way, is sheer cowardice. The wise man who is too shy, or too feeble-voiced, or too anything else, to make his wisdom heard, might, from the social point of view, just as well be a fool. There is wisdom in a multitude of counselors, but if, as recently hinted, it is generally in only one or two of them, and if these have not the courage to speak up, they might as well

all be demagogues. To have the knees take to shaking, and tell-tale beads of perspiration appear on the forehead, and the usually fluent tongue begin to stammer just because a man is asked to speak to a company of his fellows, is a common enough experience, but it is far from admirable. It is the mark of a deplorable self-consciousness, the frank avowal that the man has never, in any thoroughgoing sense of the word, been educated. An educated lad, at seventeen, must be able to speak in private and in public with clearness and distinction, and he must show here as elsewhere a fine unconsciousness of that tiny particle, himself. On the principle, I suppose, that people who live in glass houses must not throw stones, we are prone to make all sorts of excuses for shyness and self-consciousness and the whole miserable category of shrinkings and shirkings and the disloyalties of silence. In reality we ought to scourge this sort of misdemeanor through the streets as the evidence of a culprit egotism. Whatever his other accomplishments, a shy man is still an uneducated man, for clearly he is not master of himself.

Our high-school penmanship, in spite of its occasional legibility, is not a thing to wax enthusiastic over. It carries the trademark of its own special brand of copy-book, — Spencerian, or vertical, or whatever it may be. The uniformity is tiresome. But the major objection is that the feebleness and faltering in the lines show unmistakably that they are not the result of free natural movements of the hand and forearm, but are the poor, cramped results of classroom imitation. Those who have given ten minutes of real study to the subject of handwriting soon learn that there is no such thing as uniformity in rational penmanship. On the contrary,

a man's handwriting is as characteristic and organic as any other movement of his body. It depends upon the relative size of the bones in the hand and the arm, upon the condition of the muscles and nerves, and finally upon the development of the corresponding brain centers. The only rational handwriting is individual, and the only rational system of instruction accepts these individual results, and encourages a boy to work over each of the fifty-two letters of the written alphabet, and each of the ten figures of our decimal system, and each of the characters of the Roman notation, until he has attained speed and certainty in the making, and in the result both legibility and grace.

There are, of course, certain obvious suggestions that may profitably be given to every boy. One of these is that so far as practicable it is wise to form each word without lifting pen from paper, so as to produce a unit impression upon the eye, and that the space so saved may advantageously be distributed between the words themselves. In this way we gain the greatest legibility in the least space. It is manifestly unintelligent to sprawl the letters or even the syllables of a word far apart, and then to economize space by running the words together. In many editorial offices, rolled manuscripts are not even examined, — they are thrown at once into the waste-paper basket. It is quite as justifiable to give over a correspondent who insists upon any laziness or mannerism which tends to make his letters a thing to be dreaded, rather than to be welcomed.

I would remark in passing that it is a good habit to dot one's *i's* and cross one's *t's*. The object of both speaking and writing being to communicate thought, it is only reasonable to do it with the least possible friction.

Any unnecessary obstacle is to be deplored. If a boy once gets this cardinal principle well fixed in his mind he will not only eagerly accept your own suggestions, but he will extend them, and work out additional ones for himself. Our daily life is characterized by an immense amount of unreason in matters both large and small, but the majority of human beings really wish to be reasonable, and need only an aroused attention and the help of friendly suggestion. In the matter of handwriting, a careful teacher will commend to his boys all the conventions which are founded upon reason and taste, such as the habitual use of white paper, the choice of very black ink, the allowance of sufficient margin on all four sides of the page to obviate any possible cramping of the handwriting, the proper spacing of the address on the envelope, and the attainment of a distinctness and fullness of address calculated to carry the letter to its desired destination. Nor will he omit such small matters as the accepted conventions in beginning and ending a letter, and the best forms of address. A boy who begins his letter to a friend or relative, "Dear Sir," is manifestly in need of further instruction. Matters set forth in black and white are proverbially cold, — it is a safe rule to make one's letters as friendly and cordial as circumstances allow. They may warm the heart without being either forward or over-intimate. These are all small matters, and when over-emphasized, as in some of our so-called finishing-schools, may easily become absurd; but treated as small matters they are quite worth idealizing, for they add a certain touch to human intercourse. Letters at best are dangerous things, for they so completely reveal the inner life. To those who care to read between the lines, or by reason of instinct do it

involuntarily, the simple variations in handwriting and the more subtle variations in literary style carry deeper messages than the writers are aware of, or perhaps desire. I have corresponded for some years with a remarkable man for whose talents and character I have a genuine admiration. But he lives on different levels, some of them more admirable, some, less. He does not tell me these things in words, — his letters are always decorous, — but he tells them to me with even greater certitude. I destroy certain letters, and as they turn to ashes on my hearth, I say to myself, "Am I a priest, that I should be carried into the moral valleys of the confessional?" When a great man dies, or even a notable, out comes a volume of his "Life and Letters." After that, all laudations and defenses are equally futile, for the testimony is with us, for and against, and it is unimpeachable.

I have omitted Latin and Greek from the studies of our wholesome lad, because, at seventeen, it does not seem to me essential that he should know either of them. I am familiar with the arguments in behalf of both studies, and with most of them I heartily agree. It is a wonderful discipline to study either Latin or Greek, and something of an achievement to master them, especially Greek. It is undeniably true that the wisdom of the ancient world is still deeply worth the consideration of our present generation, and cannot be wholly gained in translation. And it is obvious that a knowledge of Latin is of material aid in the study of modern French and Italian and Spanish. But the claim that the classics help one's own literary style is not, I think, necessarily true. They may, or they may not. If the discipline of such study, and the wise content tend to

clarify the thought, then of necessity they help to purify the literary style. But mere linguistic erudition, so far from helping one's style, may even serve to make it ponderous and ineffectual. The mere tendency to love and imitate classical forms of construction may become in the end a grave fault. The practical convenience of classical knowledge is certainly less now than formerly, — the classics have all found able translators, and may profitably be read in the vernacular; modern writers fight shy of all foreign quotations; the mottoes and inscriptions on coats of arms, seals, crests, and the like, and those still used in legal parlance, are too well known to need special study. But acknowledging to the full the large value of classical study, both as discipline and enlightener, I still deliberately feel that it is not wise for boys between fourteen and seventeen. And my one reason is that there are other studies more helpful and more needed. While our American boys have such little mastery of their own language, it seems to me futile in the extreme to be giving them a still more faulty knowledge of Latin and Greek. The time may come at college when they will want to take up one or both of these languages, and can do so to advantage, but it is certainly not a proper season for such study while more immediate and pressing demands remain unsatisfied. It even seems to me a positive attack upon all sound scholarship to have boys and girls take up the study of Latin and Greek in the slovenly way that we see on all sides of us, and with so little interest and conviction. Both studies require time, Latin four years of solid daily work, and Greek at least six, and if we have not adequate time to give to them, as I think we have not, it is far better to do something else and to do it thoroughly.

But it is time exceedingly well spent to include in our English study a careful drill in etymology, and especially a drill in Latin and Greek roots. The whole subject can be well covered in reasonable time and is an immediate and gratifying help in the choice and understanding of words. Our English vocabulary has been growing by leaps and bounds. In one generation it has increased from one hundred thousand words to over four hundred thousand, and apparently the end is not yet. Most of these terms are non-literary and concern only the student of technology. But on the other hand, there are many new words now passing from the dictionary into the vocabulary of every-day life, and it behooves an alert, contemporaneous lad to know the origin and meaning of the more common of these derivatives. Such etymological drill was more general, I think, thirty or forty years ago than it is now, when in reality the practical need is far greater. I well remember the thrill that I felt, as a boy, when I first met the word "telepathic," and found that I knew the meaning at sight. We might, I think, profitably extend our study of foreign roots to other languages than Latin and Greek, and so augment our practical knowledge of an over-rich vocabulary.

So important does such a thorough and practical study of English seem to me, so necessary that a lad at seventeen should be able to speak and write the language with clearness and distinction, that I have not only placed English first in the list of studies, but I would unhesitatingly balance its worth against the other five studies of the list. If, by any chance, we may not have English and the rest, let us by all means take English, and let us make the test the practical one of actual usage.

The scheme of taking literature and history together, and treating them both as reading courses, rather than as study courses, has everything to commend it and nothing to gainsay it. Our English friends laugh at us, and quite properly, for our national fondness for *studying* literature. "Literature," they say, with genuine Elizabethan light-heartedness, "is not a thing to *study;* it is a thing to browse upon, to assimilate, to enjoy; it is something to cheer the heart and refresh the spirit. Read far and wide and appreciatively, but, for Heaven's sake, do not spoil what you read by pulling it apart, and studying it. That is like analyzing the flowers in a bride's bouquet, or on the casket of a dead friend!" I think that they are quite right. In the few months of my own limited school life, I recall one particular sacrilege, — I was taught to parse from "Paradise Lost": "'So saying, from her side, the fatal key, sad instrument of all our woe, she took,' — the fourth boy in the third row will please parse *key*." It was years before I could read the poem with any degree of pleasure and appreciation.

In selecting books to read with our boys, we may sometimes be so fortunate as to influence their choice, but to be wise, we must always read the thing which genuinely interests them, not the thing which we think *ought* to interest them. We might paraphrase Miss Etchingham's famous remark, — "People are only amused by what amuses them" — by substituting the word "interest." It is time worse than lost to read things to boys when they are not listening. I know, for I have done it! Far better to read Jules Verne, or Sherlock Holmes, if that is what the boys want, than to read the best of Emerson or Matthew Arnold or

Walter Pater. But a wise teacher can arouse desirable interests and then proceed to satisfy them. This is very different from the futile process of meeting an interest which does not exist, and which the teacher knows full well does not exist.

By treating history as literature, and by combining the history and literature of a given period and people, it is possible to arouse genuine enthusiasm on the part of thoroughgoing, active boys. If, for example, the first year of the high school be devoted to the history and literature of Greece and Rome; the second year, to the history and literature of mediæval Europe; and the third year, to the history and literature of modern Europe and America, the boys will enter into the spirit of the period and country they are considering and for the moment will be Greeks and Romans, or mediæval knights and crusaders, or modern statesmen and leaders. I have had an active lad in knickerbockers grow absolutely red in the face in his excitement over a Greek play done into English blank verse by Andrew Lang. It is hard to understand why it was ever thought desirable that boys should *study* literature, and *learn* history. Such detailed knowledge has no vital interest or importance in the life of a real boy. The genuinely valuable element in both literature and history is the appeal to the spirit. It is their high office to kindle a boy's intelligence, to enlarge the boundaries of his little world, to take him into the atmosphere of big events, to charm him with the wide sweep of the impersonal and universal. A boy ought to be carried off his feet, in one mood, by literature, in another mood, by history. His face ought to flush, his pulse to beat the faster. He ought to be incited to efforts and heroisms. He ought to be

immensely stirred by all this pageantry of human thought and human deed. It is incredible that we should ever have thought it wise so to present literature and history as to leave a boy cold; and we do leave him palpably cold when we present these dynamic subjects in the dull literalism of word-analysis and memorized fact.

It is amazingly stupid, I think, to ask a boy, for example, to memorize the rapidly falling events in the career of the first Napoleon. It is true that the Corsican occupies a prominent place in history, — but in what history? Not in the history of the spirit; only in the history of an outer and transient anarchy and disorder. He changed the face of Europe, but only for a passing moment. The verdict of our own age is increasingly that he was a criminal of genius, a man of momentary and overwhelming efficiency, but of ends essentially and permanently ignoble. More and more, the Napoleonic tradition reduces to a tale of cheap personal adventure. The story of Napoleon will interest an alert boy, and there is no harm in his hearing it, especially if he read on to St. Helena and the European reaction. But to have a boy learn this story in all its murderous details, and to regard Napoleon as a great man and a hero is an offense against intelligence and morality. If he desires to know how a clever, modern Frenchman regards the exploits of Napoleon, he has only to read the chapter called "Trinco," in Anatole France's book, "L'Île des Pingouins."

In the case of our own Civil War, it may be desirable that a boy should read a running summary of the issues involved, and how they were finally solved; but it is absolutely undesirable that he should know the

battles, study the battle-fields, or occupy himself in any way with the lurid and fratricidal details of a conflict which the best men in the North and the best men in the South now regard as a monstrous blunder and catastrophe. To have a boy memorize the details of the wrongdoing seems to me the height of unreason, for it not only wastes his time and prevents his occupying himself with things that are profitable, but it fills his mind with undesirable images and passions. I do not myself know the battles of the Civil War, and if I were so unfortunate as to know them, I would do my very best to forget them. The principle of immediacy condemns quite unequivocably the detailed study of the history of any period, either heroic or mistaken. To be educated is not to seek new light upon dead issues, but new light upon still living issues, of which there is always sore need. Scientific study has this immediacy. Every well-informed scientist knows in a general way the history of the development of scientific thought, and he passes this knowledge on in a very condensed and casual form to his students. But we would esteem any science teacher unworthy of his chair, if he occupied the time of his students in reviewing the details of old controversies and discredited quarrels, what the Platonists said to the Neptunists and what the Darwinians thought of the Creationists. On the contrary, he touches lightly upon all these matters, emphasizing only what was permanently significant, and devoting his time and genius to the illumination of the eternal Now. Of the general futility of minute historical research, I have nothing to say. If a man prefers to walk through life backward, with his face turned always toward the past, that is, of course, his own affair. But that we should ask alert

boys, between fourteen and seventeen, to turn aside from the momentous, palpitating present and to look behind them at anything except the genuinely significant, doing it, mark you, in the name of education, does impress me as irrational and culpable.

I have given literature and history second place in the list of high-school studies, even ranking them above mathematics and science, because they have to do primarily with the human spirit, and education is the unfolding and perfecting of this spirit. But I hope that I have made it abundantly clear that in this estimate I do not mean the *study* of literature and history, but, on the contrary, the free and voluntary reading of those portions of literature which are worthy and beautiful, and those chapters in history which are significant and profitable. The full history of literature is about as dull as the detailed history of dynasties. If writers had nothing to say and said it badly, let us ignore them. If king and parliament governed wrongly, and the common people had neither spirit nor courage, let us forget them. By all means, let us in memory, in monument, in record, grant immortality to the excellent, the significant, the humanly victorious; but why grant it to the unworthy, the trivial, the brutal? If we lose discrimination, the Gîta says, we lose everything.

When you reflect that the average American boy does not hold up his head and look you straight in the face when he speaks to you, that he does not use good, plain, well-enunciated English, that he cannot write a presentable letter, that he has such small hold upon personal hygiene that he fails to take a daily bath or to keep his breath sweet and clean, that he carries himself deplorably and walks with a wretched slouch, it

seems to me entirely absurd to have him spend any of his time in committing to memory the social and political and military blunders of the past, rather than in mending his own present ways.

A wholesome lad, at seventeen, ought to have a general idea of the sweep of the world process in all human concerns, but he need not wade through battle, murder, and sudden death, through the long unprofitable story of gossip, intrigue, and broken faith. He can gain this general idea from the literature that has survived, and from history frankly treated as literature, and selected because it is significant and important, not because it is trivial and scandalous. (It is a long sweep from Ashurbanipal to our own next President, but as a bit of literature, reduced to what is profitable and important, it can be communicated to boys in three years, and still leave abundant time for the other studies of the curriculum, and for the acquisition of the much more important arts of a rational daily life.)

As a practical matter, it is wise to include geography in the hours devoted to literature and history, rather than to make it a separate study. It may be both political and physical geography, and may profitably be considered as the setting of the world drama, as the stage scenery, so to speak. To get the proper keynote for such coördinated study we ought undoubtedly to turn to the arts of expression in general, and so include painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, as well as literature. Up to the birth of our own age of science and invention, these arts of expression, our so-called fine arts, will give some indication of the proper amount of time and emphasis to be placed upon the history of a people, and the geography of their sphere of influence. These arts

of expression, taken in conjunction with the social and political institutions evolved, are the measure of the depth and value of what a people thought and felt and did. If they simply encumbered the ground, it is not of the least importance to know how long they did it, and how much ground they encumbered, — both their history and geography may well be ignored.

Judged by this criterion of worth, those twenty-nine brilliant years which made up the age of Pericles will easily outbalance many less fruitful years in Grecian history that went before and came after. But even here, there is no merit in memorizing the events themselves. It was a flowering time in the life of the human spirit, and our own best appreciation is to enjoy it and give thanks. By pictures and plaster casts we can reproduce its sculpture and architecture. By admirable translations we can enjoy its literature. In the best histories of the period we can familiarize ourselves with its social and political institutions. And then, when the boys have caught the glow of that illuminated time, it will be pertinent to ask, in hope, what led to this effulgence of the spirit; and later to ask in sorrow, what led to the extinguishment of the light.

It is through such participation and inquiry that history and geography and literature and the fine arts generally may be used to quicken the human spirit in our boys, and so become genuine sources of education. It is a great practical advantage to coördinate this group of studies, for it enables a boy to live the period over again in his own soul, and it saves him from the dissipation and confusion in thought which inevitably result when at the same time he studies the history of one period, the geography of another country, and the liter-

ature of a third people. I have watched little children going to school, and have counted the books they carry. Often they have as many books as they are years old. Then, without entering the door, I know that they go to a poor school, where the childish mind is being confused instead of educated. There is no study so important for us as English; there is no study more valuable in the unfolding of the human spirit than this history-literature group, — yet we handle the one badly and head the other in a totally wrong direction.

Mathematics has always been valued by educators as a culture-study, and by utility people as a major tool. It has held an honorable place in all schools since before the days of Thales up to the present time. No one, I think, would seriously question the propriety of this persistent honor, and few, I fear, would be able to justify their belief. My own experience with mathematical study, was, I take it, fairly typical. During the two years that I went to school, I was taught faithfully but unintelligently the usual trio, — arithmetic, alegebra, and plane geometry. I disliked the whole subject intensely, and when it came to geometry, being still a small boy, I frankly wept. At college, the instruction was distinctly better, and I even stirred myself to take a mathematical prize; but still my spirit was quite untouched. The prize-taking was a mere *tour-de-force*, a bit of intellectual bravado prompted by pride rather than by any love of mathematics. It was not until after I left college that I really taught myself mathematics, and caught some vision of the wonderful beauty in this subtle, intangible world of the quantitative. The appeal is perhaps more to one's sense of logic and to the intellect delight-

ing in the exercise of its own powers, the appeal of exact and necessary truth as opposed to the uncertainties of speculation; yet it seems to me that when rightly handled, this intellectual appeal may be made educational in the deepest spiritual sense.

Arithmetic does not easily touch the spirit of a boy. It commonly stimulates his greed by concerning itself with buying and selling and interest and percentage and other unprofitable matters. The truth is that arithmetic, as a science, is very difficult. When a boy has some skill in the elementary operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, fractions, and decimals, — a skill, by the way, which he will usually have gained, at fourteen, through experience — it will be well to omit advanced arithmetic until he has made some progress in the more concrete problems of algebra and geometry. But the actual divisions in mathematics and the order in which they are presented to the unwilling mind of a boy, are less important than the broad spirit in which they are taught, and his initial unwillingness turned to appetite. The best teaching, I suspect, would dispense with all labels and boundaries, and would strive with religious zeal to impart the art of mathematical thinking and the result of mathematical research, and to present them as desirable elements in our own habit of thought. For this reason it seems to me that the ordinary rank and file of elementary teachers, and particularly the women who confess, almost in tears, that they hate mathematics, ought not to be allowed to teach the subject, for they not only waste the time of the boys now, but they reduce the chance of genuine mathematical knowledge in the future. It is a subject which ought either to be taught by one of a

sound mathematical habit of thought, or else left untaught.

Our cardinal principle of immediacy makes short work of any specious argument to the effect that, well-done or badly-done, the lower mathematics must be specifically taught under the three subdivisions, solely because college examiners require it and future employers regard it as useful. In truth, it is the present moment which is the supreme thing. It must be used to the best purpose regardless of everything else in the world, past or present. The mystic is quite right in saying that it is in the present moment that man walks with God. It is in this spirit that we ought to teach mathematics, and, indeed, everything else. It would mean practically that we must teach mathematics as a present mode of thought, as a new and more exact and more helpful way of looking at things. As such it is not to be apprehended as a task, but as a much-to-be-desired privilege.

The fundamental idea in all mathematics is quantity. A boy's placing in mathematics is sound just in proportion as he takes hold of the idea of quantity without attaching to it any false rigidity. Quantity in nature is essentially a variable. It reaches any dimension by a process of growth or shrinkage, and since these processes are continuous, the given dimension is but momentary. Now my objection to elementary mathematics as taught by ordinary teachers under the name of arithmetic, is that it fixes two wholly erroneous ideas in a boy's mind, ideas calculated to give trouble to the end of the chapter. The first idea is that mathematics has to do primarily with number, when in reality number is the least important element in mathematics, is a mere coefficient or multiplier, and is large or small wholly according to

the unit employed. The oft-quoted statement that two and two make four is not the truism which it appears, on the surface, to be. In fact, it is neither true nor untrue until it is elucidated. If we mean that two units of a given kind added to two other units of the same kind make four units of the given kind, then the statement is obviously true, but its truth depends upon this identity, and not upon any abstract and necessary truth in the numerals themselves. This suppression of the essential element makes arithmetic difficult to a boy of a good, clear way of thinking, and quite confirms in his intellectual sins the boy who works according to rule, without thinking.

And the second erroneous idea is that quantities are of fixed value, when, as I have been pointing out, they are inherently variable, and are only fixed under given, transient conditions. Later, when a boy comes to study the higher mathematics, he learns, of course, that numerals play a very insignificant part, and that the quantities with which he deals are variables. As this is the fundamental conception in all mathematics, it is clear that the study ought to start out with this conception and never do violence to it. It is manifestly unsound and unscientific to start a boy out badly, and trust to Fate or a better teacher further along the line to set him straight later.

In three years, a fairly industrious lad ought to cover the ground usually comprised in arithmetic, elementary algebra, and plane geometry. Indeed, I think he might, without giving undue time to mathematics, cover solid geometry, as well, or else plane trigonometry. But the important thing is not how much ground he has covered, but how thoroughly his thought has entered

this subtle world of the quantitative, enriching its own quality and enlarging its boundaries. The whole value of the study is whether it makes our lad more of a person, and adds to the freedom and dimensions of his life by adding to the freedom and dimensions of his thought. But meanwhile, lest our average taxpayer grow impatient over the school rates, and fancy that we are carrying his money into the unprofitable regions of the air, it may be well to remark that if the high school could really develop in a boy the habit of sound mathematical thought, he would hardly be allowed to go to college, — the business world would bid as greedily for his service as our universities now bid for a possible football player. It seems to me that mathematics should rank very high in the study-course of a lad between fourteen and seventeen, higher than science or any foreign language either ancient or modern; for if you leave the quantitative element out of his thought you have immensely lowered its quality by making it less exact and less intimate, and in the world of thinking persons, you have doomed the lad to a grade below the first. In addition you have made it impossible for him to be truly scientific. Science differs from sound common sense only in being quantitative. The modern scientist is first of all a mathematician. His work is to measure. He has expressed his debt to this chosen tool of research in that well-known acknowledgment: "We have only so much science as we have mathematics."

In suggesting the high-school study-course in science, I have been prompted by the thought that a systematic knowledge of plant and animal life would be of large value and interest to a lad who presumably lives much

out of doors, and already knows something of plants and animals from direct personal observation. And I have also thought that such knowledge might help the lad to understand his own life better, and to view with sounder emotion and in a larger, less personal way the five-fold cycle of birth, nutrition, growth, reproduction, and death. My own technical training was in geology and mining engineering; and I shall always be profoundly grateful for the wealth of intellectual interests which this training aroused. But I am under no illusion in regard to nature-study. It may be made exceedingly dull, and often is, but it may also be made a source of joy and genuine enlightenment. The way to make it dull is to make it thorough and microscopic. The way to make it helpful is to be wholesomely superficial and to deal with organisms large enough to be visible and interesting to boys and girls. But the field of science is large. There are localities where the study of minerals and rocks might be more suitable than the study of plants and animals. And there are seasons and circumstances when the indoor study of physics might be wiser than either. But it is not so much the specific subject that counts in the final reckoning, as it is the way the subject is handled, and the habit of thought it has induced. If the boys have been led to think intelligently about their surroundings, to observe accurately, to be additionally faithful to the principle of cause and effect, then the early science teaching has accomplished its purpose.

In the third year of the high school, the instruction in personal hygiene has, of course, a specific and practical end in mind. Our lad, if wholesomely brought up, has already been taught to take care of his body and

his faculties and to make the most of them. It is now proposed to make the instruction more definite and personal. Up to this time every effort has been made to induce sound habits in food, sleep, dress, baths, exercise, fresh air, — in a word, to instill a passion for cleanness in all things. At sixteen these habits should be well established, and if he is really educated, our lean, eager, beautiful lad ought to be, above everything else, clean, — clean in body, clean in mind, clean in spirit. He ought to be settled in the habit of health. Now he must learn still further upon what it depends. It is too soon, I think, to teach in any detail the intricacies of anatomy and physiology, for these ought to rest upon a somewhat full knowledge of physics and chemistry. But a lad at this age can reasonably learn the rationale of what he has been taught to do, and so deepen his hold upon the sources of power. As this instruction is to be practical as well as scientific, it is profitable, I think, to run through the events in the boy's own day from the moment he awakens in the morning until he goes to sleep at night, asking the reason for each act, investigating the wisdom of any suggested substitute, and inquiring with patience and inventiveness into the merits of a variety of schemes of life. What the personal hygiene ought to do, as its final outcome, is to help a boy organize his daily life in accordance with the highest reason. It ought to help him bring about in his own personal life the same high effectiveness that in literature we call style. There is as great a difference between slovenly living and essential good form as there is between slovenly writing and literary style. An educated boy, at seventeen, ought to be ashamed to be ill, to carry himself badly, to slouch

through life, to whine and make excuses, to be off guard, to be less agreeable in his own home, — in short to be at any time or in any place one whit less than his very best. What we want is a thoroughbred in morals, in manners, and in person. I include under personal hygiene the whole miscellany of daily human conduct, both the fundamental ethics and æsthetics of life, as well as the question of effective health. And it should drive home the inexorable doctrine that in no department of conduct can one have correct habits at command, and slovenly habits in between times; that life is all of a piece; that good breeding, like good literary style, is not a thing to be put on and off like a frock coat and a tall hat, but a state of body and mind and spirit which comes only with lifelong faithfulness, and vanishes with intermittency.

Personally I much prefer this well-bred young person who is strong and handsome, who carries himself well, who speaks with clearness and distinction, who has permanent manners and human charm, to the typical young person whom the high school now produces; and I know full well that the great outside, common-sense world stands with me in this natural preference. That the schools do not devote themselves to the production of these human thoroughbreds is due, I think, to the fact that their work is planned according to tradition, to meet the college requirements, and not with a single eye to the desired result, — the wholesome lad of seventeen whom we should all so like to meet, and so rarely do.

There is only one way to formulate a wise educational programme, and that is to work backward from desired effects to efficient causes. If education means anything at all, it it is a rational process instead of a mere national

fetish, it must be a practical operation by which we accomplish the social purpose. If the social purpose is human wealth, a present world of beautiful, accomplished, good persons, then the educational process must so shape itself as to produce this contemporary human wealth.

The argument for French and elementary German is not so convincing as the arguments for English, literature, history, mathematics, and science; and certainly not of sufficient weight to allow French and German to interfere with the attainment of proficiency in the more important group of studies. However, with strong alert boys who are reasonably guarded from the adolescent distractions which now make our ordinary high school so little effective, there ought to be ample time in three years for all the studies recommended. If French and German are not both possible, I should be disposed to choose French. It has the more immediate usefulness, and its splendid lucidity of expression will help the boy to a similar virtue in English, and will give him an impatience with all that is turgid and obscure. Even a limited knowledge of French and of French literature shows itself at once in a crisper, clearer mode of speech in English. I have elsewhere called attention to the fact that the admitted masters of English prose have been in many cases confessedly indebted to the clarifying influence of French literature, and I have recorded my own debt for the help given me in less ambitious technical writing. In earlier years much of my own work was for scientific journals, and I had the frequent task of turning rather complicated scientific data into easy popular English. Unless a man has attempted this particular task he can hardly appreciate the inherent difficulty. After some experimenting I found that for me the best

preparation was to turn aside to a good French book, or even to a good translation from the French, and there bathe my spirit in an atmosphere of direct, lucid expression, of compelling visual images, of unequivocal meanings. In German one sometimes seems to be moving in an irritating and unnecessary fog. In French, the sun always shines, and the air is beautifully, transparently clear. Almost invariably I came back from such excursions the better qualified for the task ahead of me.

While French is a useful accomplishment for a boy who is afterwards to be reasonably cosmopolitan in his travels and reading, a working knowledge of the language has the great immediate value of helping him to think and to express himself in English. This means, of course, a thorough verbal and grammatical knowledge such as is only gained by genuinely hard study. He must have this in order to catch the French habit of thought and expression in all its splendid swiftness, directness, and lucidity. French is not a difficult language; its vocabulary is limited, as compared to our own, and its grammatical forms, even including the difficult subjunctive mood, are not beyond the powers of a well-educated boy of seventeen. It can best be taught by an American who has lived in either France or French Switzerland. But his pronunciation must be authentic and acceptable or he will prove a poor guide, and the boy will probably speak very bad French all the rest of his life. But a man may himself speak with the purest accent, and still be an ineffectual teacher through dullness of hearing or even through aural inattention. I should almost say that the teacher of any foreign language ought to be a trained musician, not only sensitive

to the sounds that he makes with his own voice, but equally sensitive to the imitative sounds made by his pupils. When he gets through the high school, a boy who has been shielded both from distractions and from a too complicated curriculum, ought to be a junior master of French, able to read it as rapidly and correctly as English, able to speak it intelligently and fluently, able to write it with reasonable speed and accuracy. Of course, few college men could satisfy this practical requirement, but they have not been brought up as wisely as our wholesome lad of seventeen, are not so much of a person as he, and in the matters of the intellect have lived lives of frank dissipation. When I visited L'École de l'Île de France, at Liancourt, near Paris, I sat at luncheon with one of the headmasters, and perhaps eight lively, attractive boys. They all spoke such excellent, idiomatic English that I made the mistake of thinking that they were English. They talked incessantly, of their games, of their plans for the afternoon, of their studies, and no one seemed to hesitate for either word or construction. When I expressed my surprise that so many English boys should be attending a French school, the headmaster answered quickly, "But they are not English. They are all French, every one of them!" I am afraid that no Frenchman, visiting an American school, could make a similar mistake. When Pierre Loti was the guest of Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, she read to him from one of her own books. It was only after a considerable time, when the queen turned to one of her women-in-waiting to ask for a certain word, that he discovered the book to be in German, and that the queen translated as she read.

In preferring French to German for high-school boys

I am not indifferent to the music of well-spoken German or to the high seriousness of its content; but I think that boys of this age are less qualified to cope with the intricacies of German thought and expression, and come out victorious. They are very prone to get lost in the fog. Advanced German, especially, seems to me too difficult for average boys under eighteen. It would better be left to the college, and if a boy undertake German at all in the high school, it should be elementary German, and should perhaps be limited to the final year. If studied thoroughly and persistently for one year, a boy of sixteen can hope to get an excellent foundation, a practical "service" German, and will be in a position to pass on, with advantage, to the more exacting work at college.

I am assuming in all these six studies a final scholarship much in excess of that commonly exhibited by our present high-school graduates, and I am resting my assumption upon two considerations, — first, that our beginner, at fourteen, is better human material than boys less scientifically developed in spirit and body; and secondly, that first-rate work during this receptive age, fourteen to seventeen, is easily possible if we will reduce the curriculum to needful and important studies, if we will stick very close to the present moment, cutting out all unprofitable memory feats and fatigue, and if, finally, we will eliminate quite resolutely that second programme, the programme of adolescent distractions, which now runs parallel to the official course of study, and is regarded by so many boys and girls, and by the tradesmen who profit by it, as being really the more important of the two. I do not for a moment pre-

tend that this high grade of scholarship, or anything nearly so good, can ever be attained under the present dissipating methods of American high school life.

It will also be noticed that while I have insisted that education should rest upon economics as well as religion, that boys and girls, from the nursery up, should be taught to face the bread-and-butter question, and to recognize in contemporaneous labor-power the source of their own subsistence, I have not, in this chapter, said one word about that popular idol, vocational education. I have omitted any mention of it, not through inadvertence, but quite deliberately. Not only does it seem to me that human thoroughbreds are more consistent and desirable products for us to work for, those of us who love America and love civilization, than are the premature industrialists of the trade schools, but I also know that our social and industrial life will never be sound until it excludes children and boys and girls from all gainful occupations, and throws the burden of our daily bread where it properly belongs, upon the broad shoulders of strong, well-educated, mature men and women. A high school boy ought to be made to realize that he is being supported willingly and generously by an older generation, but that the only way in which he can accept the favor in a loyal and manly spirit is by using his opportunities to the utmost, and by being ready, when the time comes, to do his own full share towards the maintenance of the world. We will render the greater social service, if instead of pushing a boy prematurely into industry, we teach him that when a man he may not honorably live at the expense of some one else's labor. Vocationalism is an integral part of all sound education, but it is an illusion when inter-

preted to mean that some shall work prematurely, and that others shall never work. Vocationalism, in the hands of its true friends, is an abiding sentiment running through the whole of life, prompting boys and girls to study, to grow strong, to help in the home, while it prompts all men and women, in their days of strength, to turn the wheels of a needful industry.

I WAS lecturing, some months ago, to a normal class of twenty-five students. They varied in age from perhaps twenty years up to forty. Teaching them, as I am here teaching, that elementary education must primarily concern itself with the spirit and the body, I desired to recommend to them a brief and authoritative textbook on physiology, one that would serve as reference in all bodily questions and give them a clear, scientific account of the reproductive process. Not knowing of any book sufficiently concise for my purpose, I consulted a well-known textbook publishing house. I might have fared better had the man I sought been in town, but, in his absence, I fell into strange hands, an elderly gentleman who listened with growing excitement to the statement of my errand, and then hastened to assure me, in a most agitated way, that not only was no such textbook published, but *that it would not do to publish it.* He went on to explain, with unabated excitement, that a committee of competent persons had gone into the whole subject, most thoroughly, and had decided (with what I understood to be finality) that all sex knowledge tended to increase sex immorality; and that the present time-honored conspiracy of silence was the only prudent and permissible course. Finally my elderly gentleman, still excited, felicitated both himself and me that chance had thrown me into his hands, and so

saved me from what would have been, at the best, a hazardous experiment.

I am quoting this experience, both because it is sufficiently recent to have left a strong and disagreeable impression, and also because it is, I believe, very typical of the attitude of many well-meaning persons. In my own boyhood, if I caught anything of the essential spirit of the times, this conspiracy of silence was even more pronounced than now. Personally, I did not know how children came into the world and I was never taught. My ideas were correspondingly naïve and unscientific. I grew up in a very careful, very solicitous household, and yet no word was ever spoken to me on this most important subject, except references so vague and indefinite that I quite failed to understand them, and gained the impression that it would be indelicate to ask for any explanation. By significant silences, by tenuous innuendo, by shrugs of the shoulder, by raised eyebrows, by lowered eyes, by awkward, shamed laughter, the grown-up world of that period grievously misled the younger generation where it should have guided and instructed us. I came to believe that there was something indecent about the naked body; that, instead of being something to be strengthened and made beautiful, it was something to be ashamed of, and covered up. I knew that there was something wonderful and sacred about infancy and childhood, that Christ had been born of a woman, and that we celebrated both the Annunciation and the Birth. I knew that the Family was a very real and holy institution, the social unit upon which all else depended. I knew from experience the priceless tenderness of mother-love, the utter devotion of a son's love. And yet society allowed us to

grow up not only ignorant of the sex arrangements by which the sacred drama of family life is brought about, but worse than ignorant, under the impression that it was indelicate to speak about such matters, or to know about them, or even to think about them, however gravely and chastely. I had no instruction in sex matters, until later Nature taught me in her own direct, frank way, leaving me perplexed and but partially informed. The first specific reference I ever heard to any sex matters was from vulgar boys at school, and still more vulgar lads at college. The effect was needlessly painful and shocking, without being enlightening.

Looking back upon my own boyhood, and recalling the elderly agitated gentleman whom I recently consulted, I see now that this conspiracy of silence is the real indecency. It is not as if we parents and teachers could deal at our pleasure with a world with sex, or without sex. It is not given us to choose, any more than in the case of dogma or economic implications. We find ourselves in a world charged with sex. We are all men or women, — we are not hermaphrodites, and the whole problem is to deal with sex wisely and decently. To ignore it, after the manner of the days of my youth, or according to the present counsel of our elderly publisher, is to expose a pure-minded lad to grave and disabling misapprehensions of life; and a less high-minded lad to temptations which may wreck him physically and morally.

If the habit of silence on sex matters led to a phenomenal national purity, there might be something to be said in its favor. But when one recalls that we have in America between half a million and a million admitted prostitutes, and probably tens or even hundreds of thou-

sands of other women privately leading irregular lives; and that in many of our smaller American towns, it is frankly stated that there is hardly one chaste man, it must be confessed that this cowardly method of silence is not justified by its fruit. It is infinitely better and more rational that our boys shall know all there is to be known about sex from high-minded, chaste men, — their fathers preferably, their teachers if need be, — than that they should gain a partial, distorted knowledge from vulgar boys at school or still more vulgar lads at college.

And the time for boys to learn about sex is neither before nor after adolescence. It is when the first promptings of sex make themselves known, and the boy feels a very natural and wholesome curiosity about this mysterious, cosmic Life Force which seems bent upon claiming him for its purposes.

I have called my own experience typical, but in one respect it was extreme. I have long believed that idealists are the really practical people of the world. Now dreamy, idealistic boys have this same curious streak of practicality in their make-up, and a blundering talent for trying to live up to their theories. If you see a boy doing furtively some rather unusual thing, and doing it with an almost religious zeal, you may be quite sure that he is an idealist, and has some bee in his bonnet which he is awkwardly attempting to translate into action. In my own case, although no specific word had ever been said to that effect, I gained from reference and innuendo that the body was a shameful thing; and sex unmentionable. Being an earnest boy, I set out to translate this creed into daily life. In mediæval times, I should doubtless have landed at the nearest monastery.

But being a Protestant and of the present, I set up my own discipline. Sometimes I fasted; sometimes I denied myself a particular article of food; except during the brief moment of the bath, I kept my poor little body covered, with more than maidenly modesty. And every day, for years, I prayed: "O God, make me all spirit and as little animal as possible!" I did not know that wise men never pray for specific things. Rather, they supplicate, with Plato, "O Jove, give us what is good, whether we pray for it or not, and keep us from all evil, even though we pray for it."

There was in this boyish asceticism something quite absurd, of course, but there was, also, I think, something rather dignified and heroic, for it was a boy's attempt to be logical in action. It has given me a genuine sympathy with many of the unreasonable things which earnest boys occasionally do, because I am able to divine the underlying idealism. The harm came later in my own diminished understanding of life, and the consequent smaller power of service. As I have said, the choice is not ours, — we cannot handle life with or without sex. The attempt to handle it, with sex left out, means that we handle it partially and unintelligently. That was precisely what happened to me, — some of my boys went astray when a timely, informing word from me, the older brother, might have saved them. But with my partial, monkish view of life, it was too delicate a matter to mention, and so the saving word was never spoken. It is out of such experience as this that the opinion deepens that this silence of an older, informed generation to a younger, ignorant generation, on a matter of such vital and penetrating importance, is the real impropriety, the unforgivable crime.

I found my own way out of this odious conspiracy of silence through the sane, broad gate of biological science. In my own youth, evolution was still a novel view point, and was in the very air. The most eager students of those days turned to biology just as those of our own day turn to the social sciences. The question as to whether acquired characteristics were or were not transmitted was still a burning one. My own geological study was too exacting to allow any laboratory work in biology, but when a later leisure allowed, I read Darwin "in the original," and some of Spencer and Huxley. But above all, I fell in with a group of young biologists, and in a measure shared their views and discussions. Now one cannot study the life of plants and animals without studying in detail the reproductive process and without realizing its immense importance to any understanding of organic life. Nor can one work in any science without realizing the essential reverence and delicacy in all scientific investigation. To a biological student, the prudery of silence and purposeful ignorance would be the last term of vulgarity. It would be simply inconceivable. And so, as I entered into the biological thought of my time, and shared a little of its bigness, I lost forever the vulgarity which regards the beautiful naked body as unseemly and immodest; and I lost, in part, the prudery which hushes the necessary and helpful discussion of sex.

But the prejudices and inhibitions of youth die hard. I ceased to allow myself silence, when speech seemed the more manly and helpful, but I did not realize for a moment the immense psychical importance of sex, and the overwhelming rôle which it is every day playing in the real drama of life. Probably I shall never be able quite to realize it, and to that extent shall be a partial

teacher and guide when perhaps I might have been more catholic and helpful. And probably the boy who is today left in intentional ignorance by those who prefer innocence and the crimes of innocence to knowledge and its eventual victories will never realize the full psychic meaning of sex. Nature will teach him with frank directness what sex is on its physical side, but she will teach him very slowly its deeper meaning. He must learn that from spiritual beings, not from Nature; and if they choose to keep silent, there is small chance that he can, with any completeness, work out for himself what it has taken mankind generations to discover. Biology, as I have said, rendered us all a much-needed and inestimable service in sweeping away false standards and hesitations, and in showing us man, clean and unashamed. She silenced the ascetic prayer of my youth, with its pitiful, crippling fear of manly integrity, and taught us, instead, to pray for a perfect spirit in a perfect body. She robbed the wholesome appetites and functions of the body of their implied questionableness, for she taught, without hesitation or evasion, that a man's thirst for woman is just as fine as his thirst for pure, cold water. Such doctrine as this is as far from lubricity as the East is from the West.

It was a great service that biology rendered, and it prepared the way for that still greater service rendered by those very modern philosophers who have chosen to hurl their message at us through the quick, penetrating medium of the drama. Both English and Continental dramatists have represented the sex question in a novel and illuminating way. To them, sex is the working-out of the Life Force, ever seeking the fulfillment of its own purpose, — the replenishment of the earth, — and re-

gardless of all consequences. In this light, the sex relation between men and women takes on the dignity as well as the grimness of a Greek tragedy. For the Life Force is universal; it pulses in each one of us, eager to use us, ready to slay us, mindful of nothing save the new generation. In Greek symbolism, the Life Force was Eros, and the lover was his victim and no longer a free agent. But in this modern apprehension of sex, it is man who lays his hand on Fate, and through knowledge, the tragedy loses its inevitableness, and therefore its essential quality of tragedy. An educated man who understands what the Life Force is, passes from the position of victim to that of master, for it is he who is the final arbiter. He may choose to coöperate with the Life Force, and to beget the children for whom it is clamoring; or he may, with equal propriety, refuse his coöperation, and may, as Hindu sages have long taught, so far enact the master as to divert the Life Force from its joint physical and psychical errand, and transmute it into something wholly spiritual. It is incredible that parent or teacher should wish his boy to be ignorant of such grave matters, and should prefer, instead, that he take up an ancient language. It must be that they apprehend sex only on its physical side, and that the lowest, as a mere indulgence. Or else, it must be that their own lives are so little rational that they are not prepared to face the clear, open eyes of a naked boy.

But neither biologist nor dramatist has said the last word on this complex question of sex. The child psychologist has pointed out the parallelism between adolescence and psychical instability, and the psychologist at large has indicated some of the relations between

sex changes and our general character and mentality. So far, only the introductory chapter has been published, for only the introductory chapter has been worked out. The question is far from closed, and we must always reflect that even while we are blunderingly discussing the question, sex itself is not a fixed quantity, but like everything else in this fluid universe, is continually evolving into something different.

In the face of all these considerations, I should now feel myself a distinctly unfaithful teacher if I sent my boys out into the world ignorant of sex. One does not want an adolescent boy to think too much about such matters, but one does want him to think straight. A father or teacher who is himself frank and unashamed, and who has both knowledge and skill, can present the question of sex to his boys with such naturalness and dignity that their own thought will ever after be sweet and clean. Boys are not naturally vulgar; they are only vulgar through ignorance or through bad example. A high-minded man, either father or teacher, can make vulgarity impossible to a boy, and can do it without making him a prude. The best approach to sex instruction is through a clear, biological statement of the fivefold cycle of all organic life, — birth, nutrition, growth, reproduction, and death. A boy can understand the naturalness and inevitableness of this cycle, for on all sides he sees plants and animals and persons coming on to the stage of life, crossing it, and passing off. Here, as elsewhere, we move most wisely when we move from the simple to the complex. It is only sound pedagogy to begin with plants and animals. A boy's world is essentially concrete. Its very limitations make him a shrewd observer and a di-

rect thinker. You will find that he has noted many things in the plant and animal world which he has remembered but has not understood. A brief, definite explanation will be welcome to him, and will enable him to apprehend the Life Force as it operates in plants and animals. When this knowledge has been achieved, the consideration of sex in our human world can be entered upon in the frankest, most natural-history spirit. But the question must not rest here, in the air. It must be carried home to each boy and associated concretely with his own bodily life. He must be taught explicitly what sex impulses to expect, what practices to avoid, what marriage means, under what conditions parenthood is clean and honorable, what circumstances affect the welfare of offspring, what restraints are suitable within the marriage relation, as well as outside of it.

At seventeen a boy ought to know what the social evil is, what a menace it is to him individually and to society at large, and what an ultimate hell the prostitute creates for herself. We are now fighting the social evil in every city in the land, and have organized with some success to suppress the white slave trade. How hopelessly stupid, then, for fathers and schoolmasters to behave as if this evil were not rooted in our midst, and to send their boys out into its very arms, without preparation and without the armor of an informed spirit. And it seems to me that we modern humanists are under special obligation to make these matters absolutely clear to our boys, since those very human qualities and that large personal attractiveness for which we have during seventeen years been so assiduously working, make these beautiful boys conspicuous marks for the wiles of the enemy. Once more I must point out that neither

fathers nor masters nor boys have choice of a world with or without sex. We live in a world saturated with sex. Sooner or later sex knowledge will come to the lad, — generally sooner; and the question, let me repeat, is whether it is better to have such knowledge come to him from chaste, high-minded men, and to be accurate, complete, and helpful, or from a vulgar, wanton world, and be partial, distorted, and defiling.

It may be wise, with less developed lads, to treat the sex question almost wholly as a pure natural-history matter, involving man along with plants and animals; and it may be advisable to leave any detailed consideration of the psychic aspect of sex to a later time, when the lad is older and better prepared for such consideration. But always there should go a clear intimation of this deeper meaning. And always the boy should be left unashamed. He should never be allowed to think of the sex impulse as evil or degrading. So far as he thinks of it at all in any ultimate terms, he should be taught to see in it the basis of family life, and the source of much that is very precious and ennobling. We want him to be neither ascetic nor sensual, but a wholesome, normal human being.

There is, however, one sentimentality from which we ought at all hazards to save a boy, and that is the wretched sentimentality of believing that if he fails to marry and beget children, he has, in some not readily explainable way, failed in his duty to the state or to society or to some would-be wife and mother, — the sort of nonsense that makes our more provincial legislatures from time to time propose a tax on bachelors, as if they had committed some crime, and must buy off the discoverer. In a world so full of conflicting and for the

most part unfulfilled duties, it seems really too bad to invent preposterously false ones. It was George Eliot, I think, who some years ago proposed that on a certain day every one should commit suicide, and so end in one lurid moment an earth-drama which had long since reached the fifth act. Such a proposition, whether made seriously or not, runs counter to our Anglo-Saxon optimism, and to our healthy instinct against suicide. But a family or even an entire people might with perfect propriety commit suicide by the simple and natural method of refusing to propagate itself; and no moralist of any school could bring one valid argument against the act. In point of fact, this precise thing is happening now. Many of the persons best qualified to beget children and rear them and support them are deliberately declining to coöperate with the Life Force, and are remaining celibate; while among married people of perhaps the best type, one sees an only child, or perhaps none at all. And these persons have just as much right to their choice, as has the burly father of ten children to his. In these days of enlightenment, it is both futile and absurd to tell any woman that child-bearing is her natural function and duty; or any man that child-begetting and family life are his. They might be happier, these persons, or better off or more contented or more miserable or almost anything else, if they were married and had children, but it is clearly for them to choose, and to represent the matter in any other way is grossly to misrepresent it. And so I think in our instruction of boys, and in our effort to make them rational, educated human beings, we ought to present this aspect of the life problem to them in its largest clearness and audacity. We ought to show them

that there is no inherent nor moral necessity why children should be born; why the race, beyond its good pleasure, should go on inhabiting the earth; why men and women should yield to any of the old blind impulses through which Nature swayed them before the time of enlightenment. If we are to found our education upon religion, we must, as an essential part of this education, make our boys feel that the spirit of man in its totality is the immanent God of earth, and that as a sharer of this spirit, each boy must accept the immense responsibility of being God's regent, and of determining by his own enlightened will in which direction human destiny is to advance. We must point out to him that we are no longer the blind agents of the Life Force, but that now it is ours to say, ours to coöperate or refuse to coöperate — wholly ours to say whether mankind shall continue to accept the hospitality of earth.

We are now in the midst of an immense religious revival in America, and it is full of gracious promise. It is inspired by a new spirit, not the old inert supplication to God to act for us, and relieve us from the harvest of our own blunders and ignorance and sin, — which would be the most unfriendly thing that a god could do, — but the exultant, still half-frightened realization that we ourselves are in part God, that we in a measure permit the world to be what it is, and that it is we who must change it in case a growing insight shows it to be an evil world.

This is not a convenient creed, and it is one, if I may judge from my own experience, which a man struggles against and tries to evade, much as a timid prince puts away a crown, for the responsibility is almost too

great. But there comes a time when a man must arrive at some such view. If he meet life without evasion and hypocrisy, he must realize the presence of evil, must account for it, and must seek some practical way to overthrow it. It is more convenient to put it upon God, this immense burden of violence, cruelty, rapine, dishonesty, treachery, suffering, disease, and accident; but it only adds to our dilemma, and calls in question our fundamental conception of Deity. The burden can never be thrown off until we shoulder it, and with devotion and intelligence, act as God's regent for a better earth.

I have elsewhere pointed out that the dogma of the Atonement is objectionable intellectually because it violates the essential principle of cause and effect, and equally objectionable morally because a sin so easily disposed of is a sin prone to speedy repetition. As a matter of fact we see on all sides of us that the members of those sects which go in most vehemently for the doctrine of free grace, fail most signally to attain righteousness in their own daily lives, fail to manifest a genuine piety. It may be a staggering load for a man to shoulder his own sins, or a nation to shoulder its, or for the great world to shoulder all, but that this very difficult thing must be done is the luminous teaching of the most profound religions, — what a man soweth, that also shall he reap, — as it is the luminous teaching of both science and daily experience.

If, then, we wish a lad, at seventeen, to be a truly educated person, and not merely a beautiful young animal, we must teach him that no act of life may be explained, or justified, or excused, on the ground that it is *natural*. It may be usual or pleasurable or convenient or easier, but that is all. The very opposite act

would be just as natural if we so elect, and might be much more logical and righteous. Nor must he ever allow himself to think that there is a vestige of truth in the common contention that "Somebody has to do it." This is a very grave falsehood, misleading many a youngster into a commonplace, inconsequential life, and many a society into mediocrity and ineffectiveness. We usually have two reasons for all we do, — the good reason and the real reason. If a boy is to be free and godlike, he must early learn to make his real reason and his good reason genuinely coincide, and he must have done with all equivocation. It is a bad thing to lie to others, but it is a damnable thing to lie to one's self.

A boy must be taught to apply this fundamental honesty in dealing with his own sex impulses. If he wishes to love a maid, to marry her and to beget children, well and good, — that for many is the path to happiness; but let him recognize it as a choice, the opposite of which would have been equally meritorious. Let him at all odds save himself from the absurdity of thinking that this particular choice was his "duty." It is not necessary for the race to go on any more than it is necessary for drummers to keep up their senseless round of travel, for hangmen to hang men for pay, or for undertakers to bury them for profit. It is not at all necessary for the race to go on, — it is even conceivable that with equal propriety the race might end with the present generation. What is desirable is that a *better* race go on, and this is the great possibility in which education is so profoundly interested. We shall never get this better race by representing child-begetting and child-bearing as a duty, for that invites to the holy office of parenthood the unfit as well as the fit. So far from

teaching a boy that it is in any way his duty to marry, or allowing him to catch this heresy from the popular falsehood of the day, we ought specifically to teach him how free he is, and under what high obligation he rests to use this freedom. If he marries, let it be because he knows himself to be potentially a worthy father, and because he has found a worthy mate; and if children come, let them come under conditions which promise that they shall excel both father and mother. (How many parents, in asking special consideration for some unfortunate child, have said to me: "It is true: he ought not to have been born.") But if a lad decide not to marry, because he cannot hope for strong, fortunate children, or because he can better alone carry out what he knows to be his destiny, let him have no sense of unfulfilled duty, but rather the blessed sense of having chosen worthily.

It is only in this way, through the conscious, voluntary act of men and women, that eugenics can be made to operate, and the better race evolved. I do not know whether the state will ever be intelligent enough and masterful enough to enforce celibacy upon the diseased, the crippled, and the inferior, but public sentiment is with great propriety moving in that direction. (Rudimentary justice to the unborn in saving them from a handicapped existence is a sufficient argument, but equally valid is the economic consideration for a working world which must afterwards support these unfortunate incompetents.) I do not personally believe in capital punishment, but the permitted perpetuation of degraded beings, either as individuals or nations or as races within nations, seems to me quite unworthy of our intelligence and of the immense price which we

have paid for this intelligence. But we shall hardly reach any logical view of this whole most important matter or any defensible practice, so long as we continue to sing the indiscriminate praise of fatherhood and motherhood. Education is not interested that a man shall have ten children, but that the children whom he does have shall be strong and beautiful and accomplished and good.

I have elsewhere spoken of the desirability of having a boy unashamed of his naked body, for this is a step in leading him to regard the bodily functions with fine delicacy and propriety. The Greeks, as we know, cultivated nakedness for its beauty, its hygiene, and its convenience, and they found the fallen Asiatic foe contemptible because of his soft, white, effeminate body. Their own ideal was to be strong, bronzed, uncovered. Partly because of the severe winter climate which prevails over the upper part of the United States, but still more largely because of the vulgarity of the current attitude towards the body, the boys of a past generation were taught on all sides to believe that nakedness is improper, that when on a warm summer day they sneaked off to the nearest swimming-hole, and for a moment exulted in the freedom of naked boyhood, they should be very careful not to be seen, and might hardly mention in mixed company even the fact that they had been swimming. This attitude was common all over America, and is still pronounced in our more provincial and less advanced communities. But happily for the health and beauty and genuine modesty of the coming generation, our best men and women are returning to the Greek sanity. This is due to many wholesome influences, such as our increased interest in open-

air life, in gymnastics, in swimming, in art, in hygiene, our increased travel abroad, and, above all, to the growing rationality of our unfolding human spirit. Our summer camps have done much to encourage this wholesome nakedness. My own boys wear the least clothing the weather allows, sometimes nothing at all, often merely bathing-trunks, seldom more than cotton running-trousers and sleeveless upper. Sun and air are the best possible tonics for these little growing bodies, but more valuble still is the attitude of mind through which the boy is naked but unashamed. Fifteen years ago, this frank treatment of the body was an experiment, and was perhaps regarded as somewhat hazardous. But the experience of the intervening years has more than justified the experiment. It has not solved the problem of self-abuse among boys, but it has lessened the evil; and the testimony of both masters and boys leads me to believe that in this frank exposure of the body we have the foundation for cleaner thinking and living.

I have spoken only of the sex education of boys; but in view of the far greater penalty which a woman pays in case of sex transgression, and her vastly larger part in actually bearing and nursing the child, it would seem even more important that girls should have complete and helpful instruction in all sex matters. This should be given by a woman, — by the mother, if she is competent, or if not, by a competent woman physician. It is difficult to be patient with those sentimental persons who would keep a girl innocent when they know that she may sometime pay a frightful price for her innocence. It is a girl's right to know, just as it is a boy's right, and only when she understands the meaning of sex can she

meet with dignity and success her own large personal share in the problem. Our social usage gives the girl the right to accept or to reject a proffered husband. It should provide her with such knowledge and standards as will enable her to exercise this choice intelligently.

There is one aspect of the sex question which both Education and the Church have shamefully neglected, and that is the case of illegitimate children. In the progress of events these children have formed a considerable company and have numbered in their ranks many gifted and distinguished persons. Yet even Leonardo had constantly to meet the reproach attached to his birth. To allow Fate to place a child at the immense disadvantage of an irresponsible parentage, and then, ever afterwards, to hold it up against the child, is a cruelty quite unworthy of our intelligence and humanity. It has recently been proposed, in several states, to make parenthood constitute a legal marriage, and to give to every mother and her offspring the status and privilege of wife and child. One must wish such humane practice to become universal, and meanwhile one may show one's own humanity by retiring from one's own personal vocabulary those terms of bitter reproach coined for innocent children born out of wedlock, and by showing human kindness and consideration to any such unfortunate waif who may be thrown across one's path.

By common consent, the most primitive and powerful instinct is that of self-preservation; and second to it is that of race-preservation. In both we have the working of the Life Force, the blind will to conserve and to perpetuate Life. There are moments when the two instincts change places in the order of their imperativeness. Every mother, when she gives birth to her child, goes down

voluntarily into the Valley of the Shadow; and every father, true to his trust, is not only willing but frequently does sacrifice his life for what he fancies to be the welfare of his children. Now it seems to me that Education must take cognizance of both these instincts. I have been trying to show that if she omits the question of sex from her field of inquiry, she is incomplete and unscientific. In the same way it seems to me that an educated boy of seventeen ought to be prepared to meet the problems of self-preservation. He has already taken the much larger step if he has learned intelligently to conserve his health, and if he has gained control over his spirit, and the mastery of his body, on land, in the water, and to a limited extent out in air. If he is really educated, in the proper sense of the word, he is prepared to meet the problems and even the emergencies of normal everyday existence. It is his business not only to come out uninjured but even strengthened. In the life of the quietest boy, however, some extraordinary event is bound to creep, some unusual demand upon his powers; and in the life of a more adventurous lad, carried by high spirit and the experimental mood into situations of danger and difficulty, such extraordinary events crowd thick and fast. A boy is hardly educated unless he is prepared in a measure to meet the unexpected. Destiny has infinite resources, and in the end trips us all up; but meanwhile her pitfalls, like the possible plots of a good novel, reduce to somewhat typical cases and for their circumvention require about the same qualities; they require that a boy shall be alert, adroit, resourceful; above all, that he shall recognize the class to which the impending danger belongs, and be very quick in deciding what means are legitimate in

opposing it. It seems to me very odd that we should spend so much time and effort and money in educating our boys, in making their lives both individually and socially of immense value, and should then give them no adequate instruction in the art of defending so valuable a product. An adventurous spirit in an active body is beset on all sides by dangers of all sorts. Some of these are plainly unescapable, since they are due to natural catastrophes and accidents. But others, springing from carelessness, or even from intended violence, may with large social propriety be vigorously guarded against. We are enjoined by our religion to turn the other cheek to the smiter, but such conduct, while it may or may not be good for us, is clearly very bad for the smiter and apt to induce still worse habits. A more universal morality would teach us not only to render ideal justice as far as we are able, but also to demand it with equal insistence. I should regard a man as highly unfortunate who was obliged, under stress of any circumstance whatever, to kill a fellow-man, and I should pray to be delivered from such a tragic necessity; but I should regard him as a moral coward if he failed to do so, in his own righteous defense or in the defense of the helpless and innocent. In a law-abiding country, we properly rely upon the law and its appointed ministers, and commonly our faith is justified by the event. But all communities are not law-abiding, and even in the best-ordered, there are times and places where law and order seem to have abdicated, and force, righteous or unrighteous, is left to decide the immediate issue. It is regrettable, but true, that America offers many such instances, not alone on the frontier, in the outlying, sparsely settled districts of the South and West, but as well in the very heart of

what we have taken to be the center of our civilization. There are, for example, more murders every year per capita in America than in any other civilized country. This annual human sacrifice, it is said, now amounts to something like ten thousand persons, — men and women and children. The figures may be excessive, but one half, one quarter, one fifth, would be appalling. It is significant of the prevailing violence of the age that many of the popular magazines now display page and half-page advertisements of compact little revolvers guaranteed, in the most inexperienced hands, to send a bullet straight to the mark. I should not be a true educator if I counseled the use of force in any but the most extreme cases, for education is the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit, not of the brute spirit; but neither would I be a true man if I did not teach that every educated boy should be skilled in the honorable art of self-defense, and ready to exercise it in safeguarding his own life, and still more in safeguarding the threatened life or welfare of women and children and old men. His best weapon will always be his own strong, quick arm, for this can knock out the enemy without inflicting mortal harm. But there are moments, even in the lives of the gentle, when only a knowledge and a grave willingness to use accessory weapons will save the day and make reason and the will of God prevail. It is a high and painful responsibility to resist evil, but I believe that every man of us, pledged to the cause of righteousness, should be prepared to do this, quickly and effectively, not in anger, but mercifully, as God's regent on earth. And I am disposed to believe that when the children of darkness find that the children of light may ever be depended upon to resist evil with equal or

even greater skill than that with which the evil is thrust forward, there will be a diminishing amount of evil to resist. Modern life is still full of disagreeable possibilities which an educated lad must be prepared to meet and frustrate. You never know what a drunken man will do, or an insane person, or a desperado. Even a runaway horse, or a mad dog, or an infuriated bull, or a menagerie amuck may menace a life, and if no skilled arm intervene, make desolate for years some hitherto happy home. It all happens in a moment, and the preventive, to be effective, must be administered with equal speed. And there are smaller evils which no true man may permit in his presence, and still preserve his self-respect, — thefts, depredations, injuries, insults, — and he may especially not permit them if they are offered to others whose very defenselessness constitutes a claim upon his valor. Our educators are not, as a class, a very robust lot, not particularly strong in the art of self-defense, and not particularly redoubtable when it comes to defending others. Unless it is pointed out to them, they would not be apt to discover that robustness and the knightly virtues are a more vital part of the curriculum of education than the specific form of erudition which they are by habit prepared to supply; and yet it seems to me that until the cause of righteousness is in stronger hands than it is at present, we can hardly expect it with any degree of thoroughness to prevail.

I have spoken of self-defense as if it were an art solely needed to circumvent accidental and intentional violence, but in reality this office, though obvious, is only a small part of its mission. There is a violence vastly more fatal which until very recently was neither accidental nor intentional, but merely unconscious. It is

the violence which has robbed the working classes of so much of their one-time strength and manliness, the violence of industrial exploitation. It shows itself in a multitude of forms, in over-hard tasks, in over-long hours, in bad air, in deficient sunshine, in dull employment, in unsanitary houses, in insufficient clothing, in poor food, in scant rest. It is a situation which has grown up with our industrial development and for which society alone is responsible. No one class is to blame, neither working-men nor the employers of working-men. But it is nevertheless a fatal form of violence, which both classes must combat with intelligence and resolution. Legislation is doing its utmost to bring about a better state of things, and to institute what may be called a social self-preservation. It works slowly, but in the aggregate accomplishes much. This has been notably the case in the legislation for child welfare. There has never been a time in America when humane persons did not deprecate premature child labor, but it has only been within the last dozen years that the issue has become a burning one. But there is always a distinct educational loss when you or society do for persons the welfare work which with better fundamental ideas in their heads they would have been prompted to do for themselves. Education, broadly conceived, should include self-preservation, should include resistance to industrial violence quite as much as to the violence of intentional marauders, should instill into children and boys and lads the fundamental idea that they may engage in no work, unless it be one of necessary mercy, which involves loss of integrity to their spirit, to their body, to their intellectual faculties. We hear much of the sacred rights of property. We want now to preach,

we parents and teachers, the sacred rights of persons. We want to make it an essential part of education, preaching it not so much to the captains of industry, who are a bit deaf by reason of profit, as to the young people themselves starting out upon the bread-and-butter journey of the workaday world. They must be taught self-defense and the courage to practice it. They lack the essentials of the most elementary education if they have not learned to conserve their own lives, and to resist all industrial exploitation which is destructive or even harmful. I would not for one moment obscure the moral responsibility of the profit-taker, the employer. His intelligence lays him under the greater obligation. But I do not look for any notable results until the Life Force, seeking to conserve life as well as to perpetuate it, finds adequate expression in a strengthened instinct of *self*-preservation. Nature herself is notoriously wasteful of life. She spawns a million creatures in order that one may survive. And she is, to all appearances, quite as ruthless in her dealing with mankind. But each year man himself becomes more and more a determining factor, and may decline to allow himself, too early, to be cast aside. Along with the injunction against murder, we must engrave an equally binding injunction against permitting one's self to be murdered. To be a man one must assume the prerogatives of a man, and may not throw upon others the duties which belong to one's self.

We may say that in his divine bounty God gave to man the task of creating a better world. One can imagine no more fascinating task. But to fulfill it, man must accept with mixed humility and audacity this immense, disturbing principle of human responsibility.

XII

THE WANDERJAHR

It is the custom in many well-to-do and ambitious families to send a boy directly from the high school to college; in less well-to-do and ambitious families, to send him directly to work. Such a custom is not necessarily wise. Bearing in mind that education is primarily a matter of the spirit and the body, we must allow the world and actual experience to have an effective hand. At seventeen, a boy is still a bit too young to go to college with the largest profit. Having been under continuous formal training for three years, and fairly persistent guidance for the previous fourteen years, the time is ripe for a different discipline. It is time for the boy to look at life from a less provincial and less self-centered angle.

When the family circumstances permit, I do not know of a better way for the boy to spend his eighteenth year than in making a journey around the world. Boys of this age who go to Europe for a summer, or even for a year, often get little enough out of the experience, because they commonly go with the dominant idea that they are to have "a good time." As a result, they generally misspend the year, and come home not so well off as when they went away. They have been allowed prematurely to lead, when they should have been asked intelligently to follow. As a result, they too often miss the whole point of what might have been a great spiritual adventure. It is a part of our vulgar national

extravagance so to waste youth and money and opportunity. If a boy were sent around the world, and allowed to travel in this same self-indulgent spirit, missing the great throbbing world-pageant in order to see some very minor side-shows, the journey would be anything but profitable. I am only recommending the world-tour in case it is to be taken seriously as a part of a careful educational scheme, and in suitable company. An alert, red-blooded lad of seventeen could hardly fail to have "a good time" on such an adventure as this, — indeed, there would be something sadly amiss about him if he did fail, — but there are as many ways of having a good time as there are sorts of boys to have them. The mere adventure of the thing, on steamer, railway train, and gondola, in carriage, bullock cart, and jinricksha, on horse, camel, and elephant, to say nothing of the seven seas and the great mountains, is enough to stir a boy's blood to enthusiasm. He can have a wonderfully good time, and still bring home much else from the journey.

The first object of such an experience is to help the boy over his provincialism, to destroy all contempt and unfriendliness for the rest of the world, as foreigners, and to know them as men like ourselves, and in some respects, perhaps, better than ourselves. Of course, if a boy goes about measuring everything with his home yardstick, disdainful of everything different, just because it *is* different, he would better remain at home. He must be taught to note the differences, and to weigh their merits in relation to their surroundings. A thing may be very good in India which would be quite out of place in Texas. I recall, for example, the irrigation in southern India. It seemed to me hopelessly primitive, — a shallow well, a leather bucket, a rope, a windlass,

a pair of soft-eyed oxen, a boy or an old man as driver. But an English engineer whom I met at the technical school in Madura, after confessing to a similar crudity of judgment on his first arrival, went on to explain that in many instances he had found the economic advantage to rest with the simple native appliances, — the leather bucket, in spite of its greater first cost, was the cheaper in the end, for it withstood the marked changes in heat and cold, moisture and dryness, better than either metal or wood, while, in the absence of both fuel and skilled mechanics, the oxen were a cheaper motive-power than steam. To get a boy over his parochialism is to introduce into his judgments this element of relativity and proportion.

In the company of the right sort of man, a boy will grow modest and appreciative, and will learn to value the things that are excellent regardless of national boundaries. If he listens to the stories of Japanese heroism and Chinese faithfulness and Indian devotion, he must lose forever that contemptuous spirit in which the West is prone to regard the East. He must feel in his heart a growing sense of brotherhood. When he meets these people face to face in their own homes, when he sees their habitual courtesy, and notes the sweet reasonableness and dignity with which they meet toil and suffering, he must, if he have a heart in him, feel abashed and chastened.

When I was at the beautiful Lake of Chūzenji, a young poet had just committed suicide by jumping over the waterfall of Kegon. It was a particularly evil thing to do, for his mother was a widow, and very poor, and he was her only support. The old woman came in sorrow to the little tea-house at the foot of the waterfall,

to receive the body of her dead son. Here she met with the most touching courtesy. When she left, the tea-house people would take no payment from her, — she had been, they said, the guest of the honorable water-fall.

To make the world-journey profitable, our lad of seventeen must meet the people themselves, must, if possible, speak their language, must enter into their lives, and must judge them at their best, not at their worst. He must especially avoid other tourists, either from America or Europe, and in general must fight shy of foreign residents. They could, of course, give him much information, but little of it would be trustworthy, and the boy would be very sure to meet a bewildering lot of prejudice. The only safe course is to take everything at first-hand, to search habitually for the facts in the case, rather than to accept a foreign comment which rests too frequently upon something much less substantial than fact. It is mortifying, but true, that one sees the worst side of Japan in the treaty ports, where the natives have come into closest contact with our so-called Christian civilization; and in India, the Hindu is best where he has guarded his own integrity, and refused to be anglicized. If the boy can take with him sympathy, daily courtesy, and the scientific spirit, he will come home with a full heart, he will be a cosmopolite in the best sense of the word, and he will be forever averse to all the petty, miserable barriers which now divide the nations of the world, to war and false patriotism and protective tariffs and exclusions and discriminations of every sort. I hold this spiritual result, this genuine sense of human solidarity, to be the most notable harvest of such a world-journey. But there are other substantial

gains. It is geography and current history, art and architecture, religion and economics, vivid and at first-hand. To an open-eyed boy, prompted by the older intelligence at his side, the journey is a most impressive lesson in human performance. It is the concrete showing of what men have done, and are now doing. An imaginative lad cannot escape the thrill of such an experience, of such a world-wide pageantry of achievement. Nor can he escape its challenge. In the face of all this immense activity of the past and of the present, he must inevitably put the question to himself, *What can I do?* and that is precisely the question we desire of him. On all sides he will see men working and women working, — sometimes, alas, children working, — and he will be forced to realize that not only must this great wealth of past achievement, and the current wealth of the market, but also his own daily share of comfort, — the bed he sleeps in, the roof over his head, the morning bath, the clothes he wears, the food he puts into his mouth, the equipment of travel, the whole apparatus of culture, — must all finally be expressed in terms of human toil. Some man or woman or child has produced everything there is, and he, strong, able-bodied, dexterous, has not yet personally paid for his share of this bounty. Illuminated by the human point of view, it is a tremendous lesson. The man or boy who thus reads this story of achievement will feel a haunting discontent until he, too, has made his proper contribution, generous in proportion to his strength, excellent in proportion to his skill.

I may seem to have been putting the cart before the horse in thus naming the results of a journey before outlining the journey itself; but then if one does not

value the enterprise, if one has thought of it all along as an idle adventure of the idle rich, rather than as a serious quest of the spirit, one cannot easily regard the project as an integral part of an educational scheme, or throw any great enthusiasm into carrying it out. Many are deterred from even considering the journey because they do not understand the immense value of it; and many more because of what they suppose to be the too-great expense. I should like to remove both obstacles. My own journey covered the academic year of nine months, and cost less than living very modestly for the same length of time in the town of Concord, Massachusetts. My brother and I made the journey eight years ago. He was just the right age, seventeen, and I had been twenty-eight for several years. Aside from what we spent on clothing and our art collection, the actual expense of the journey was not over fifteen hundred dollars apiece from the western door of our house back to the eastern door. The increased cost of living being a sad reality, the journey would doubtless cost somewhat more at present, but stripped of all unnecessary expense, it could still be done, I think, with entire comfort, for two thousand. If the lad could properly spend a few hundred more for well-selected objects of beauty, — prints, bronzes, chests, embroideries, pottery, lanterns, photographs, and the like, — they would be, if I may judge from my own experience, possessions of abiding charm.

In starting out on such a journey, the question of whether one shall move with the main current of travel, to the east, or against the current, to the west, is purely a matter of choice. There is something to be said in favor of either decision. We chose to go to the west, setting out early in September. This brought us to Japan,

in the chrysanthemum and maple-viewing season instead of in the spring, at the time of the cherry blossoms. I think that the decision was wise, but had we gone to the east, I should probably have thought the same thing. It is not my intention to describe in any detail this wonderful journey, for that would easily take a book, and would be a quite unnecessary addition to our already voluminous literature of travel. I propose only to outline the route, and to name a few significant incidents. It speaks volumes for the certainties of modern travel that a man who wished to go with us, but who wished still more to journey to the east, calculated that we ought to meet at Benares, in the heart of India. In reality, we reached there one day, and he turned up on the following morning! I may also mention in this connection that after we got home, my brother and I estimated that we had spent sixty-five nights on a boat, and in all that time we did not have a single storm. Nor were we shipwrecked once, except most mildly in the Suez Canal, when the *Persia* stuck her nose into the sand at the sharp bend near El-Ferdân, and we lost nearly a day. We suffered one tiresome quarantine of eight days at Kandy, in Ceylon, where my brother inconsiderately developed chicken-pox. But on the whole we were so comfortable, so well, so secure, so happy, so little inconvenienced in any way that there were times when the New England part of my conscience rather upbraided me and suggested that for so great an adventure we were hardly paying a decent price. The advantage seemed all on our side.

The world-journey for us really began at Montreal, where we started west over the Canadian Pacific. It was rather dull as far out as Calgary, but after that the

week spent in the mountains, in crossing the Rockies, the Selkirks, and the Coast Range, and in stopping over a night each at Banff, Lake Louise, and Glacier, was about as fine as anything we had on the whole journey. It was excelled by only one thing in India, — the Himalayas as seen from Darjeeling; by one thing in Japan, — Fuji-yama, from the Pass of the Eighteen Provinces; by one thing in Europe, — the country around my Genevois château, in the blossoming time of May; and by one thing in America, — the home-coming. Eight years ago, travel in Canada was more comfortable and more secure than in the United States, and we were not surprised, therefore, to find many Europeans on their way to Japan and India, but we *were* surprised to discover that some of them had never thought it worth while to cross the line and catch a glimpse of the States. It came to us as something of a shock.

At the Pacific, there is choice of several routes to Japan. The Empress steamers, sailing from Vancouver, are said to be the best, and I believe they are still the quickest, making Yokohama in about ten days. But they go shiveringly near the Arctic Circle, and in the cabins the prevailing temperatures are better calculated, it is said, to please a Briton than an American. This, and the fact that we wanted to see Honolulu, sent us down to San Francisco, and the Japanese Line. On these steamers, the commander is an Englishman, but all the other officers, the crew and the stewards, are Japanese. It is an experience in silence to cross on such a boat. The little brown people go about their business with the precision of machines and the noiselessness of a pincushion. The only sounds, aside from the high-pitched American voices and the inopportune singing

of groups of missionaries, were the ship's bells, and from time to time the startling boom of the fire-alarm. The fire-drills were a regular part of the daily routine, and came, unexpectedly, at any moment. The Pacific is tremendously, almost hideously, lonely. We ploughed along for days without sighting a craft of any sort, and we came to realize the wisdom of these disturbing drills, for a burning, abandoned ship in mid-Pacific, even if all got off safely in little boats, would probably be followed by a tragedy not pleasant to contemplate.

Life on the Pacific is quite unlike any other experience. I had never loved the sea until I came to cross the Pacific. The seventeen days of the crossing were none too long. I understood why Robert Louis Stevenson took to cruising in the South seas, as the one possible road to health. The commander of the *Hong-Kong Maru* kept below 30°, and so out of the storm area. One sunny day succeeded another; each moonlight night seemed more beautiful than the last. The most obstreperous nerves were quieted, and the most active conscience lulled to sleep. We could have gone on indefinitely, sailing over a shimmering sea, which offered, it is true, nothing but monotony, nothing but gently swelling water and illimitable sky and undiscouraged sunshine and the recurrent mystery of night, but which gave a sense of immensity and of peace, and late each afternoon the subdued excitement of sailing over liquid gold towards the glory of a dying sun. These are the real schoolmasters for an alert, impressionable lad of seventeen, — the great mountains we had crossed, the boundless sea, the infinite, outstretched sky, the sun and moon and stars, — better far than anything we can give him indoors.

The ship's company, if it is not ungracious to say it, was less delightful than one could have wished. Most of the cabin passengers were missionaries. There were, of course, pleasant exceptions, but in the majority of cases, it seemed fatuous in the extreme to send them tinkering with anything so precious and so delicate as a human soul; I found myself honestly wondering how these people, had they remained at home, could have managed to make a living. But here they were, bent upon their errand of theoretical good will and actual potential harm, and supported by poor people at home who gave of their scanty means in the fond belief that they were serving God. I was once in a postal substation in the city of Washington, vainly trying to buy some stamps. The lady ahead of me unfortunately knew the clerk, and entered into such a lengthy conversation with him that finally I had to leave and forego my purchase. While I was still hopeful of success, however, I could not help overhearing the conversation. The lady was telling of a common friend who had gone out to Japan as a missionary and had labored valiantly against the Enemy of Souls for two long years. The listening clerk put the very practical question as to whether these labors had led to any conversions. The lady admitted regretfully that they had not, but added with returning cheerfulness that the missionary hoped eventually to make several. Then, in a burst of triumph, she recalled one achievement, that when he went to Japan, the men and women bathed together, and that now, by law, they were obliged to bathe separately. As this common bathing was quite free from scandal, our missionary's small share in bringing about the change seemed a pitiable harvest for two years' work conducted

at some one else's expense; and additionally pitiable when one pictured the lonely wife who probably shared his exile, and the little people who were being badly, ruinously brought up in order that their father might confuse the soul of a people whom he did not understand.

At Kiōto, the beautiful, I met an engaging young lady, who would, I think, have been successful in America, — in Japan she was restless and discontented. She was the daughter of the oldest missionaries in Kobe, and explained at great length to my brother and me how worthless the Japanese were, and how they imposed upon her father and mother on every possible occasion. It was different, she said, with her brother and herself. They never got imposed on, for they treated the people like the dirt under their feet! (I am quoting her exact words.) These experiences are also educative. Being myself a world-religionist, and believing in the immense sanctity of racial spiritual life, I naturally disbelieve in all proselyting effort. But even if I did sanction such spiritual intrusions, I should feel, from what I have seen of missionaries' children in this country and afield, that a success far greater than any we seem likely to achieve would be more than offset by the sacrifice of the children.

It was our limited good fortune to have about eighteen hours at Honolulu, the length of the steamer's call. But one really ought to stop over a boat, and have at least a week on the island. We made the most of our short stay, sleeping on the steamer, but dining and breakfasting on shore, and exploring as much of the city and its surroundings as the time allowed. There is a dominant luxury at Honolulu, the same luxury that

one finds at all well-situated tropical places, and that is the generous, uninterrupted fresh air. On every side there were open doors and open windows, and the gentle movement of delicious, uncontaminated fresh air. When I think of Honolulu, I involuntarily take a long breath, and see before me splashes of sunshine. It is a sophisticated place, but still interlayered with the primitive. On a pleasant side street in the residence section, we noticed a piano-box buggy and in it two lads of about twelve. They were handsome, brown little fellows, and were incommoded by only one garment, a pair of long white trousers. They looked comfortable and usual, but a trifle incongruous in anything so modern and so ugly as a piano-box buggy. One finds this same juxtaposition of old and new on all sides; and judging from the articles recently published, one would now find a similar incongruity of spiritual ideals, — old forms of social injustice face to face with our newer standards of social righteousness.

A short distance out from Honolulu, the steamer crosses the International Meridian, where the official day of the world begins. As we were traveling to the west, we lost a day. We went to sleep, if I remember rightly, on Tuesday evening and got up on Thursday morning. Had we been going to the east, we should, of course, have gained a day, going to bed on Tuesday evening, and getting up on Tuesday morning. Simple as it is, the experience is impressive. One gains a genuine sense of these big arrangements of time and space where before one had merely an intellectual apprehension. It may be boyish to require so literal an experience, but I confess that ever since our world-journey I have felt myself more convincingly orientated with respect to the

planet earth, and bear in my thought a more companionable and intimate image.

When the weather is clear, the first glimpse of Japan is the outline of her great snow-covered volcano, Fuji-yama. It is symbolic of Japan,—of her religion as well as of her art. During the short summer season when ascents are possible, at least ten thousand pilgrims climb the mountain. They do it, not as a mere exercise in mountain-climbing, but as a religious act, as a pilgrimage to the most exalted of Shintō shrines. They go to hold high converse with the gods. In the art of Japan, Fuji-yama figures with ever-recurrent variety. Her great artists, as well as her minor ones, have represented the sacred mountain in every possible light, at every season of the year, with almost every conceivable variety of foreground, until now her characteristic outline is familiar to the whole civilized world. For us the picture had come true and we were privileged to cross the actual foreground.

Some years before I went to Japan, an artist friend was looking with me at some prints by Hiroshige which I had pinned up on my walls. They meant little to me at that time, and I had always supposed the subjects to be imaginative. It gave me a curious jolt when my friend pointed to one of them and said, "Ah, that is in Tōkiō, and just over the hill, beyond the bridge, is where Mr. Fenollosa lives."

In reality, the most famous of these prints represent actual scenes, taken mostly from the old highroad, the Tokaidō, which joins Tōkiō and Kiōto, the former capital of the Shōguns and the historic capital of the Emperors. It was new to me, and may be to some readers, that these capitals of the new Japan and of the old are

really the same word, with a simple rearrangement of the syllables, — Tō-kiō and Kiō-to. The first jinricksha ride we took, after landing from the steamer, was along that slanting road near Yokohama, which is the scene of one of Hiroshige's loveliest prints. We hardly saw a group of natives that might not have been a print by Hokusai suddenly put into motion. The lovely women of Haronobu and the other painters of type-portraits were not so clearly in evidence, for the dress was gayer then than is now sanctioned by decorous Japanese society; but the gentle faces were much the same, and the beautiful old prints no longer seemed unreal and imaginative. It was difficult to realize that we were moving in a twentieth-century world and not in a timeless world of line and color. For Japan, outside of Tōkiō and the treaty ports, is precisely what it has been pictured, — the most essentially æsthetic corner of the globe. The sense of beauty, an ardent love of the beautiful, and the instinct to reproduce it, are in the Japanese blood. Smitten by the commercial spirit, the people now manufacture many articles which are not beautiful, which are indeed distinctly and painfully ugly, but they do not desecrate their own homes with them, — they sell them to Americans and Europeans. It is curious that when the Japanese dress in European style, they do it badly, even absurdly. Men who were immaculate in native dress appeared in shabby, shiny frock coats and disreputable bowlers without any apparent sense of unfitness. When dress-suits first thrust their ugliness upon Japan, Mr. Fenollosa told us that the Japanese gentlemen wore them without the customary linen, and the effect was very droll. It is the same with their houses. Nearly every progressive and well-to-do Japan-

ese gentleman has what he is pleased to call his European drawing-room, and those we saw were ugly beyond words. It is true that most of the furniture was made in Germany and was of an inferior grade. The Japanese had to take what the Tōkiō and Yokohama market afforded. But the explanation was more profound than this, and was a part of our education. That men who dressed in perfect taste in native garments, and whose lovely houses and gardens were faultless in every detail, should go so signally to pieces when they ventured outside their own æsthetic tradition, brought home to us anew the realization that no art can ever spring newborn from any individual or nation, but must result from a long and faithful quest of beauty covering many generations. Art, in a word, must be a tradition, a heritage, and must have back of it centuries of eager effort. The Japanese have this, and in their own field they have achieved the wonderful beauty of line and color for which they have for so many generations been working. But when they step outside of this tradition, they are entirely bewildered, and though we may properly call them the æsthetic successors of the Greeks, they nevertheless commit atrocities beyond our own power of offending. This came to me as something of a revelation, and I have pondered over it long and often.

We saw a school of modern painting at Uyeno Park in Tōkiō where native artists were taught to paint in Western style. The exhibition of their work was an occasion for laughter and for tears, but mostly for tears. Mr. Okakura has done much for his country, but his largest service has been his insistence that Japan should return in art to her own ideals and traditions and should not lightly throw over the æsthetic heritage of centuries

of effort and achievement. There are many fields of endeavor in which a man may, with large hope of success, strike out for himself, and along new and untried paths achieve service and distinction. This is notably true in science, in industry, and in agriculture. But it is not true in art. Here there is a racial psychology to which the artist must appeal, or, failing to appeal, may hope to please no one but himself.

And yet, curiously, while one nation may not successfully imitate the art of another nation, she may, if both are on a high plane of development, learn to appreciate it. It is notable that, in her superb achievement in line and color — in prints, in costume, in acting, in temple architecture, in bronze, in pottery, in embroidery, in lacquer-work, in carving, and in landscape gardening — Japan has been able to appeal not only to her own people, but also to the cultivated taste of Europe and America. The best art criticism of the world admits Japanese preëminence in these lines, and suggests the thought that she may here have transcended the bounds of purely racial tradition, and laid hold of universal æsthetic principles. I am not forgetting that the existence of such principles is still a matter of dispute, but I confess personally to have taken sides.

The literature and music of Japan have not attained a similar catholicity. As far as a stranger may judge, her literature has two great themes, the apotheosis of nature and the praise of sacrifice. But in neither case does Japan seem to touch the universal chord. Her nature literature, if it be fairly represented by such translations as are offered by way of example, strikes a Western mind as singularly meager and inadequate, for it adds little of the mood and temperament of the

writer, and reports only in mixed rhapsody and recital the elements in nature which might better be transcribed in line and color. In a word, it seems quite devoid of the spiritual charm of our English nature literature. Sacrifice has a universal appeal, but the Japanese conception of sacrifice seems to turn upon the willingness to give up life upon what seems to us insufficient motive, such as the famous story of the Forty Ronins, and similar tales of heroism. The topic is universal, but the appeal in this case is not. Nor does Japanese music have any charm for Western ears. The most popular instrument, the samisen, is feeble and monotonous to a degree. It is like a banjo, badly played and persisted in leagues beyond any possible encore. The orchestral music, as one hears it in the theater, is frankly distressing. It must, of course, be a source of pleasure to native ears, and the question naturally arises as to whether we might not, by proper cultivation, come to appreciate Japanese music just as we have learned to appreciate Japanese line and color work. But music, though one of the subtlest and most spiritual of the fine arts, — the art form in the cult of the Spirit, — is susceptible of very strict mathematical analysis, and such an analysis shows that our modern Western music is a product far in advance of anything evolved in Japan, or even in Greece. By careful study, we might come to understand Japanese music, but to prefer it to our own, or even perhaps to enjoy it at all, would mean a musical retrogression. After listening to a Beethoven symphony, Mr. Okakura once said to a companion, "This is perhaps the only art in which the West has gone farther than the East."

The Japanese spirit is at its best in line and color,

in the things that appeal to the eye. Our own conception of the artist is a man with eyes set far apart. In Japan all eyes are set far apart, and one might almost say that all are artists. As we came to know Japan, our sense of the omnipotence of tradition deepened, and we slowly realized that in spite of her æsthetic preëminence, Japan, even in art, has originated nothing, but has borrowed everything. The sources of Japanese art are across the water, in China. In Japan, everything that is correct, or "classical," is plainly Chinese. In some things, Japan has notably outdistanced her teacher, but in other lines, as in jade-carving and in pottery, she has not equaled her, — in no case, I believe, has she broken with her. I am not reciting these well-known facts in disparagement of Japanese art, for it seems to me, in point of absolute refinement, quite the best thing that the world has to offer; but only in confirmation of that discovery which so touched our own spirit, the discovery of the necessity for race effort, and the potency of race tradition. It is a lesson which we of the New World especially need to lay to heart.

We had only three months in Japan, and so we spent them, as persons of limited means ought, upon a few choice things, rather than superficially, upon many things. We did not attempt to "do" Japan. Out of our limited purse of days, we gave a fortnight to Tōkiō; nine days to the temples of the Tokagawa Shōguns and the solemn cryptomeria forests at Nikkō; one whole wonderful month to Kiōto, the beautiful, the Firenze of Japan; and the rest of the time to Kamakura, to Miyonoshita, to Hakone, to Myojima, to Enoshima, to Nagoya, to Nara, to Kobe, to Osaka, — to places that merited a week or even a month each, and got only a few

days or a few hours. Letters of introduction are very useful in Japan, as elsewhere, for they open the doors to many pleasant experiences, to glimpses of home life, to ceremonial dinners, to private collections, to native industries and schools. But these letters would better be to Japanese than to expatiated Americans, for, as I have pointed out, the latter are apt to be malcontents and criers-down. There are, of course, shabby sides to Japanese life, and the traveler who asks direct questions, or goes shopping, will discover at least two of them. He will learn that as a rule the Japanese do not tell the truth, and that the shopkeepers may be trusted to misrepresent. One incident will illustrate both qualities. When we first reached Tōkiō, and my ignorance of Japanese wares and ways was still profound, I ventured to buy a large piece of embroidery, about the size of an ordinary door, and valued it the more because the shopkeeper, on being questioned, assured me that it was very old. I pinned it up on the wall of my room. A Japanese gentleman called upon me shortly afterwards and could hardly avoid noticing my newly acquired treasure. As he had been at one time the Director of the Imperial Museum, and was a known authority on art, I seized the opportunity to ask his opinion of the embroidery and its age. He examined it with every show of seriousness, and pronounced it very pretty and very old. Later, I discovered, of course, that it was only moderately pretty and very new. When I asked an experienced countryman for an explanation, the reply was that my kind visitor had lied to me for two reasons. In the first place, he easily saw that I much wanted to believe my treasure old, and so it had seemed to him more courteous to say that it was old; and in the second

place, he did not wish me, as a serious traveler, who might report his impressions, to believe that the Japanese would lie, *for profit*. In general, I found that the upper-class Japanese will lie with as little hesitation as a conscientious New Englander shows in expressing a disagreeable truth; but they do it to further what they believe to be your greater pleasure, and not for petty ends of their own; it is merely a part of the national etiquette. The shopkeepers lie for precisely the same reason that shopkeepers in other parts of the world do, — to make the readier sale.

Every prudent collector soon learns to bear in mind that the Japanese are singularly expert in all manner of forgeries. They have produced iron saki pots, for example, bearing the signature of old masters, so cleverly done as to deceive the Japanese themselves. Modern prints are put out with every sign of age and genuineness, — worm-holes, discolorations, damage, imperfections. Even during the lifetime of a popular artist, forged examples of his work are sold in not too-near markets. But reprehensible as these things are, they are not confined to the Far East, and they do not alter the fact that both original and copy are objects of real and abiding beauty.

Not all Japanese shopping is vulgar. It has its delicacies. Many a proprietor of some small curio-shop has a passion for beauty quite equal to your own. He hoards his most precious wares, not even deigning to display them to any but appreciative eyes. It is not until you have given evidence of taste that the best things are brought forward. You must go twice, sometimes three times to a shop before you are allowed to see the very best, and meanwhile you must affect entire

indifference to the allurement of the second-best. But neither is this peculiar to Japan. In buying horses, I also find it discreet to pass over the animals which the dealer most urges upon my attention, and to devote myself to the sounder stock which he keeps in the background.

But a Japanese auction is the height of delicacy. While we were living in Kiōto, a handsome Japanese boy presented himself one morning at our hotel, with a note asking if it would not interest us to attend an auction then in progress. The note was from an American, whom we had not met, but who had come to know of our being in the city and had offered himself as guide. We were soon in his company and en route. We found a sizable building which was or had been a private dwelling. Now the rooms were scantily filled with various beautiful objects, and Japanese collectors were quietly moving from room to room. What struck us most was the silence, — no one extolled the wares, no one invited a bid. In each room a silent clerk sat on the floor warming his fingers over an hibachi and sipping his cup of clear, unsweetened tea. An inconspicuous notebook was somewhere about his person. Each article was numbered. If you cared to bid for it, you wrote down your name and address, together with the number of the article and the amount you were willing to pay. Then you left this memorandum with the silent clerk and went home. If your bid turned out to be the highest, the coveted article was sent to your house and you paid for it. This seemed to me a distinct refinement over our own noisier method.

After the auction, we went with our guide to his very charming Japanese house. It contained many more arti-

cles than is customary in a native house, and differed from any house I had then ever been in, in the fact that every article in the house was for sale, — we were face to face with that peculiar institution of the East, the social trader. I have since been in similar houses in America, and I confess that they give me a strange sensation. Few of these Japanese goods had come from the auction rooms, for the native collectors are willing to pay such high prices for really good things that not even a trader selling to Americans can afford to compete.

The genuinely fine things in Japan are not on sale, — many of them are not even in the museums. They are scattered about in quiet Japanese homes, or safely stored away in family godowns. While we were in Tōkiō, we went one cloudy afternoon to call on an old Japanese nobleman, Viscount Fukuoka. He received us in the customary European drawing-room, but even here a few rare prints had found their way. After the introductory formalities, the Viscount led the way into the native part of the house, and here we passed slowly from one simple, beautiful room to another, sitting for a while in each that we might enjoy its one or two art treasures. In one room, it was a lovely jade vase from China that claimed our attention; in another, a kakemono of the early school; in a third, a wonderful gilt screen painted by the master-artist, Korin. In the last apartment of all, in the upper story, a maid removed the shogi that formed the outer side of the room in order that we might see the garden, and beyond, the low, gray-roofed city. At that very moment, the clouds parted, and the golden sunlight of late afternoon swept over the incomparable outline of Fuji-yama. It was a

dramatic outburst of beauty, as if the old Viscount had saved this loveliest picture of them all until the last. He himself was a worthy part of the foreground, a dignified, benignant figure in dull blue silk and black, a follower of the high moralities of Confucius.

The great lesson of Japan is æsthetic, — it is her mastery of line and color. But she has other lessons to teach, and one of the most notable of these is her conception of the state, and her subordination of the individual to the state.

While we were in Tōkiō, we had an opportunity to see the late Emperor. It was his birthday, and he was reviewing the troops on the military ground outside the city. The Imperial Pavilion stood next to that provided for the embassies, and so we had a chance to watch the Emperor at not over sixty feet distance. It was just before the Russian War, and national feeling ran very high; but it was in the midst of the most profound silence that the Emperor arrived and entered the pavilion. It was in the same complete silence that he later made the rounds of the great plain, and sat on his black thoroughbred as the soldiers filed by. Silence and averted eyes, — I did not know how amazingly impressive they could be. To the majority of the people the Emperor was still a sacred person, somewhat akin to deity, and not to be looked upon unabashed. He was an extremely large man, with a fine forehead and eyes. The lower part of his face was a little heavy and he sat his horse awkwardly, but even into our stanch republican hearts there came the feeling that we were in a notable presence. We saw before us the extraordinary, incarnate idea of the state, and we felt its immense continuity.

Some weeks later when we were at Kiōto, and journeying one day over the pass to the beautiful Lake Biwa, we noticed a small Japanese house most bravely decorated with flying banners and bright-colored streamers and gay flowers. Some important fête was evidently in progress. One of the jinricksha-men explained to us that the owners were very poor people, but they had spent all they had, and incurred a burdensome debt which it would take them all winter to pay off, in order to make this demonstration. Their son, it seems, had been drafted into the army, and was leaving them that night. They wished to express in this gay festival their deep sense of the honor which had been done them by the Emperor in thus allowing their son to serve him. I have often wondered whether the boy lived to come back to them. It seemed to me that they deserved such good fortune. It was easy, even then, to predict the outcome of the war.

One result of this complete and utter subordination of the individual to the state is that, as a nation, Japan is simply wonderful, perhaps the most homogeneous nation of modern times, the most devoted, and, for her numbers and resources, the most invincible. Another result is that, as individuals, the Japanese are as a rule much less interesting than their neighbors in China and India. They can imitate, adapt, follow, but they seem lacking in originality, and once outside their own institutions and traditions, they seem to go to pieces more rapidly and completely than other foreigners. When I lived in California, I seldom heard a word in favor of the Japanese, and never once, I believe, a single word against a Chinaman. I hear that the Japanese are giving a somewhat better account of themselves in Hawaii.

This may be because of their greater segregation there, and the resulting sense of communal responsibility. The Japanese "problem" seems to me to lie just here, — how can such a people adapt themselves to the individualism of modern Western ideas, and maintain their own moral integrity? I, for one, feel that we who helped to press this problem upon them ought to be very patient, and ready to help, rather than revile.

Religion seems to be a very real thing in Japan, and to have a genuine hold upon the people. This is true of both Buddhism and Shintōism, and apparently there is no present antagonism between the two faiths. In Kiōto, we lived at the Yami Hotel, on the hillside overlooking the city. Next to us were the Temple of Chionin and its wonderful garden. Whenever we went down into the city, — and that was practically every day, — we passed through the garden and drank in the beauty of the temple and its setting; and every day the bells of Chionin sounded in our ears and called to gentle worship. There are few more beautiful things in the world than an old Buddhist temple, especially when the temple is in the midst of a lovely garden, and the garden is on a hillside. At Nikkō the temples are in themselves such amazing works of art that the Japanese have the well-known proverb, "See Nikkō, and die"; but both temples and tombs owe much of their splendid effectiveness to their location on a picturesque mountain-side, to the lovely gardens which surround them, and to the majestic cryptomeria which tower over everything. At Chionin the beauty is of a lower pitch, but so exquisite and so intimate that I felt I should like to touch it, to pass my hand over the velvet browns of the low, down-sloping roof, to handle appreciatively the

lacquer-work of the altar, to rest my body against the rich foliage of the garden. I think that when the time comes, I should like to die in some such garden, and after my friend had ceased to speak and his farewell was safe within my soul, to feel only the pressure of his hand, and to hear the bells of Chionin grow fainter and fainter, as I passed on into the Great Peace.

The worshipers in these Buddhist temples, and at the many Shintō shrines, — if I mistake not, many went with equal reverence from one to the other, — seemed gentle and sincere, and to judge from their faces, carried God's peace away with them. It is an enlarging experience to feel that no temple, no holy place, is alien, but that at each one may stop and worship and come away refreshed.

I have called Kiōto the Firenze of Japan, for here one drinks in the aroma of a grandeur that is past and of a beauty that endures. At one time the city is supposed to have sheltered nearly two million people, and almost to have filled the mountain-encircled plain. Now it has shrunk to perhaps one tenth its former size. The frail Japanese houses leave no traces when they disappear, no crumbling chimney, no hole in the ground that was once a cellar, nothing but the smooth green earth which is once more free of them. But the beautiful temples remain. They, too, are of wood, and all too frail, but pious hands take care of them, and repair them, and renew them. The lovely old temple gardens are still the abode of orderliness and of peace. We drove for miles in our jinrickshas through silent green fields from one of these oases of the spirit to another. As mountain and forest add their own impressiveness to the temples at Nikkō, and hillside and garden to Chionin,

so here the silence and the sunny green fields touch one deeply as one goes from lonely temple to lonely temple. Once they were part of a great throbbing city, the city of the Mikado; once they were thronged by multitudes of worshipers. Now city and Emperor and worshipers have receded like an outgoing tide, and these temples stand alone. They reminded me of those wonderful Greek temples at Pesto, now standing in the midst of green fields and olive orchards where once a busy Latin seaport thronged about them, and companies of the homesick children of Greece came to pour out their worship and their nostalgia.

We carried a letter of introduction to a rare old Buddhist priest at one of the loveliest and most isolated of these deserted temples. We could not gain access to him, or make the young acolyte understand our errand; so later, we wrote a letter asking the old man to dine with us at our hotel. We understood that he liked occasionally to make these slight excursions into the outer world. We kept our tryst, my brother and I, and there was a third cover at table, but our guest did not come, —he had gained Nirvana six months previously.

When our month at Kiōto ended, we turned away with genuine regret. We had learned to love the city, but not to know her. We felt that we had only penetrated to the threshold. The real Kiōto lies beyond, undiscoverable to the Western spirit, even though every door had been thrown wide open. Lafcadio Hearn, among Americans, came the nearest to understanding the spirit of Japan. All his books are illuminating, but "Japan: an Interpretation," published shortly after our visit, remains the spiritual guide to Japan. I have only been able to touch upon the profound impression which

Japan made upon us. In three months one can see only a small fraction of her beauty, and in the deeper matters of the spirit can gain only occasional glimpses. And yet, as a personal experience in education, Japan has not yet spent herself, and I know that each day we are a little different from having been there.

China, I regret to say, had no direct message. Our glimpse was too brief, and the conditions were not favorable. It was shortly after the Boxer uprising, and it was neither agreeable nor wholly safe to go about at all freely. We saw Shanghai, lived a few days at Hongkong, and had a genuinely interesting visit to Canton. But we did not meet the Chinese, beyond, of course, our several guides and a few shopkeepers. But what we saw whetted our appetite for more, and we shall never be quite contented, I suppose, until we have seen Peking and come to know some representative Chinamen in their own homes. In Canton I saw a man whose thoughts I should much like to have shared. He was apparently a man of distinction. He was dressed in beautiful dark silks, and rode in an inclosed chair which had much the air of a limousine. I caught a glimpse of his face as our own open chairs swung past his, and never in any human face have I seen more active dislike and more contempt. We were evidently "foreign devils" to him, as well as to his more ignorant countrymen. I should much like to have known just what he was thinking, and of what he accused us. Our glimpse of China was meager in the extreme, but it was valuable, for through it we annexed a new empire of interest. The present stirring news finds us eager listeners, and less uncomprehending perhaps than we should otherwise have been.

Hongkong is, of course, English, and one may suitably pause here to make a couple of practical remarks. The first and more important one is that we bought our tickets completely around the world, — from Boston to Boston, — and that we should hardly do it again. It would be considerably wiser to buy a ticket to Hongkong, with stop-over privileges en route, then to London, and finally home. One grows wiser as the journey advances, and by this recommended plan one can have somewhat more freedom as to routes. The expense would be very little greater. The second remark is merely curious. At Hongkong it is impossible, or was eight years ago, to stop at a hotel for a single day. You may have only dinner, a bed, and breakfast, but your bill will be for two days. The inverted logic is that you arrived yesterday and leave to-day, therefore you have enjoyed their hospitality for two days. By arriving at 12.01 A.M. and leaving at 11.59 P.M. one might, I suppose, be a one-day guest, but the hours do not appeal to the majority of travelers. I hope that the custom has changed, for, in addition to the injustice, it produces an irritation which is neither flattering to the city nor wholesome for the guest.

To have read Kipling, and especially "Kim" and the "Plain Tales from the Hills," will make a man at home in India from the very start. It will even let itself be felt at Hongkong in making one decide to take a P. & O. steamer for Colombo. Ours chanced to be a small one. There were only twelve passengers, and one of them, poor lady, died en route, and was buried early one morning in the shimmering, tepid waters of the Bay of Bengal. As we had no storms and loitered longer at Singapore and Penang than larger steamers would have done,

we found the choice fortunate. It gave us, among other things, a chance to know the officers, and they were worth study. They were outwardly such decent fellows, — they dressed for dinner every evening and read the Anglican service on deck of a Sunday morning, — but all the while they were so persistently and unnecessarily rude. That the captain told me I ought to be boiled in oil for having my brother study French at sea, I regarded, of course, as a mere British pleasantry and took no offense. But in all their talk there lurked a disagreeable sneer, not only against America and Americans, but against all the rest of the world not of their own nationality. It seemed too bad to have traveled so extensively and to have remained so hopelessly insular. With these object-lessons before us, we were moved to cultivate the cosmopolitan spirit with assiduity and effectiveness. *To move forward freely, each in his own path.*

One of the most interesting books for a traveler in the Far East is the well-known work by Meredith Townsend, "Europe and Asia." I have read it twice, and each time have been struck with the shrewdness of his observations and the range of his facts. After an intimate contact with the East covering many years, he reached the conclusion that Asia will never be Europeanized, a conclusion which naturally seemed to us very wise, since it agreed with our own. But he draws a further conclusion which we could not share; he regards this essential and irremediable divergence as unfortunate. To me it is a distinct cause for gratitude. It is not, for a moment, that Asia is better than Europe, but rather that excellence is not all of one pattern. It is no more desirable that all nations should be

alike than it is that all persons should be alike. Think how tiresome it would be if all the world seemed to come from Hoboken, — or even from Boston! One of the grave objections to our present very inadequate scheme of elementary education is that it crushes individuality, and gives us a lot of dull and hopelessly commonplace persons. Europe is still a distinctly more interesting place than America. Our own wiseacres are forever saying that one ought to see one's own country first, and they say it with particular emphasis if they have never been abroad and know very little of America into the bargain. But the truth is that we are not much to see, just because we are so distressingly uniform. When you have seen one town in New England, one in the Middle States, one in the South, one in the Middle West, one in the arid districts, one in southern California, and one on the North Pacific Coast, you have practically seen all. In the matter of houses we have five easily recognizable types, — Colonial, Bungalow, Italian, Queen Anne, and Carpenter and Builder, — with the latter much predominating. There is a particular model of the modern Colonial which can be found at Battle Creek, San Antonio, Jacksonville, and hundreds of other places. Arrive after dark and enter one of these houses, and you could not guess the section, to say nothing of the state. This uniformity is due to our newness and our quick prosperity, — we have done so much in such a short while, — but it is not admirable. It is admittedly tiresome, and our people are beginning to find it so. They are beginning to care to meet local conditions, to evolve a suitable architecture, and to have regard for home-made, hand-made things. This is what Europe was obliged to do. She grew up before the

time of railroads. Towns separated by thirty miles were a full day's journey apart, and the roads did not encourage the transportation of heavy goods. And so local art and architecture and craftsmanship were the inevitable and beautiful result. When you have seen one town in Europe, you have not seen another. In less than an hour's journey, you are in the presence of a new individuality. Under these circumstances, it is not unpatriotic, but merely truthful to admit that it is more profitable to see the older countries first; to go where men have been longer at work; and where for the expenditure of the same time and money, one can get the larger return in impressions and sound instruction. I am optimistic enough to believe that this raw transition period in America is going to blossom into something very fine, and that we are going to regain and heighten the interest and individuality of our forefathers without resuming their prejudices and mistakes. But this is not inevitable. We do not get anything without working for it. We had to work to make the world what it is, — we have still got to work to make it better. A boy ought to come home from the world-journey that truer type of man, a cosmopolite, at home everywhere, and to whom no man is a "foreigner." As Baha'u'llah says, "Let not a man so glory in this, that he loves his country; but let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind!" Such a boy will be the better American, and will render the more effective, because the more intelligent, service.

In India, one learns this great lesson of intellectual and spiritual toleration. Even Islam seems in India to have lost much of its characteristic fanaticism. But the dominant force is not Islam, but Hinduism, and the

keynote of Hinduism is its universality, its immense toleration. It is a religion without a creed, a cult whose initial command is that the disciple must even oppose his own master until persuaded of the unescapable truth of his teaching. It may be different in the remote villages, but the Hindus whom we met felt no antagonism to Christianity. On the contrary, they welcomed it as Europe's mode of seeking God. The Hindu does not see a very attractive side of Christianity. He sees it as the cult of a conquering people who treat him as a rule with scant consideration and courtesy. The Anglican contempt for the Indian, as a being both inferior and different, extends as well to his religion and philosophy. One who visits India in the true spirit of the student must be careful to keep his poise. He cannot know India any more than he can know Japan, — I seriously doubt whether a Westerner ever penetrates into the mysteries of the Asiatic soul; but he will gain more, I think, if he associates sparingly with the small army of English office-holders, the governing class which rules India every winter, and goes back to England every summer; and tries instead to know the educated natives.

It was our good fortune to have introductions to a remarkable group of men and women in Calcutta, who showed us somewhat of the inner heart of India, and who, though Hindus, sent us with equal enthusiasm to Budh-Gaya, the most sacred spot on earth in the view of the Buddhist world, and to Benares, their own Holy City. Our guide was a devout Hindu, who was, I think, the most essentially religious man I have ever known. Religion was to him a matter of his whole being, a concern of the whole twenty-four hours. He has now passed

into the great experience of the Hereafter. Perhaps what touched me most about him was his frank delight in Budh-Gaya, and his immense reverence for it. It will be remembered that Buddha here gained Enlightenment, his great lesson of compassion for all created life. There is a very ancient temple, and the famous railing of Asoka, and within the railing a vigorous tree which is supposed to be a descendant of the very Bo-tree under which Lord Buddha sat. In point of numbers, Buddhism is still the leading religion of the world, and this spot, therefore, to a majority of all worshipers, is the most Holy Place on earth. One cannot stand unworshipful at such a spot, or go away unmoved and unchastened. This alone would make it consecrated. It is additionally sacred when one recalls the elevated teachings of Buddha, and recognizes in them the source of an important element in our own Christian cult.

We are prone to forget the size of India, for we commonly see it represented by maps of so much smaller scale that its real dimensions do not strike the imagination. I want sometime to see a beautiful atlas published in which all the countries of the world shall be represented on the same scale, the same detail given for each, and the same comparative facts. We think of India as populous, but we hardly remember that she has about four times the population of our own United States. We think of plague and famine as disasters, and forget that they are always on, and that it is only when they become acute that we hear of them. We picture India as rich, spectacularly rich, and do not realize that every night the sun goes down upon millions of hungry human beings. It is not too much to say that every moment some one in India is dying of hunger. In our own

short stay of two months we covered something like four thousand miles, entering at Tuticorin, going up the east coast to Calcutta and Darjeeling, crossing the empire through the line of cities, — Benares, Agra, Delhi, Lucknow, Jaipur, Ajmir, — and going out from Bombay. We saw but a fraction of India, but we tried, as far as we could, to catch the spirit of her national life, her worship and her art. I can imagine nothing more instructive than to go from Japan to India. In Japan we saw a country where the nation is everything, and the individual nothing; a country therefore intensely interesting as a whole, but bewildering in the matter of persons. In India it is the reverse. In India there is no genius for nationality, for association, for coöperation. Her history is one of turmoil. She has always been the victim of internal dissensions or of foreign invasion. To-day less than half a million Englishmen govern and hold in subjection four hundred million natives, — one Anglo-Saxon to eight hundred Indians. And it will be so for many generations to come. India may gain a limited home rule under England, or may, in the shifting chances of European politics, even change her masters, but that will be all. She is not a whole in the sense that Japan is a whole, or even in the sense that we are. She is an immense aggregation of individuals, and this is the secret of her weakness as a nation, and her interestingness as a people. When you think of India you may think of her vast size, of her magnificent mountains, of her huge temples, of her troubled history, of her present masters, of their difficult problems; but this is not your inmost thought. The real India is a spiritual company, individual seekers after God, who have such small turn for administration

and economics because they are absorbed in the greater passion. There is something very fine in all this. But to the English, with their genius for governing and for all practical affairs, it is apt to be simply irritating and the evidence of a national incompetence. Here there is a capital chance for education in judgment. A people may properly be criticized for not going in for a thing known to be admirable, and may be justly condemned, but they must never be accounted incompetent because they fail to attain something which they never set out to attain. India never attempted preëminence in practical things. Her quest has always been for the things of the spirit. From the Anglo-Saxon point of view, both American and English, India allows far too much physical suffering, allows too many to die of plague and starvation, and it is inevitable that Indian thought should materially suffer from this too-great divorce between spirit and body. In spite of its subtlety and its many victories, it strikes one as lacking in robustness, as putting too much emphasis upon another world, and too little upon this.

My own circle of Indian friends were of the modern school, many of them nationalists who cherished the illusion of a self-governing India. They felt one and all that India's present needs are practical, and that she especially needs a fuller knowledge of natural science and its application to the affairs of daily life. They were particularly keen for industrial education. I am tempted to quote one incident which gave me much pleasure personally, but the credit of which belongs wholly to circumstances. The Sister Nivedita asked of me, as she did of all earnest visitors, some service for her beloved India. She would have preferred to have me

remain as tutor to one of the native princes, and consequent educational director of a native state. As this was quite impossible, she decided that in the short time at our disposal my largest service would be to submit to a searching interview on the subject of manual training and modern technical education. We spent a busy afternoon together. Those who have read Nivedita's brilliant books about Indian life can readily imagine the skill with which she put this voluminous material into shape. It was published in "The Statesman," and afterwards reprinted in pamphlet form, and sent, I believe, to all the native princes. As a result, a number of native students were sent to Europe and America. Two or three years later, one of these men fell into my own hands in Boston, and through the generosity of Mrs. Shaw was able to carry Mr. Larsson off to India to conduct normal classes in sloyd for the native teachers. Still a year or two later, a letter from India told me that thirteen hundred children were under instruction in the one state. By this time I suppose that several thousand Indian children are having manual training as a direct result of Sister Nivedita's timely act. My own share in this big harvest was infinitesimal. I found a loaded gun already aimed, and was permitted, by kind chance, to pull the trigger.

It is difficult even for a sympathetic Anglo-Saxon always to be patient with this preoccupation of the Indian mind. In Calcutta, for example, it is hot even in midwinter, and you must drive everywhere. You get into a cab, give your directions to the driver, and start off hopefully. After a time the driver turns around and asks you where you want to go. Then he drives somewhere in the desired neighborhood and by dint of ask-

ing two or even three persons, finally lands you at your destination, invariably late for your engagement. In Paris, a driver who failed to take you by the most direct route to any city address would run the risk of losing his license. When I complained of the Calcutta cab-drivers, Nivedita told me that they had more important things to think about than my poor little errands; that they were engaged in spiritual meditation. Now between cab-driving and spiritual meditation there is no question as to which is the higher employment, but one must still do what one pretends to do.

It may be that this neglect of the body and this preoccupation with the things of the spirit have led India to do so little in art. Her temples are among the most ancient and most interesting in the world; they speak of many things, and possess many qualities of distinction; but they are not beautiful. Their builders seem to have realized the effectiveness of large masses, boldly employed, but they failed apparently to have any conception of the pure beauty of line and form and color. We saw many impressive things in India, but aside from her immense natural beauty, — such incomparable scenes, for example, as the Himalayas from Darjeeling, — we saw nothing beautiful of purely Indian, that is to say, Hindu, origin. At the technical school in Madura, the kind director showed us some objects of rare ugliness which he was having his Indian boys innocently make, explaining with pride that the work was Gothic design with Dravidian detail. The results were singularly bad. We felt a genuine sympathy with the spiritual life of India, a genuine interest in her wonderful historic monuments, and for her people, the affection of a genuine friendship. It seemed strange to me

then, and it seems more strange to me now as I think about it, that these highly developed, spiritually minded Aryan people should have so little sense of the beautiful. Their personal dress was in some cases exquisite, but the national defect in æsthetic apprehension showed itself in the mounting of gems and in those minor forms of craftsmanship and decoration which reveal a true perception of beauty. After Japan, the Indian wares were clumsy, almost repulsive.

I am not forgetting Agra, and that wonderful Taj Mahal which is among the most beautiful buildings in the world. But it is not Indian. It is the work of a Moslem invader, the Shah Jehan, and owes much of its rare beauty, its marble, lace-like screen, its delicate arabesques of inlaid jewels, to a French artist who was pressed into service. It is also significant, I think, that the Taj Mahal is essentially individualistic. It was built by one man to express his love for one woman. It is no less beautiful because it is both exotic and personal. On the latter ground, its beauty is even more touching. But it is not Indian. It is also worth mentioning that in a country whose princes are notoriously rich in gems and other personal and individual impedimenta, it remained for the stranger from overseas, the Englishman, to rescue the Taj Mahal from decay and restore it to its original loveliness. We reached Agra in the morning, and with difficult self-control, kept away from the Taj until the proper hour, towards sunset. Then we saw it at its best, and later, by moonlight. In the early morning the impression was still different.

In this rapid survey of the journey across India, it is only possible, perhaps only desirable, to record general impressions, but I must not omit two small incidents

at our port of exit, Bombay. It is the city of the Parsees, and we had the advantage, through an advance letter, of winning friendship and hospitality among them. They number, in the entire empire, only about half a million, so that numerically speaking they are an insignificant sect among the greater sects of India. But they are so intelligent, so rationalistic, so competent that they seemed to exert an influence quite out of proportion to their numbers. We visited their remarkable Pestalozzi school, where object-teaching was carried to the verge of dizziness; we walked with them by the sea, at the hour of sunset prayer; we looked upon the outside of their curious burial ghat, where the naked dead are exposed to vultures, and listened to their explanation of its democratic purpose, that in death all shall stand upon the same footing; we were twice the guests of a charming Parsee gentleman and his beautifully dressed daughters. The whole was a brief experience, — a matter of only a few days, — but it added a new knowledge and therefore a new interest.

The second incident was an affair of a few moments, but the memory remains well rooted, for we had an opportunity to observe with our own eyes that splendid Anglo-Saxon sense of justice which has made England respected, the world over, even when her lack of sympathy and consideration has not allowed her to be loved. We were invited to attend a session of the High Court, and chanced upon the final scene in a famous suit, with the details of which we were already familiar. An Indian editor, a most outspoken nationalist and bitter opponent of British rule, had been practically persecuted for two years by a group of his own countrymen. A native court had, for reasons best known to itself, sustained the

grave and absurd charges brought against him, and had rendered judgment involving imprisonment. The case was appealed from Poonah to the High Court at Bombay. It remained for an English judge, in a wonderful summing-up of the case, to expose the absurdity of the proceedings in the lower native court, to reverse its decision, and to set a man free who was probably as obnoxious to the Government as any man then living in India. For manners, I might turn to some other nationality, but for justice, I should prefer to take my chances with an Englishman.

It was early in March when we boarded the *Persia* and turned once more to the West. As that is the season when Anglo-Indian officials, fortunate enough to have leave of absence, start for home, — England always remained home, — we found ourselves in the midst of the governing classes. It goes without saying that as individuals many of them were agreeable, delightful persons, and devoted in a large way to their self-imposed task. But the price, the price which England pays for trying to govern so much of the rest of the world, seemed to my anti-imperialistic mind, excessive and unwarranted. It was a small world, full of petty distinctions and insular prejudices, the sort of parochialism which one would have to fight very shy of, if one were to deserve to be called educated. The majority of these "Builders of Empire" appeared to be ill in body or soul, or both. By comparison, they made my Hindu saint, possessed of little beyond his spiritual appreciation, and the immense leisure which belongs to all who refrain from interfering with other people, seem singularly and surprisingly wealthy.

In March it is pleasant sailing across the Indian

Ocean and up the Red Sea. After the tepid atmosphere of Bombay it was a welcome tonic to breathe the invigorating air of the open sea. But at Suez we met with a grave disappointment, which I only mention because it is a type of thing which the world-journeyer must learn to meet and accept with such grace as he can command. At Suez we learned that an Indian postal clerk on the *Persia* had been removed at Aden on account of an illness which later proved to be the plague, and that as far as Egypt was concerned, we were all quarantined. This meant that we must either spend from eight days to two weeks in detention at Moses' Wells, or must go directly on to Europe. As my brother and I had suffered one quarantine at Kandy, we had not the heart to meet another, and so transferred ourselves to the speedy but very agitated and uncomfortable little steamer which rushes the Indian mail over to Brindisi, and the London express. Our regret was the keener because, in giving up Egypt, we also gave up Palestine and Greece. We tried to comfort ourselves, and on the whole successfully, with the thought that after such tremendous experiences as Japan, China, and India, it might be well to leave Egypt, Palestine, and Greece until another time. To visit six such countries in one winter and spring might easily confuse the stoutest heart.

The trip through Italy, up to Buda-Pesth, and across middle Europe, is quite as wonderful in its way as the less usual visit to the Far East, provided, of course, that one goes as a student and not as a mere sight-seer; but it is too well known to require even casual mention.

I am placing so much stress upon the world-journey as the best possible education for a lad between seventeen and eighteen, because its value has been so largely

overlooked. I always add that he must go in suitable company and as a serious student, not as a globe-trotter bent only upon a good time. There are many persons in our very rich country who could easily afford to give their sons such a trip. And there are many parents who could profitably undertake such a journey with their boy, and shake off some of their own provincialism and small-mindedness while they are helping him to accomplish the same gracious task. It is vastly better for a lad of parts to spend three years at the high school in hard work, and then one year in intelligent travel, than to devote four years to the school and adolescent distractions, and then go directly to college. This presupposes, of course, that he has been properly brought up. If the lad is a simpleton or a hopeless snob, it makes small difference where he is or what he does.

I realize, of course, that the rank and file of our American people cannot afford even two thousand dollars to send a boy around the world, and particularly if there are several children to be educated. I realize that many of them cannot even send the boy to college; that they have no choice, — that they must send him at once to work. When our industrial life is organized according to some adequate social plan and purpose, when we have approached what Mr. Wells happily calls "the Great State," some such educational programme will be increasingly possible for all promising boys. But meanwhile the majority of our high-school graduates are not in a position to travel. At seventeen they generally possess a limited wardrobe, a few Christmas books, a bicycle, a cheap rifle, a mandolin, a tool

or two, considerable half knowledge, and a large stock of small and false ideas of life. In a word, a typical middle-class lad of seventeen is excessively crude and provincial. The question at issue is whether this liberating principle of the *Wanderjahr* can be applied to a boy of very limited means, one whose possessions do not exceed those I have just named. I am disposed to think that it can, and with gratifying success. The first condition is that the boy shall have a firm hold upon the idea. It is one of the glorious things about America that nowhere else, perhaps, can the possessor of an idea more freely and more easily put it to the test of action. And the tragedy is that so few of our lads have any big ideas of life to try out!

Given the idea, our lad must, with the help of an older and wiser friend, look over the field of possibilities and decide which offers the most fruitful prospect. If the lad has been brought up in town, a very obvious move would be to seek a year in the country. In many cases, an uncle or a cousin or a grandfather, who still sticks to the farm, would be glad to receive such a guest; and the lad could, by wholesome outdoor work, pay for his board, and possibly in harvest time do a little better. If there is no such convenient relative, it is nearly always possible by judicious inquiry to find a reputable family who would serve instead. If the boy has been brought up in the country, a glimpse of city life in winter, under wholesome conditions, would be highly instructive. For the rest of the year, he might profitably seek another section of the country. It is an excellent thing for a Southern boy to go North, for a Northern boy to go West, for a Western boy to go to an older community. In many cases, our American families still

have relatives in Europe who would be genuinely glad to welcome a boy of the New World for several months or a year, and have him share their daily life of work and play. In some cases, cousins could change places for a time, and not only benefit by the change, but also strengthen those family bonds which distance is so sure to weaken.

If the lad is of a more adventurous turn of mind, it is often possible to find him a place on a surveying party, or a berth with a decent captain starting on a long voyage, or a post on some upland ranch where he can for a time play cowboy in earnest. All these plans have their dangers, both physical and moral, — but life itself is dangerous. The plan presupposes two things: first, that the lad, at seventeen, has developed enough intelligence and physique and moral fiber to look after himself under all ordinary conditions; and secondly, that, wherever he goes in quest of wholesome adventure, he will be under the eye of some trustworthy counselor who will help him get the good out of the adventure and avoid any neighboring harm. There are plenty of scoundrels in the world, but happily there are many more decent persons. The majority may be commonplace, and incapable themselves of originating any novel plan of life, but a surprising number will play up to a big idea, if they once apprehend it. At the present moment there must be in the United States a million or two boys between seventeen and eighteen years of age. If this scheme of the *Wanderjahr* could be taken hold of by these boys and their parents and teachers as a thing really to be desired, I venture to think that there would be as many pairs of helping hands as there were boys to be heartened and set on their way. There are

city homes that would open to country boys; country homes that would open to city boys; Northern houses that would open to Southern boys; Western ranches that would welcome Eastern boys. No house is really worth while without a good live boy in it. There need be no favor about it. The boy would give by his cheery presence quite as much as he received, — it would be an equal exchange in which at the least neither would be cheated, and at its best, both would be enriched. There are thousands of middle-aged men and women in America to whom such a charming young guest would be a veritable Godsend, — childless couples, or persons who have lost their own son by death or marriage and who are feeling all the loneliness of the deserted nest. It is very easy to find out their standing and trustworthiness. It would, of course, have to be a part of the scheme that the host should not spoil his guest by indulgence and soft living, and that he should create no future claim upon him. The boy ought to pay as he goes, by rendering some fitting daily service, and at the end, the account should stand squared and closed. It might be practical to combine the scheme of the *Wanderjahr* with the Boy Scout movement, and so open up a large territory of new experience to the boy world, and a pleasant opportunity of service and companionship to an adult world unwillingly finding itself getting out of the current of active life.

I have just been spending a week in the beautiful old city of Savannah. Oglethorpe, you may remember, laid it off after the plan of a Spanish camp. Its ample drill-ground still gives it the aspect of a military city, and this effect is heightened by the fact that it is now a vigorous recruiting station for both army and navy.

The city is well placarded with colored lithographs, some of them as large as circus posters and for the most part exceedingly well done. One poster in particular depicts army life so attractively, and in the midst of such enchanting natural scenery, that though I am a member of the Peace Society and now beyond the prescribed age limits, I feel, as I look at the poster, all the thrill of a possible recruit. Just why Uncle Sam should be encamped on the hillside above that very beautiful but dangerous resort, Monte Carlo, it is not quite easy to see. But the thing that strikes me in all these alluring posters is the nature of the appeal. There is no suggestion of civic duty, no waving of the flag, no mention of patriotism, no hint of the country's possible need. On the contrary, the appeal is absolutely and frankly to selfish motives. It is to a young man's desire to see the world, to his love of pomp and novelty, to his high sense of adventure. Along with the promise of a wonderfully good time, there is the hint that he will be getting an education free of cost, and his clothes and pocket-money to boot. It is all in marked contrast to the sending forth of the Japanese boy from that tiny cottage on the road to Lake Biwa. Since modern warfare is either political or commercial, and not complicated by ideal aims, there is of course small field for the emotion of patriotism, and I like the honesty which omits cant and the stock phrases. But somehow it carries one back to the days of Rome and the time of paid mercenaries.

And yet what these highly colored posters do appeal to is perfectly legitimate. But it seems to me that these ends could be vastly better met by sending a boy out into the world to study the arts of peace, to have him learn during his *Wanderjahr* how men can earn a liv-

ing most honestly, and can best further both material welfare and international amity. It would be a vital part of the scheme I am here proposing that the experience should be so framed as to help a boy decide on his own proper career. It ought to be a big year; it ought to drive home to all boys, rich and poor, clever and dull, strong and delicate, the thought that to play a man's part in the world, one must make a genuine contribution to its welfare. This may be in food or clothing or shelter, or art or literature, or public work, or intellectual or spiritual service, anything, indeed, of assured social worth. And it ought with equal insistence to impress upon him that he may not be an exploiter of other men's labor, a speculator, a social thief.

The most valuable lessons of the *Wanderjahr* are not specific, but general. Few of us ever quite throw off our provincialism. Few of us stop thinking in provincial terms, and learn to think in terms of a larger morality, in big, cosmopolitan, even cosmic terms. Few of us are really tolerant and give over the petty habit of approving or disapproving the rest of creation. Few of us really concede to other men and women the right to live up to their own standards and to disregard ours. Yet all these things are a necessary part of education. A boy learns them from events, from his own experiences, above all, from persons. The best of these schoolmasters are unconscious, and would be quite amazed to know that they had served in this novel capacity. Some years ago I found myself on geological business in a very rough mining camp in a far corner of New Mexico. No lines were drawn there between good and bad. Both walked the streets together and nobody called names. It was a distinct shock to a man

to whom life had hitherto presented itself duly labeled and in pretty well-defined compartments. But even then, it began to penetrate my provincial intelligence that perhaps in a measure they were all good, and that it was not for me to play God's auctioneer, and go about appraising them. I was helped to this incipient charity by a lad whom I met there, and whom I had once to dine with me. He was only seventeen or eighteen, and a genuine cowboy. He had covered the range from Montana to the Mexican border. He had lived in the open, not for a few months, but for his entire life, and he had about him that curious mixture of leisureliness and rapid movement which characterizes wild creatures. He was rather handsome, an even brown skin, hair bleached yellow by the sun, and light-blue eyes as innocent as a child's. His idea of social pleasure was a dance-hall, and according to his own artless narrative he had touched elbows with all the world. It never seemed to occur to him to ask whether men and women were good or bad. He drew the line at no one, because he had never been so taught. On the range, every one was comrade. And yet, through all this hazardous experience, he had preserved such an essential wholesomeness that I still think of him as one of the most delightful human beings whom I have ever known. He suggested a new ideal, — the ideal of a man who calls no one to account, except himself, — and so helped me in a measure to overcome my own parochialism.

The *Wanderjahr* teaches a boy many facts well worth the knowing, but its immense, unique service is to the spirit.

THE objection commonly urged against the world-journey is that it is unsettling, that it unfits a boy for the humdrum routine of everyday life, even of college life, and makes him restless and exacting. For my own part I should regard much of this accusation as belonging to the merits of the experience. Thinkers are very rare, young or old, and if this world-journey leads a boy to look life in the face, to ask questions and to decline merely conventional answers, so much the better, so much the larger hope of the millennium and of the Great State. If a boy of parts, on returning to his home world, finds himself unfitted for routine, restless in the presence of dullness, asking a great deal of life, I should say that he is at least on the way to being educated. It is precisely this attitude of mind, this discontent with second- and third-rate things, which leads on to first-rate achievement. It is at least a prelude to education, to make a boy impatient of all that is ugly, and dull, and stupid, and commonplace, and petty, and to inspire him with the pluck to work for their opposites. Merely to be discontented is not to be educated. But to be smilingly discontented, and effectively at work for betterment, is the genuine hall-mark.

The problem, at eighteen, reduces in the main to college or work. The choice is generally made in a very

mechanical sort of way. Boys of a certain social class, and possessed of fathers or mothers of the requisite means, commonly go to college; boys of another class, or without parental resources, commonly go to work. This evidently is not a very rational way to settle so important an educational problem. It ought to be settled on temperamental, personal grounds, after due consultation with the boy himself. A college man, and especially if he has studied in both America and Europe, is naturally keen to have all boys enjoy the same privilege. Personally I should be appalled at the thought of my own life with its three university experiences left out. But nevertheless, I should be far from urging that this is the path for every American boy. The greatest university has little to offer any student unless it genuinely engage his spirit. If our lad at eighteen is educated, he has learned to think, and that miracle accomplished, all else follows. He will go on educating himself to the end of the chapter, in college or out of it. A boy ought not to go to college simply because it is the usual thing to do, or because boys of his class go, or because a well-to-do father would give him college in precisely the same indulgent spirit that he would give him a motor-car or a trip to Europe. Nor ought any boy of parts to refrain from going to college simply because his father is unable or unwilling to pay the bill. *It is now practically possible for any ambitious American boy to go to college.* There are large scholarship funds available, and there are many honorable methods of earning one's own way. The American boy who wishes to go to college, and fails to go, has only his own weak will to thank for it. Some of the best and most interesting men I know, worked their way through college

and are the stronger for it. The man who does not go, and then holds it up against society as a grievance, merely doubles his misfortune.

The college plan ought, I think, to be judged in the largest possible spirit, wholly as a question of method. Is it, or is it not, the most efficient method of continuing the work of education beyond eighteen? Our straight, up-standing lad must decide for himself. He may well consult the best counsel at his command, but the final vote must be his. For perhaps a majority of boys, college will be the best place; for a considerable minority, it will not. As this minority group contains some of the most interesting and promising lads in the rising generation, lads who often fail to come into their own through misunderstanding and undue opposition, it may be well to consider their case first.

I am increasingly convinced that artistic boys ought not to go to our ordinary literary and scientific colleges. It is not that the subjects taught there would fail to be of value in an artistic career. The reason is a simple organic one, — the boys are meanwhile growing old. At eighteen, the plasticity of boyhood is already on the wane. The boy who goes in for music, or painting, or sculpture, must guard these youthful years most jealously. It is the art of actual performance which he must cultivate. It is his wonderful execution which is later to delight his day and generation, rather than his theoretical knowledge. The older hand cannot gain this cunning, nor the older throat. The boy who wishes to be a musician must go at once to a conservatory or to a master, and must every day spend long hours with his chosen instrument, whether it be voice, or violin, or piano, or 'cello, or harp. He must put all his energy into

the work, his very soul, and he can have no time for the ordinary college and its tasks.

I have in mind now a young musician whose knowledge and temperament qualify him for a master rôle, but unfortunately his father insisted that the boy should first go to college. The lad is now a bachelor of arts, if that is any comfort, but he missed his own flood-tide of opportunity and will never be a master of the first rank. In the middle twenties, he has the developed brains of a musician but not the obedient, instinctive hands; and his chosen instrument, the piano, must on the great occasions of music be played upon by some one else.

It is the same with painting. I have in mind a lad of sixteen who, contrary to the advice of his best friends (myself included), brought his literary education to an abrupt close at the end of his second year in a high school, and devoted himself wholly to painting. He worked several years in America, studied a year abroad, — chiefly in copying Franz Hals and Velasquez, — and is now one of the most promising among our younger portrait painters. I recently visited his studio and found portraits there comparable to those of Sargent and the older masters. A friend of mine in Washington, a distinguished sculptor, tells me that the same holds good in sculpture. A boy must early learn to think with his finger-tips, — to see and feel, indeed, as well as think. He himself began very early, — he never went to college.

That most of our musicians and artists would be the better off for a larger intellectual and spiritual culture, would be greater musicians and greater artists, is palpably and undeniably true. If they had been properly

educated up to eighteen, they would have gained the elements of this culture and the impulse to go on, as well as the requisite preliminary training of the sense organs. Even though they now devoted themselves almost exclusively to the chosen art-work, they would of necessity have gone on growing in other lines as well.

I am not forgetting that artistry includes the craftsman in words, the man of letters. It is a debatable question whether he ought to go to college. Formerly it was believed, of course, that the college existed peculiarly for him. The first step for any literary aspirant was to try to go to college. But somehow the laurels have mainly been won by men outside. There is such a thing as the academic blight, a cursed self-consciousness which keeps a man from doing the great thing in literature because he knows so well how it ought to be done! Many of our dramatists, poets, novelists, essayists, biographers have been college men, and have rendered a very good account of themselves, but the greatest have come from the open. At the present moment our colleges of the first rank seem to have awakened to this anomaly. In schools of dramatic composition, schools of journalism, and by other practical measures, they are encouraging their students to do as well as to know how it ought to be done, and are instructing them in the rudiments of true literary craftsmanship. I should myself hesitate to advise a boy either way. I would at most talk the matter over with him, ask him to take a long walk quite alone, and then tell me quite frankly what the inner voice prompted.

My own feeling deepens that the artistic boy ought not to go to the ordinary college, — he runs too great a risk of missing art. And there are several other types

of boy who ought not to enter college. There is the obvious type, the born adventurer, the boy in whom the blood flows at a livelier pace than in the rest of us. He wants the sea, the ranch, the mountains, the wilderness. And he has just as much right to his choice as the student has to his books. We must of course remember that a boy is often adventurer by mistake. He has perhaps tasted some of the routine affairs with which men busy themselves, and has naturally found them insipid. He jumps to the conclusion that the remote, unknown thing is what he wants. But the boy who has been properly educated, who has been trained in spirit and body, who has had a sound foundation in intellectual culture at the high school, who has had the chastening experience of the *Wanderjahr*, is not likely to make such a mistake. If with eyes open, he elects adventure, I feel that we are robbing him and perhaps robbing society of an important achievement, if we stand in the path of his desire. An adventurous boy is really much less common than elder persons are at first disposed to think. All small boys, who are not anæmic, are adventurers, but as they grow older, they become amazingly conventional, and fall all too readily into commonplace, reprehensible schemes of life. For one thing, the majority of boys have not been taught to think; for another, they see older persons whom they have been led to respect, doing these things; and for a third, their very limited experience makes occupations seem novel which soon prove very stale. To an ordinary boy of eighteen, keeping a country store would be an immense adventure, and if he is allowed, he will for some months serve his customers with all the fervor of an acolyte. We need never fear that a boy will make too big, too

adventurous plans for his life, for if we know boys, we stand face to face with the certain knowledge that in nearly every single case, he will make much too small ones. Think how many novel adventures still remain to be tried, — the adventure of being truthful, the adventure of being honest, the adventure of not interfering with other people, the adventure of being happy, the solemn adventure of trying to know God. If a lively American boy should by any happy chance start out to be a Christian, I venture to think that he would meet more genuinely novel adventures in a year than ever befell Sherlock Holmes in his original and resurrected lifetime. If one doubts my hazard, one has only to read the Life of St. Francis.

Closely allied to the artist and the adventurer is the boy of an inventive turn of mind. It is an open question with me whether he ought or ought not to go to college; and once again, after due consultation, and the free expression of opinion, the decision must remain with him. In many cases he will be immensely helped by the systematic knowledge of a college training. This will be particularly true when he knows what results he wants to obtain, and is seeking for ways and means. In many cases he will be saved fruitless investigation, and will be set at once on the right track. In some cases, however, a boy of genius, or even of high talent, will simply be irritated and side-tracked. The more completely we apprehend the proper function of the college, the less willingly, I think, will we hold out college life as a panacea. Its proper function is not to impart knowledge. That is a tremendous, unforgivable blunder. Its proper function is still education, the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit, the elimina-

tion of provincialism, the setting-up of illuminating changes in a human soul. This is done, in part, through knowledge, but the knowledge must always figure as the means, not as the end. One might almost say that in proportion as the high school and the *Wanderjahr* had done their perfect work, the college would be immaterial, because a boy with his spirit already on fire will continue to grow whatever he does, wherever he goes.

It is important that we should not over-estimate the value of the college. It is plainly not for everybody. But when we have made all these reservations, and have eliminated artistic boys, adventurous boys, and some inventive boys, it remains true, I think, that for the large majority of average boys who honestly wish to be educated (I leave out of consideration those who prefer to remain provincial), the college, as a method, is the very best, and for a period of three years, from eighteen to twenty-one. Most of our colleges require four years, but this means the much abbreviated academic year, minus a further month of holidays of one sort or another, and interrupted by a second installment of youthful distractions. Three years are quite sufficient for any reasonable course of undergraduate study, and particularly if the thing be done with any degree of concentration and thoroughness.

I am not forgetting that as things now go, our wholesome lad of eighteen will be *persona non grata* at most of our American colleges. He will be educated, it is true, but he will not be informed along the required lines, and he will have to adjust himself as best he may. But I am confident that this is merely a transition period. I am looking forward to the emancipated college which will open its doors wide to all comers, and will

devote its own immense energy to the fine art of presentation, and not to the puerile task of finding out just how little young persons of eighteen can, under very unfavorable conditions, remember. The pettiness of our present college life, with its absurd entrance examinations, its roll-calls, its espionage, its grave shaking of the head over trifles and its ignoring of essential things, its complete lack of the ideal of student freedom, its old-womanish way of setting conditions and fearing innovations, is a shocking thing and demands the stern rebuke of every manly, freedom-loving scholar. The very expression, *college requirements*, is a disgraceful thing. It is the student who may properly be said to have requirements, since his spiritual development is the end, and it ought to be the high privilege of the college, as means, to minister to these requirements. If our education has meant anything at all, a boy of eighteen is prepared to use academic freedom, and to respect it. The proper business of the college is to offer graded instruction in every considerable department of human knowledge, to indicate by suitable nomenclature its own idea of the most profitable sequence in which these courses may be followed, and then to leave the question of choice and attendance to the student himself. It ought to be possible for any boy or girl over eighteen, for any man or woman short of senility, to take one, two, half a dozen courses, if he wishes, in any department he wishes, in the order he wishes. As I have elsewhere pointed out, there is small danger that any student will go in for second-year French before he has sufficiently mastered the first-year, or devote himself to the calculus before he has prepared himself to understand it. Young people are not so anxious to be bored

or to waste their time. We Americans, who so plume ourselves upon our democracy and our love of freedom, might well take lessons from the universities of Continental Europe.

This deplorable idea, that every institution on earth — state, Church, family, school, college — must be eternally interfering with people and marching them along certain lines whether they will or not, shows to what a pass we have come intellectually, and how grave our spiritual needs. The function of all these institutions is the same, it is to set the individual free. Yet one and all deal chiefly in bonds. When one regards with any attention our elaborate social machinery, in politics, in industry, in religion, in family life, in education, and notes its far-reaching and persistent effort to crush that bird of the empyrean, the human soul, one is tempted for the moment to feel that the only possible social creed is philosophic anarchism. This feeling particularly comes to the surface when one stands at the front door of an American college and observes the elaborate contrivances for keeping students out, the unnecessary barriers and annoyances after they get in, the interminable red tape, and the singular blindness to the real problems of education.

But supposing our lad has decided to go to college and has been so fortunate as to get inside the door, the question as to how he shall spend these valuable three years is a most important one.

The smaller colleges still claim omniscience and prescribe the whole course, but the larger colleges are pretty well committed to the elective system. In the flush of an early enthusiasm, the elective system was undoubt-

edly carried too far, even down into the high school. That was a distinct mistake, for the curriculum is not a question for children to decide. They ought to be too absorbed in the act of living to have any eye for its machinery, and we elders ought during that period at least to have the better judgment. In the colleges themselves there is now observable a decided disposition to hedge, in this matter of the elective system. Certain subjects are prescribed, and there is freedom of choice in the rest. It must be confessed that the system has not worked out as well as one could wish. I have watched its operation at Harvard, and have touched elbows with a number of failures. I found one of my boys, during his freshman year, taking five language courses, and nothing else. I found another boy, who much needed to have his feet on the ground, taking studies all of them in the air, and growing each term more useless and bewildered. There was a period in which he could not be trusted to execute a simple errand, he was so sure to mess it. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that the elective system is the only sane one, and that the fault lies not in the system itself, but in the unintelligent way in which it is so often carried out. I can only think that the advisers of those two boys manifestly failed to do their duty.

Bearing in mind that the sole object of this three-years college course is to free a boy's spirit from his previous limitations and provincialism, and to give him a firmer hold upon the realities of existence, it is clear that the ideal course must be essentially general; and equally clear that somewhere in space, that is to say in some wise man's head, there must be a true formula for all boys which will indicate the broad avenues to

freedom, while still leaving to the boys themselves the choice of the specific vehicle. Such a formula redeems the elective system from its vague formlessness, and gives it the backbone of plan and purpose. There will, of course, be differences of opinion as to what the true formula is, but any broadminded and experienced teacher can readily work out such a formula. The one which I worked out for my own boys presupposes from five and a half to six courses per year, and consists of the simple device of naming each course in general terms, and then leaving it to the boy to translate these general terms each year into specific studies.

Thus the general formula runs as follows: —

1. The mother tongue.
2. A foreign language.
3. A modern humanity.
4. A form of mathematics.
5. A laboratory science course.
6. Fine arts.

By way of a handle, I have named this formula "The Balanced Course," and it has, I think, several things to be said in its favor. It gives a symmetrical outline which each boy can fill in for himself. A dozen boys might be following this formula, and yet all be doing different things. Thus a typical freshman translation might be as follows: —

1. A daily theme in English.
2. A study of French prose.
3. An introduction to philosophy.
4. Solid geometry.
5. A laboratory course in physics.
6. Gothic architecture.

I am far from thinking that this is the only rational formula, but I am free to confess that it seems to me to have many practical merits. This will be particularly the case if our lad, with the help of counsel, but without dictation, works out a well-coördinated scheme of studies in each of the six departments. The typical freshman translation of the formula, given above, may seem at first sight to represent a series of six wholly unrelated studies taken quite at random. But this is far from being the case. They are unrelated in the sense that they represent six different sides of life, six distinct facets, — and have been chosen on that very account; but even in the one year they form an organic unity in the sense that they are a balanced appeal to an intellect which aspires to catholicity. The real test of any particular translation of the general formula only crops out when it is compared with the specific work laid down for the other two years. The work in each of the six departments ought to present an orderly sequence. If a boy were going in for philology, or for any research work which required Latin and Greek, he would, of course, have to change the suggested translation, and substitute Latin for French, and Greek for architecture. It would be no violence to treat Greek as literature, and to class it under the fine arts. In the given case, I had in mind the needs of a boy who is going in for affairs, and who wants therefore a general all-round culture. In his second year he might profitably elect his studies somewhat as follows: —

1. Description and narrative.
2. The French classical writers.
3. Elementary psychology.

4. Trigonometry.
5. Inorganic qualitative analysis.
6. Italian painters.

It will depend, of course, upon the boy's individual taste and the probable direction of his life-work. In the third year, on the same principle, he might take these studies: —

1. Drama, the novel, and versification.
2. French composition and the modern dramatists.
3. Elements of economics.
4. Calculus.
5. General biology.
6. A comparative study of Elizabethan and Victorian literature.

If these eighteen courses were well given, and our lad had himself tight in hand to profit by them, he would not be a completely educated young person at the end of the three years, but he would, I think, be a well-educated young person *for his age*. It would be an important element of his education to understand exactly how limited such an education was, and to realize that he stood only on the threshold of the intellectual kingdom. He ought to be made to feel that the immense treasures of human knowledge are his, not actually, but only potentially, that he has had a method of study presented to him, and that his future discipline now lies wholly in his own hands.

In selecting his college studies, and in making his individual translation of the general formula, a lad not only may make some mistakes, but he most certainly will. This is a part of the price that we must all pay in the cultivation of the judgment, — the price of many

mistakes. But the task of selecting his studies, and of doing it on some rational plan, brings a boy both judgment and discrimination, and impresses him with the fact that the whole conduct of life is one long series of decisions. This really constitutes the difficulty. Happy the man or maid who early learns how to decide quickly and well. In making out his own curriculum, a boy not only learns the necessity for choice, but he also learns that the mere omission to decide is in itself a decision, and sometimes of the most damaging sort. And he also comes to appreciate the weighty importance of negative decisions. If, for example, he can allow himself but one course in fine arts, the decision to take Italian painters cuts out all other possible courses, and so gives a slightly different twist to the whole after current of his life. Perhaps in one of the neighboring lecture-rooms some rare spirit is giving an impassioned course on Dante, or Browning, or the art and tradition of St. Francis of Assisi, a course that would have fired the imagination of our lad, and led to great things, — yet he missed it! By what we omit to do, as well as by what we elect, is our fate born. It is for all of us a tremendous lesson to learn that in reality we are the children of our own experience. A lad cannot too early learn this lesson. By marshaling before him the alternatives of experience and picturing their effects upon a temperament such as his, he can by his own choice fashion his soul according to one pattern or another. Slowly he comes to be the captain of his fate.

I am so much emphasizing this question of election because it is an element in education and a potent discipline, which we commonly make far too little of. In reality, it is the cultivation of the will, and we might

almost say that upon it everything depends. If a boy has a strong will, and back of it a disciplined, humane spirit, we easily predict his success. Or if a boy have a weak will, we know all too surely that in the absence of any strengthening tonic, he is as good as done for. And yet, knowing these things perfectly well, we concern ourselves with minor matters of erudition and scholarship, and make no concerted attack upon the real citadel of destiny, the will. It were better for a boy to make eighteen grave mistakes in selecting his eighteen college courses, and come out of the discipline with an instructed will and a sound knowledge of the fundamental principles upon which decisions ought to be made, than to follow the most faultless course laid out for him, and emerge from it full of knowledge but empty of will-power. It is a basal question, one of prime importance in education, and rests, like all other basal questions, upon religion, upon our essential attitude towards life. To develop the will is not only one of the subtlest tasks, but it is also one of the most momentous and far-reaching. If a boy is taught to rely solely upon God or Providence, and not upon himself; if he is taught that all things work together for good, in spite of his blunders and incompetence; if he is taught that evolution, progress, civilization, or whatever we call the forward movement of humanity, is inevitable and already amply provided for, then manifestly his own will is a very casual and capricious thing, and not in any practical way an integral part of the divine plan. The boy is not necessary to God, and in the great cosmic drama being played out around us, it really matters very little what he does. It might be very jolly to lend a hand to anything so big and fine, but since the thing is bound

to happen anyway, the lad, if he is intelligent, must eventually be struck with the utter futility of what he is doing, and finally, out of sheer logic, desist. Why cultivate the will and pray each day, *Thy will be done*, if we conceive that the divine will and our own are alien, unrelated forces. But that is not what Lord Buddha and Lord Jesus taught. They both taught that what a man sows, he reaps. Nor is it what science teaches. Science teaches that given causes are inevitably followed by corresponding effects; and that desired effects must be preceded by adequate causes. The doctrine of the will is basal, a matter of religion. And I do not see how we can evade its implications, and lend effective hand to either education or religion.

It may seem to timid souls who have been taught to lean upon some power not themselves, rather than upon the ever-present immanent God, an audacious precept to teach a boy that his own will is an integral, determining part of the divine will, and that upon the swiftness and sanity and intelligence of his own decisions, the good fortune of the world depends; but audacious as such a precept undoubtedly is, it seems to me unavoidable.

The effect of such a conception of the will upon our conception of education is profound and far-reaching. We parents and teachers, busy with the outer details of home and school life, ourselves perhaps a bit near-sighted and unambitious, are really trafficking in nothing less august than Destiny itself. We fumble and turn aside to minor, irrelevant issues, the majority of us, and so delay the coming of the Great State, and the prevalence of educated persons upon the earth; but in spite of all evasions and subterfuges, our major func-

tion remains the same, and occasionally gets itself realized. It is to teach this wholesome lad of ours the omnipotence of will, of *his* will, and that the gorgeous world spread out before him with its mixture of the delectable and the unwelcome is in reality the unerring manifestation of a collective will, of the combined will of men and angels and gods. To cultivate this will of his, to chasten, discipline, rationalize, educate it, is really the major business of both his moral and his practical life. It is to show itself in his daily, hourly, momentary decisions. Why should a boy go to college? — if the boy does not know this, his will can hardly be said to be engaged in the adventure, and there is small promise of success. Why should he not go to college? Why should he take or omit any particular course of study? The hour is crowded with infinite alternatives. Why should he select one, and so, by necessity, reject all the rest?

I have suggested my own general formula of study on the theory that a boy can best utilize the three years of his college life if he lay the broad foundations of culture, rather than by specializing. This may be a good theory or a bad theory. The boy must begin by deciding. If it seems to him a bad theory, then he must evolve a better one, or several better ones, and if several he must decide which, all things considered, is the best. If my theory seem good, — the best theory, in fact, — then the next step is to inquire whether the general formula really carries out this theory, whether it really insures a balanced course, or whether there is another formula offering still greater balance and proportion. It does not exhaust the range of proper human interests to appeal to a boy's literary and human-

istic and quantitative and scientific and æsthetic sense, but it seems to me that a boy developed on these five sides would be at least in the way of being educated. But he will be the better educated if he is led to weigh the given formula against any reasonable alternatives which he can upon reflection himself propose. When it comes to turning the formula into specific studies, the eighteen decisions are very individual and can only properly be made by the boy himself. But he may even here follow some sound general principle. To say that a certain choice ought to be individual does not imply that it is to be capricious. I propose, therefore, to examine the possible translations in each department and to indicate in a broad way the method of choosing.

In the matter of English, I assume that an educated person would wish, almost before anything else, to use the mother tongue well; and that in his leisure moments, he is reading for pleasure the principal literature of both America and Great Britain. On this assumption the work in English reduces to the practical art of composition, and to securing sufficient leisure for the reading of the English classics. The lad has already been taught to speak and to write clear, unambiguous English, but in the majority of cases he still needs larger practice and greater flexibility. The work may well begin, then, with the writing of a daily theme, covering a wide variety of subjects, and dressing itself in the conventional literary forms. In the second year, there is properly a parting of the ways, and the lad should select his path in strict accordance with his own literary taste, and such prevision as he may have of what his future work is to be. If he is thinking of journalism, he will do well to try his hand at the typical

tasks of journalism, at description, narrative, editorial comment, reporting, summarizing, book reviewing, dramatic and musical criticism. If he pictures himself as a man of letters, he may well busy himself with the production of such forms in literature as he hopes some day to excel in, — verse, novel, essay, drama. My own feeling is that volume ought to be accounted important as well as quality. There is a certain sweep, a certain sense of easy command which only come with voluminousness, and both qualities are desirable. A writer who uses his pen only occasionally, and with too studied temperance, is open to the same danger which sits so heavily upon the silent man who looks so tremendously wise and who breaks the illusion, from time to time, by speech. And both, all too easily, become sententious, which is a very grievous malady. The voluminous writer not only falls into the habit of saying with agreeable freedom what he has to say, but he is less tempted to regard every utterance as a masterpiece. It has always seemed to me that writers would do well to follow the example of their fellow-artists, the painters. They are after the same thing, the expression of ideas and emotions, the one in words, the other in line and color. Now the painter sketches incessantly without making the mistake of preserving all his sketches, or of offering any considerable number of them for sale. Writers, I think, might profitably do the same, not only during their novitiate, when they are forming their style, but throughout their career.

A word might be said, too, in praise of verse-making. The effort after rhyme and rhythm makes one sensitive to sound, — one comes sooner to write English that will read well aloud, — and it also makes the vocabulary

larger and more discriminating. If in writing the boy will fancy himself speaking, or try mentally to hear the sound of what he writes, he will save himself many infelicities. If the finished composition can stand the test of being read aloud, the young author may be quite sure that it is not entirely bad. During the third year our prospective journalist and man of letters may well occupy themselves with a critical and analytic study of the best things that other writers have done. Here again I should recommend a wide study rather than a too-detailed one. A boy may well select a newspaper which he particularly admires and day by day study its method and its linguistic habits. A boy who fancies himself a dramatist will naturally be the devoted disciple of a chosen master, but he would better learn as well how other masters have done it. And he would better frequent the theater and observe how plays already familiar to him work out on the actual stage. There is something to be said in favor of both embryo journalist and man of letters concerning themselves with newspapers and dramas which do not at first appeal to them, and in general with all literature severely criticized. They will do well to remember that the majority is always wrong, and the minority sometimes right. A newspaper may offend by its ugly type and poor paper and crude advertising, and yet report the day's news with unusual precision, and offer in its editorial column the best thought of the hour; while a more fastidious sheet may really be full of social and economic unsoundness. Our lad is almost a man, now, — he will be a voter on his next birthday, — and it behooves him to have no aversions which he cannot justify and no enthusiasms which he cannot defend. It is well, I think, at this particular

stage of the linguistic journey, to devote small time to the history of literature, or the books of a past greatness. The attention is better given to very modern and contemporaneous products, in both English and foreign languages, reading the best available translation when he cannot read the original. Boys are very conservative. They may not care for this modern output as much as for those older classics which they have already learned to love. But it will be the better course educationally. And I would even go so far as to say that the more this modern work displeases a boy, irritates him, shocks him, enrages him, the more probable is it that an old prejudice is being brought face to face with a new truth. Platitudes leave us quite unruffled and if in some novel dress may even for the moment tickle our fancy. But the big ideas we nearly always fight. A little truth holds out against a big truth, prejudice against reality. It has been my own experience that the people who disturb me, and the literature which at first arouses my antagonism have become in the end my best teachers.

To summarize these very general remarks, it would seem to me wise for a lad to strive for mastery in the use of the mother tongue, that practical mastery which expresses itself in a literary style made sound and durable by a worthy content, and to strive with his whole heart. And I would especially have him avoid any resemblance to Bernard Shaw's definition of an Elizabethan, — "A man with an extraordinary and imposing power of saying things, and with nothing whatever to say."

In the choice of a foreign language, there is large propriety in individual preference. A boy who goes in for a balanced course in order to make himself an educated person rather than a specialist, may not devote

more than two out of his six courses to language, and as one of these two must obviously be English, there remains only one course for the foreign language, and according to the scheme I am here advocating, he has but three years at that. Unless there is special reason why he should take Latin or Greek, he would much better devote his very limited time to the mastery of a modern tongue, French or German or Italian or Spanish. It is far more rational to master one of these and really share its literature than to dabble in two or three and gain little more than a phrase-book knowledge. Which language to select ought to depend upon a boy's interest. He already knows French pretty well, and elementary German. In three years, he can therefore either perfect himself in one of these languages or he can gain a fair mastery of Italian or Spanish. If a boy plans to be a man of letters, or to go in for architecture or any of the fine arts, French would ordinarily be the best choice. If, on the other hand, his bent is for music or science, he will probably study later in Germany and it would be an immense help if he could go armed with a thorough knowledge of the language. There are easily imaginable circumstances under which Italian or Spanish would be the part of wisdom. To have a smattering of several languages is not education; it is merely one of the many forms of intellectual dissipation. But it is education to know, in addition to the vernacular, one other language, to know it so thoroughly that one can think in it, can speak it and read it and write it, without first carrying on the thought process in English and translating as nimbly as one can. It is said, and may be true, that one can only know one's own language thoroughly when one knows one other. It is also said, and is probably not

true, that with each language acquired, a man gains a new soul. He gains something, but hardly such an immensity as that.

I place great stress upon those studies which I have denominated as the modern humanities, — philosophy, logic, ethics, psychology, economics, government, and sociology, — for they have to deal so directly with the operations of the human spirit that they cannot be other than unfolding and perfecting. They seem to me vastly more valuable and instructive than the detailed study of history. In their very nature, they are generalizations of the highest order, and as such are both economic and helpful. History is necessarily and hopelessly concrete. History repeats itself with a vengeance, and such lessons as it does teach, it teaches with quite unpardonable waste of time, and in such vague and uncertain fashion that frequently the lesson is either lost or misunderstood. Even in college, it seems to me that history ought to be offered as literature, and as such in its most finished form, in the department of fine arts. In selecting the courses in the humanities, I have suggested general philosophy, elementary psychology and economics as profitable ground for the three undergraduate years. It would be easy of course to occupy the whole time to advantage with any one of these amazingly rich subjects, but if the purpose be general culture, an introduction to the methods and problems of all three would be more valuable than the detailed study of any one. At best, the knowledge gained in college is but a point of departure for more extended study outside. With such a preparation the lad would be qualified to go on in all three studies, and also, when leisure arrived, to undertake general reading in logic, government, and sociology.

There might be particular and adequate reasons for substituting any one of these for any one of the three humanities suggested. A prospective lawyer might profitably choose psychology, economics, and government, while a clergyman-to-be might prefer philosophy, logic, and ethics. The major point is not only to give the boy instruction in these departments, but even more to keep this humanistic side alive in him, and not allow him to forget that, rightly handled, all the problems of life are human. We forget this in many of our present-day institutions. In our busy America we have inverted so many things. Our industry expresses itself in terms of profits, instead of use. Our public education turns out book-keepers and artisans instead of men. Our laws — over 90 per cent of them, I believe — have to do with property. Our very churches rent or sell their pews, deal in mortgages and leases, pay large salaries to minister and choir, accept money without asking its source, and have otherwise forgotten that their real function is with the human soul. I feel that however well-informed and well-intentioned a young person may be, he is assuredly not educated unless his final thought is essentially humanistic. Whatever combination he may elect it would be wise for him to consider carefully the claims of psychology and economics, for they have to do fundamentally with the affairs of daily life.

It is not customary to include mathematics in the curriculum of an avowed littérateur, but it has an unescapable claim upon every curriculum. It represents the quantitative element in life and as such none of us can afford to dispense with it. Science is only quantitative, organized knowledge, as compared to everyday experience, but we all recognize the immense dif-

ference. In science indeed the old dictum still holds; we have only so much science as we have mathematics. It is not too much to say then that a mind not trained in mathematics cannot be a scientific mind and its possessor can hardly be accounted an educated person. When we accuse any one of being unscientific, what we really mean is that he is inexact.

It is a common impression that mathematics is difficult, and requires some special faculty for its comprehension. As a result of this error boys are allowed to graduate from college with very inadequate mathematical knowledge, and the lazy belief that they have done as well or better to put the time into more languages. This seems to me highly mischievous reasoning, for in the very nature of the case, nothing *can* take the place of mathematics. A boy might study Greek until he knew it — which would be a considerable and uncommon accomplishment — and still be a very partial and unreliable thinker if he deliberately threw over the accurate, quantitative element in thought. When you bear in mind that science and mathematics have to do with time and space, with matter and motion, and that these are the ultimate terms in that three-dimensional world which we daily experience, and from which all our raw material of thought eventually comes, it is very clear that the omission of science and mathematics from one's intellectual equipment is a fatal omission and condemns a man to a permanent place on the sick-list. A boy who pleads inaptitude for mathematical study, and begs some more congenial substitute, really pleads laziness and begs to be freed from any conception of the only accurate relations in life we are privileged to know, that is to say, the measured relations. To grant his

prayer is a very grave unkindness. Nor is it correct to maintain that even the higher mathematics is difficult. It is only difficult if it is badly presented, or if the student decline accurate, concentrated thinking. A boy is soon beyond his depth if he allows his thought to wander to other things when he is supposed to be studying, or in the class-room itself gives only a fraction of his attention. This means, on the face of it, that he has been badly brought up. Any lad who has had proper training up to eighteen, whose tasks have genuinely engaged his spirit, will go through a stiff, three-years course in mathematics at college with profit and delight. If he has mastered plane geometry in the high school, he will find the solid geometry of freshman year so very easy that it may fittingly occupy but one semester, and allow the second semester for plane trigonometry. He will hardly need spherical trigonometry, unless he means to be a civil engineer or an astronomer. It is not in the strict sequence of mathematical thought, and may be renounced as a luxury.

If a boy takes analytics and perhaps some higher algebra during the second year, he will be ready in the third year for the most important of all the mathematical work, the study of the calculus. As a culture study calculus has never received the attention which it so well deserves. It is commonly thought of as a somewhat abstruse and remote branch of higher mathematics, useful as a tool in the investigation of certain mechanical, and physical problems, but with little or no claim upon students who are not engineers or physicists. In reality the calculus is not only an important tool in such investigations but is also a distinct and novel way of thinking about quantity, and as such deserves to be

mastered by every one who aspires to think, that is to say, by every scholar, by every educated person. As a tool, the calculus solves so many knotty problems with such extraordinary speed and ease that one has the feeling of dabbling in the black arts. The answers come as if by magic. But in reality there is nothing at all occult or mysterious about either branch of the calculus. They have the high simplicity of really great things. If geometry has been well taught in the high school, there was a little foretaste of calculus modes of thought in the limbering up of the notions of quantity into something fluid and variable. The rigid, hard-and-fast conception of quantity begins to disappear. This in itself is an intellectual step in advance. The calculus carries this process to the logical and liberating extreme. It not only studies constants and variables, but the shifting relations between variables themselves, and so gives a flexibility and freedom to our mathematical conceptions which no other study possibly can. Valuing all studies, as I do, for their reaction upon the student, I feel that the calculus is as valuable for those who wish to think adequately as for those who use it as a tool in technical research.

The main argument for science study I have already given. It is not utilitarian or industrial, — it is intellectual. We live in a world of matter and motion, that is to say, of matter in motion, or energy. If we do not trouble ourselves to know the forms of energy, its make-up, its transformations, its laws, we not only deprive ourselves of keen intellectual pleasure, but also of intellectual validity. We cannot philosophize with any degree of helpfulness about a world of which we deliberately remain ignorant. This is so very obvious that I

marvel that all clergymen, teachers, editors, economists, and other would-be leaders do not recognize its truth and acquaint themselves with at least the large facts of science before they attempt to cope with the larger problem of destiny. Mr. Arnold had a capital name for those pseudo-sentences which express no thought, — he called them *noise*, and as mere noise much of the current comment on the deeper things of life must appear to even a moderately educated person, for he realizes that the commentator is handling words and not any vital conception of things. This is so deplorable a fault that we parents and teachers ought to guard ourselves against it, if need be with fasting and prayer, and keep our children from it as from malaria and typhoid.

In the course of some geological work in eastern Kentucky I stopped for dinner one day at the cabin of an old mountaineer. The mountain people are always hospitable, but on this occasion I had a double welcome, for the old man wanted my opinion about some ore. He had no specimens at hand, but promised to take me, after dinner, out to the deposits themselves. I was curious to know what the ore was, and why he thought it valuable, but the old man did not know. A passing geologist, it seems, had declared the ore to be "the richest thing he had ever seen." When questioned by the old man, the geologist had admitted that he did not know just what the ore was, but repeated his statement in regard to its value. It is needless to add that I found some very lean kidney iron ore, not at all worth picking up. One does not meet such naïve asseveration in cultivated drawing-rooms, but one can often detect an exact counterpart.

A boy cannot cover science in three years, one course a year, but under able teachers he can gain an intro-

duction to some of the major facts and can acquire the habit of sound scientific thought. The specific subjects are less important than the manner of their presentation. For college boys this should always be in the form of carefully worked-out laboratory courses. The boy is elsewhere dealing with the symbols of things, with words. In science, he ought to deal with the things themselves. For obvious reasons my own preference would be for general physics, general inorganic chemistry, and general biology. A boy who has a sound conception of energy, of the composition and reactions of matter, and of the manifestation of the life force in plant and animal, is on the road to a sound conception of the outer world. It goes without saying, that these courses must be well given if a lad is to gain the desired insight. As a rule, they are not well given. This seems to be particularly the case with physics. Inherently there is no more fascinating subject in the whole curriculum, and yet I am led to think that the majority of boys hate physics, and are as little touched by it as if they had never worked in those palatial laboratories which doubtless serve some end, but manifestly do not serve them. It is never safe to generalize, but I venture to think that the trouble comes from a failure to appeal to the spirit. The boys experience a multitude of details, but fail in the end to see the forest for the trees. Not apprehending any plan and purpose in the work, they simply become confused and bewildered. Unless the instruction has mended very recently, you will still find boys working away in these fine laboratories, with all the outward show of industry, but who prove, when you question them, not to know what they are doing. I once taught physics for several

years in a high school, and wrote an indifferent text-book on the subject, so I know how difficult, how almost impossible, it is to teach it well; but the great importance of the subject as a culture study entitles it to the most mature art that can be brought to bear upon the teaching and to the personal service of the senior physicist.

Stated in the most concrete terms, physics has to do with the properties of matter, and since these depend primarily upon motion, it really reduces to a study of energy, the ultimate content of the material universe. A knowledge of physics is then an integral part of a complete intelligence and may not be omitted on any pretext whatever. The operations in the physical laboratory have many outward and apparently dissimilar forms, but they are all essentially measurements, a form of applied mathematics. Physics represents that accurate, realistic statement of experience which laziness prompts a man to escape by easier flights of the undisciplined imagination. It is true that in no study is imagination more valuable than in physics, for we are called upon to image things beyond the range of vision, to hear things outside the limits of sound, to handle things too small to be tangible, to deal with magnitudes too great to be conceived; but the quick imagination which enables us to accomplish these impossible tasks has first to be disciplined by a thousand checks and experiments, and guarded at all stages from indulging in mere fantasy. The boy who declines physics on the shallow ground that he has no natural aptitude for the study is in the same case with the boy who declines mathematics, — and is very often the same individual. What he really does is to decline the exact quantita-

tive aspect of experience, and elect deliberately to live ignorantly in a world of matter and motion. I need not further emphasize the incompleteness and essential unsoundness of the resulting intelligence.

I have suggested chemistry as the proper science study for the second year. Strictly speaking it is a department of physics and can more readily be grasped after one has mastered the fundamental generalizations of physics. It is usual to say that chemistry concerns itself with the composition of matter, and is therefore a study of the elements and their possible combinations. But chemistry has only become a science since these reactions have been studied in the light of their absorption or liberation of energy. Such a study shows that all reactions are determined by physical conditions, and consequently, when we know the conditions, we can predict the result with the same certainty that an astronomer predicts an eclipse. If I may hark back to an old illustration I would again call attention to the case of a burning gas-jet. It exemplifies both the first law of thermo-chemistry and the general law of evolution. The gas consists essentially of carbon and hydrogen, both readily combustible. In the common fish-tail burner, the escaping gas does not at once come into sufficient contact with the oxygen of the air to permit both elements to be burned. What happens? As we all know, the hydrogen burns first with an intensely hot flame, while the carbon precipitates as solid particles in this flame, and by their incandescence these particles render the flame luminous. The carbon only burns after the hydrogen is quite satisfied, that is to say when the particles reach the outer edge of the flame. But why does it always happen that the hydrogen burns first

and the carbon second? The ultimate reason is of course unknown, but the proximate reason is physical. It seems that when two reactions are apparently possible, as the burning of the hydrogen and the burning of the carbon, that reaction will take place first which will liberate the greater amount of energy and yield the more condensed product. The burning hydrogen yields the greater amount of heat and the more condensed product, a vapor which soon condenses into liquid water. The burning carbon not only produces less heat, but it also yields a product, carbon dioxide, which under usual conditions remains essentially a gas. When we supply sufficient air, as in the Bunsen burner, the two elements burn simultaneously and give us the well-known colorless flame. This simple reaction also illustrates the law of evolution, which is, in Herbert Spencer's well-known phraseology, the passage of matter from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, accompanied by the dissipation of motion or heat.

In chemistry we deal with the same fluid, poetic world of variables that we deal with in the calculus. While we do not profess to know what matter is, we have long since parted company with the hard-and-fast idea of separate elements, and have developed the conception of elements differing only in their manifestation of energy and therefore, in the complex process of the world, not only susceptible, but foreordained to innumerable transmutations. To the chemist, the visible universe is what it is, simply for the present moment of time, and is constantly breaking down and building up into another and quite different universe. To be educated, one must share this larger and more fluid con-

ception. If through indifference or inertia, or undue preoccupation with the intricacies of language, or the murderous details of history, a boy prefers to ignore the mystery and marvel of matter, and to rest unreflectively in the assumption that bricks are bricks, and stones stones, he is, of course, a free elector, but it is important that we persons of a larger experience should point out to him the significance of his act and that he is defeating the purpose which he presumably set out to attain, his own education. There are, of course, only a very few educated persons on the planet at any one time, just as there are only a few distinguished persons now in the United States, but the mischief comes not alone from the prevailing ignorance, but quite as much from the prevailing illusion of knowledge. It is not possible in a year to become either physicist or chemist, but it is possible under an able teacher to master the larger facts in these sciences, and to gain some degree of soundness and catholicity in one's thinking.

In the third year, general biology seems to me not only an illuminating course, but one quite as essential to right thinking and wise thinking as are physics and chemistry. But it should follow these two sciences since it really rests upon them as foundations. The wall between the inorganic world and living matter is always being attacked, and seems always on the point of falling, but somehow it never quite does, and we are still called upon to recognize and study a distinct class of phenomena in that portion of the material universe permeated by the life force. The reactions are too distinctive to be ignored. When the life force is added to this pageant of matter and motion, we have the great drama of every-day existence. It involves human bodies

and all that is needed to nourish and clothe them, much that is needed to shelter and equip them. It involves the animals which serve and befriend them, the plants which shade and delight them. We may properly claim for biology that it practically touches all the arts of daily life; and when we think of the life force operating in men and women as sex, we are brought face to face, in biology, with some of the deepest and most far-reaching problems of our individual and social life. With life as a fact and an art the boy who is properly brought up has already come into rational and sympathetic relation. At twenty and twenty-one he is prepared to consider life from the standpoint of science, and in the light of his recently acquired physical and chemical knowledge, to understand the fundamental generalizations of modern research. It is hardly conceivable that any scholar, seeking the fullest knowledge of his day and generation, should willingly remain ignorant of biological processes. Yet the number of students in our universities who go in for biological work is discouragingly small. One can gain illuminating information on this point by studying any college or university catalogue, and comparing the number of students enrolled in biology with the total number.

In urging the specific study of biology, it is worth remarking that contemporaneous philosophic thought not only anticipates no breaking down of the wall between the organic and the inorganic, but is disposed, on the contrary, to hold to the belief that they are essentially separate, that life indeed is the unique creative force, and that matter is, as it were, a residuum. The reader will find an interesting discussion of this view in Bergson's "Creative Evolution."

I am not, I think, placing undue emphasis upon scientific study. I was myself brought up in the camp of the scientists and early learned to value their fundamental honesty and large intelligence. It has so chanced that much of my subsequent life has been spent with persons who are not scientific, and by contrast with the friends of my youth I have come to recognize their deficient realism.

The sixth department, the fine arts, appears in all three years, and in spite of the pressure of what many would consider more important studies, it readily holds its own in any balanced cultural course. Here the sequence in the three years, and the specific subjects, are less important perhaps than elsewhere because the major idea is not informational or historic. The whole purpose is to keep alive the love of the beautiful, to enlarge and deepen it, and by intimate contact with the work of the masters to inspire a boy with the desire to undertake some form of art work on his own account. It is not necessary to cover any large ground, but it is important to be thorough, and to get at the very heart of the matter. There is great wealth of material in painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and literature. The study of the Italian painters of a given period, of Greek sculpture, of Gothic architecture, of Wagnerian music, of modern Scandinavian drama, to mention a few out of many, would offer rich harvests to an alert and appreciative boy. America is not a beautiful country, but it is a country of large possibilities of beauty. Over the length and breadth of the land, man has laid his devastating touch upon forest and field, mountain side and water front. In dwellings, factories, warehouses, shops, churches, and public buildings he has erected

creations which smite the very spirit. But there is also discernible the promise of better things. I have recently been making a somewhat extended tour through the Southern States, and I have been pleasantly impressed with the noticeable improvement in the federal buildings. The post-office at Atlanta, for example, might almost be classed with the Boston Library. The post-offices at Macon, Savannah, Brunswick, Jacksonville, though less beautiful, are still admirable. There is a similar marked improvement in the banks and office buildings. We are awakening in spots to some appreciation of beauty, and to the need of working for its attainment. But the prevailing major note in all sections of the country is one of hopeless, sordid ugliness. It is particularly timely that every lad who goes to college should be developed on his æsthetic side, and should be made to feel that, as a fresh citizen of the Republic, he must work for æsthetic integrity as well as for civic righteousness.

It is a matter for national regret that our old buildings are so much more beautiful than the newer structures put up by householders and civic authorities. Here in Macon, for example, up on the Hill, I am surrounded by mansions of the *ante-bellum* period, examples of Southern colonial architecture, full of beauty and dignity, while touching elbows with them are the newer, more pretentious, less beautiful dwellings of a later and less sensitive time. One sees a similar falling-off in New England. The beautiful houses are almost invariably the old houses. It cannot be an accident that the old towns I have just visited in Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia are so much more beautiful than their newer rivals. In Texas and

California one has only to compare the fine old missions with the newer church buildings to decide whether the human spirit in America has been growing more or less sensitive to beauty. Some years ago I went to Porto Rico for the Government and made a tour of the island, speaking on behalf of our newer forms of education. Everywhere I found immense enthusiasm for education, and no end of new school buildings; but from the expensive normal school at Rio Piedras, down to the most modest district school, the new buildings were distinctly less beautiful than the old buildings erected under Spanish rule. The normal school was particularly ugly. It looked as if some malignant cyclone had lifted it from the crudest corner of our own frontier districts and landed it, an ungainly intruder, amid the semi-tropic beauty of the island. Now this absence of beauty in the outer world which we are creating is not a matter of no importance or even of small importance. Beauty in color and proportion, like beauty in literary style, is a matter of the spirit. Its absence means a poverty of the spirit. Every lover of America is bound, it seems to me, to do all he can to deepen our national sense of beauty, and all he can to heighten our ability to achieve beauty.

In many Japanese prints there is observable a perfectly blank space, — in rare instances, even two. I formerly took these spaces for water, or if that were out of the question, for clouds. They are, of course, nothing of the sort. The Japanese are much too fond of the line and color in wave forms, and the possibilities in clouds, to lose any opportunity to portray them. In reality, these blank spaces are simply regions which seemed to the

artist to contain nothing of interest, and so he naïvely left them bare. In looking over our educational schemes one comes upon many such bare spots. A notable one is the long vacation. In most of our American colleges it separates the short years of effort by intervals of three and even four months. Personally I believe that these long vacations are much too long, and that a far wiser arrangement would be four terms in a year, corresponding to the four seasons, and separated by breathing spaces of perhaps a week or ten days. But whatever the length of the vacations they are only regions devoid of interest if we deliberately make them so. In reality, they are great opportunities, and their profitable use is as much a part of the educational problem as are the other busy months. In our customary school life, the unwisdom of these long idle months has come to be generally recognized. The gap between June and September is now being filled by summer camps, by vacation schools, by school gardens, by corn and tomato clubs, by Boy Scout activities, and by other wholesome schemes. A three-years college course offers two such long vacations. If a lad has come directly from the high school to college, and has never been in Europe, he can hardly do better than to spend at least one vacation abroad, but not, I should say, in company with another lad as crude and inexperienced as himself, but in the company of an older educated person who would make the trip something more than a mere idle prank. But if the lad has made the great world journey, or has already been in Europe under anything like favorable conditions, it would be very wise for him to devote both long vacations to seeing America, not the America of tourist hotels and summer resorts and idle cottagers,

but that larger America of effort in which he is so soon to take a part. It is desirable that here, as in the world journey, a lad should realize the essential necessity for labor, and should be inspired with a genuine desire to do his own proper share. To make the vision of work a reality he would better lend a responsible hand. To make it educational, the work must be self-chosen, appealing to the lad's own sense of what is interesting and important. For obvious reasons, it would better be outdoor work. There is plenty of physical bigness in our open-air industries. The lad can choose the bigness which most touches his own spirit, the bigness of mountain, of forest, of open range, of grain-field, of illimitable sea. With a little well-directed search he can find a summer berth on some surveying party, in a mining enterprise, in the forestry service, on a cattle ranch, in the wheat-fields of the Northwest, at a summer camp, on board a veritable ship of service. He will have a happier summer, as well as a more profitable one, than if he had joined the manufactured occupations of leisure. In many cases the work will be rough, but the fault will be more than balanced by its robust sincerity.

In my own four-year undergraduate college course, I spent two of the long vacations in private enterprises of travel in the Southern Appalachians, and the third, the most profitable one of them all, as a member of a railroad surveying party in western Pennsylvania. My own modest job was to give the "back sight" to the transit-man, and at each station, one hundred feet apart, to measure the angle of the slope, so that the office men could calculate the necessary "cut and fill." It was not at all difficult work, but it kept me out in the air the entire day, gave me a long enough tramp to

bring a hearty appetite and wholesome physical fatigue, and left me enough leisure en route to hang around the transit and find out everything that was going on. Nor was the incidental experience less valuable, the opportunity to study at short range the rank and file of our American citizenship, as it goes about its prosaic daily business. Such a trip involves some danger, but a boy must learn to meet danger and look out for himself. I recall a typical experience. One day we were running our line through a swamp between a steep wooded ridge and the Clarion River. I was waiting for the signal to give the back sight. I heard a curious rumbling noise, quite unlike anything I had ever heard before, and stepped forward to see what it was. An immense log shot through the air on a level with my head and only a few feet in front of me. It cleared the swamp, and landed on the bank of the river, with sufficient force to strip off every shred of bark. I was, in fact, standing at the bottom of a long timber shoot, and might expect at any moment to be bombarded by similar catapults. After that, I learned to reconnoiter the ground when I took up my position in the woods. The railroad company met my expenses and paid me a dollar a day. As this was practically the first money I had ever earned, I was correspondingly proud. But it seemed to me that I was being doubly paid, — the experience itself was such high pay. Even now, I recall and value some of the social and scientific lessons of that remote summer in the woods.

Such opportunities do not ordinarily come with the morning mail. A boy must look them up, and persist until the right thing is found. But the act of deciding upon a summer plan, and exercising the will in carry-

ing it out are a valuable part of the scheme. In looking back, a man often regrets some of the easy times in his life, when parents, or teachers, or friends let him off; but if he has any eye for values, he never regrets a single hardship.

XIV

LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE

THE process of getting educated, if carried out with any degree of imagination and skill, is much too delightful a process to end with the bachelor's degree. Nor would it be economic. At twenty-one a young man has lost some of the plasticity of early youth, but if his twenty-one years have been well spent, he is now equipped with a sound, dexterous body, and with an intellectual tool well sharpened and ready for work. It would be a great individual and social loss to have him put this splendid tool aside, or to put it to other than the best uses. In any case, the essential process of education cannot be stopped. It goes on, willy-nilly, until the end of the earth-chapter, until death. The real problem is one of efficiency. At twenty-one a man is not educated, however intelligently he has been brought up. At best, he is only educated up to twenty-one. And he is not even educated up to that age, unless he has been taught to see that this revelation of the moral and æsthetic universe which constitutes education, this unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit, is in reality a life-long adventure upon which he is consciously to enter, with a stout and merry heart. If the principle of self-activity has been faithfully and loyally followed, the boy will not be appalled at the prospect of having to take his life in his own hands, for that is precisely what he has been doing all along, and doing increasingly with each passing year. Graduation, instead of

being a hazardous plunge from the cloister into the world, ought in reality to be a very casual happening, — the mere closing of one volume and the opening of a succeeding one. It is a foolish thing to have a boy feel at twenty-one that he is suddenly confronted with a new and momentous problem, — the right ordering of his days. If he has been living to any purpose, he has been doing this all along. The only novelty is that hereafter the bread-and-butter problem is to assume a more practical part of the whole problem, but even here the novelty is only one of application, not one of thought. If his education has been at all sound, it has been founded upon economics as well as upon religion, and he is familiar with the necessary rôle which labor plays in every rational scheme of life, and eager, now that he is equipped for the work, to render his own intelligent share.

A young person whose ideal of life is to escape necessary labor, and to force other persons — men or women or children — to do his share for him, is not an educated person, and is sadly in need of further discipline. The sudden intrusion of the bread-and-butter problem into the life of a young man, and particularly under our present disorderly industrial system, is to give the problem, in his unprepared mind, a quite mischievous emphasis. His father tells him, somewhat gruffly, that now he 's got to get to work. His mother, with more emotion, straightens out his cravat, and buttons up his coat, quite as if she were fastening on a knight's armor, and sends him out to get on in the world. His maiden aunt, with tears in her eyes, talks quite solemnly and touchingly of the fight he is about to put up, and how she hopes, and prays, for his suc-

cess. The fight she has in mind is our present ignoble scramble for wealth, and the success she impiously prays for is the wealth itself. And his sweetheart, if he have one, — practical, even in love, — urges on the fight by promising him herself, just as soon as he has won; and by this she too often means just as soon as he can keep her in complete, debilitating, parasitic idleness.

An uneducated young man — and most college graduates *are* still uneducated — quite naturally accepts this caricature of life. He sees that in our present industrial anarchy, the average slice of the good things of life is a small portion. He accepts the idea presented by his father, his mother, his maiden aunt, his sweetheart, his social class, that to make a career for himself is to manage so cleverly that he shall be able to appropriate much more than the average slice, and so make himself and his relatives and his friends both proud and happy. Life becomes a struggle; not a praiseworthy struggle *with* his fellows for better things all around, and the Great State some fine day, but a horrid, fratricidal struggle *against* his fellows for an unjust share of the good things which too often he has not even helped to produce. With the consent of all concerned, a young man is thrown headlong into this daily irreligion, this denial of service and brotherhood, and then his mother and his maiden aunt and his sweetheart, now a cooler wife, audibly wonder why religion has lost its hold upon men. The uneducated young man naturally accepts the world as he finds it, and is ready to sell his youth, and his time, and his health, perhaps even his earlier scrupulousness, to the highest bidder, and does not know until too late what a wretchedly bad bargain he has made of it. In nine

cases out of ten, he offers excuses for his disloyalty to himself and to society, by preaching contentment with a social order, a struggle of wild beasts, which no man of brains or conscience ought ever to be contented with. He does not hear, or hearing, fails to comprehend that saner voice, crying in our midst: "To be reconciled to one's lot is the worst fate that can befall mankind. The one real tragedy in life is the being used by personally minded men for purposes which you, yourself, recognize to be base."

The majority of the persons in our midst are not educated, and so they submit to this worst fate, and repeat this one real tragedy. Even the minority, the few young persons who really are educated, the Devil fights for with every social and industrial allurement, and only a very few escape into the larger life of reason and justice and religion.

I now propose to consider the case of this minority of the minority, and to ask how a young man bent on illumination and righteousness shall order his days from twenty-one on. I shall give him for a personal motto, the borrowed title of this chapter, "Live your own Life." He has been doing this with the help of counsel; he is to go on doing it, and to do it more thoroughly, with the help of himself and of God.

Education, rationally conceived, is not at all the haphazard process which it is commonly thought to be, and commonly in practice made to be. It is the definite working-out of perfectly definite fundamental principles. Life after college, from twenty-one on, is to be of the same definite character. It is to be an affirmation of the will. The will sums up what a man is, with so much of reason, religion, education, intuition, as he has

gathered from his contemporaries and his ancestors. In a young man, even of considerable education, the will, as a rule, is feeble and timid. It is neither affirmative, nor has it, as yet, much to affirm. The young man does by instinct many vigorous, forceful, lustful things along conventional lines, and they are commonly mistaken for manifestations of the will. In reality, they merely publish the fact that his will is not yet developed, is not yet in command, and so he is the too-ready victim of customs, and conventions, and instincts. Later, he may do some of these same things, after enlightenment has come, but it will not be from any blind necessity. He will do them because he elects to do them. He may act on occasion in conformity with instinct and convention, but if he does, it will be because his will, open-eyed, regards the given acts as profitable and desirable. The educated lad is forever an asker of questions, a denier of imposture, a seeker of truth. He will make his own multiform mistakes, and they will sweep over the whole possible range, from the comic to the tragic, but at least he will not be the dupe of contemporary or past mistakes for the insufficient reason that multitudes of other men have made them. He will suffer, he will offend, but in his heart there will be the great peace, for he will be sure that he can meet no ultimate disaster. And in the end, he will know God.

At twenty-one, it is the bread-and-butter problem with which a young American of the present day is supposed primarily to cope. The majority do, and so strenuously that they have little time for other things. But for the minority of the minority there are, properly speaking, no problems. The world is, — things are. Life is not a problem, not even a great problem. It is

something much more pulsating, more intuitive than that, — it is an experience. The main business of life is to be. It is to affirm, in the most grandiose manner, a will the most nearly divine. There are few who are willing to take life on such simple, magnificent terms. They seize upon all sorts of entanglements, past and present, they invent new entanglements of their own, and then pompously call these snares of the spirit, problems. When a man straightens up, tries to look wise, and begins to talk to you about ordinary affairs, his own and others, as problems, you would much better slip off, for ten to one he is only going to make a noise. It is worth remarking that the great spiritual teachers, Lord Buddha and Lord Jesus, and their elect company, had no problems. They beckoned men away from these entanglements and puerilities, into the great open heaven of the Eternal Immediate. The main business of life is with this Eternal Immediate, this stream of time, this affirmation of the will. It is to live your own life, — it is to move forward freely, each in his own path.

On all sides, it is true, we see multitudes of persons living their own lives apparently, and apparently making a sad mess of it, — idlers, spendthrifts, seekers after a thousand pleasures. But they are not discrediting the injunction, for in reality they are not following it. They are simply following the crowd and are often involving others to their harm. It is very clear that such an injunction is only valid if it applies to all. *Live your own Life* has for its necessary corollary, *Let others live theirs*. Even in this form it is not a creed for cowards and lazy persons. It is a creed for men of courage and high spirit and the only creed which can bring abiding

satisfaction. It is not a novel creed, though it is preached by such extreme moderns as Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Shaw, and in gentler form by those less tumultuous spirits, Emerson and Matthew Arnold. In reality, it is the heart of our old Buddhist prayer, and of the sturdiest thought of both Greece and Alexandria. Nor will it seem novel or revolutionary to the boy of twenty-one who has been brought up all along in harmony with its teaching. He will really be doing a great thing, — to be himself, — but if his education has so far been a success, it will not occur to him to be anything else. It would, I confess, be a distinctly revolutionary programme for the ordinary public-school boy, the ordinary boarding-school product, the ordinary teacher, the ordinary church-member, the ordinary shopkeeper, the ordinary professional man, for they have all been brought up not to be themselves, brought up to conform, as far as their waywardness will permit, to a body of traditions, prejudices, customs, almost guaranteed to suppress any possible novelty.

The difference between our educated boy and the ordinary uneducated graduate will show itself from now on to the graveyard, but in nothing more markedly than the way in which they handle the bread-and-butter question. The educated boy will take it casually, as he would a top-coat and an umbrella on a stormy day, and without effort will treat it as a means to an end, as a necessary body-servant to his physical life, — admittedly necessary but always a servant. The ordinary boy, on the other hand, takes his bread-and-butter seriously, so seriously that when he tells you with a choke in his voice that he means to make a success of *his* life, what he really means is that he plans to get not only bread-and-

butter enough, but a hundred times more than enough. He omits to say that in doing it he will probably, almost surely, make shipwreck of his real life, the life of the spirit. For human life is short, — if you do *this*, you cannot do *that;* if you devote yourself to the non-essentials of life, the essentials are bound to go by the board.

The difference between the two types of boy may be summed up in a nutshell: the educated boy treats the essential things seriously, and the secondary things casually, while the ordinary boy treats the essential things casually, and the secondary things seriously.

Now the bread-and-butter requirements must be met by all of us, idealists as well as materialists, but they are secondary in any well-planned career, and may never rise above the level of means. The man whose purpose it is to live his own life will keep bread-and-butter in this secondary place. The moment he fails to do this, the game is up, and he has become the servant, instead of the master, of industry, and has gone over to the crowd of commonplace, unimportant folk. The educated boy who comes out of college with a stout and merry heart, or from his apprenticeship with the artists, is not oppressed by any bread-and-butter "problem." He is the gay possessor of the day and he means to use it, not waste it. He means to go on educating himself, to go on gaining the deep satisfactions of life, to go on serving and being served, to go on devoting himself to the essential things, — and, incidentally, to pay his way. There are many respectable, moral, pious persons who will shake their heads at such a plan of life. Their morality is custom, and from such a point of view, the plan is immoral; but at the same time it is the beginning of a new and

higher morality, which will one day be the accepted custom.

To live this free, religious life, without compromise and unabashed, involves no struggle on the part of persons who are moderately sane. It is too bad to speak of life as a struggle, and so to justify the inhumanities of warfare. The real struggle is to keep one's self uncorrupted by the worldliness of one's own family ; one's own sweetheart, perhaps ; of the ordinary teacher, priest, church-member, editor, business man, prominent citizen. They all have a thousand specious reasons why this beautiful boy of twenty-one should turn back from his radiant life, and adopt their own shabby plans, and to all these reasons they attach the siren name of Morality. But this morality which they preach, so red in the face, is nothing more than the excuses which they themselves have invented to justify their own failure to move forward. When a boy really sees this he can prick many a solemn bubble, and go laughing on towards the Kingdom of God. There is one recurrent bubble which must be recurrently pricked. It is that unconvincing, ineffectual contention that certain things have *got* to be done. One hears that children must be born, that coal must be mined, that railways must be run, that steamship fires must be stoked, that certain wares must be made, that goods must be sold, that sky-scrapers must be built, that a thousand other things must be done, and that somebody has *got* to do them. This is an assumption pure and simple, unfounded and indefensible, and is used to bolster up the most scandalous schemes of life, from the fashionable clergyman to the commercial drummer and the prostitute. There is one unanswerable reply to all such sophistry, and it is that such a necessity does not exist. It

cannot be proven by any method, direct or indirect. Some of the activities declared necessary may under certain conditions be thought desirable, but when you have substituted a problematical desirability for an imperative necessity, the bubble is pricked, the whole question is up for discussion, and is open to restatement from the point of view of a higher morality and a freer will.

In the course of the many journeys to which I have so often referred, journeys which have carried me into every one of our forty-eight states, I have visited many out-of-the-way corners, and have frequently been obliged to stop at hotels which could not truthfully be called pleasure resorts. One of the hardships of such an adventure is the swarm of commercial travelers. If there is any more hopeless and complete way of wasting a human life than to be a drummer, I have yet to discover it. But incredible as it may sound, each of these men was under the illusion that the "line of goods he carried" (I think I have the lingo right) had *got* to be sold, and consequently the selling took precedence over every other obligation and decency. One of these drummers, a nice, handsome lad, told me with engaging frankness that his line of goods — shoes, I think — could not sell on their merits, since they lacked such recommendation, and that he had, therefore, to lie about them. His offense in lying about his wares seemed to me trivial in comparison to the graver offense of lying to himself about his own destiny.

There are, of coure, other pitfalls for those anxious to fall into them, but this very specious argument of necessity once out of the way, it is amazing how beautifully free the field of life adventure really is. Nothing may claim the boy, no ancestral trade or occupation, no

industrial lure, no preposterous obligation. Because six generations of John Smiths have been ministers, or lawyers or doctors or barbers or pork-packers or mill-hands, is no possible reason why this particular John Smith should be one. It is a free field, — the boy himself may claim anything.

In many of the occupations, it will be necessary for a boy to undertake three or four years of specific preparation. This is notably the case if he goes in for one of the so-called learned professions, or for a modern scientific pursuit, such as engineering, chemistry, or agriculture. In other occupations, he may learn, and perhaps best learn, by doing. No one can properly select an occupation for the boy, but any free spirit can materially help him by pointing out the implications in each occupation. The occupations themselves are legion, but the principle of selection is exceedingly simple. The possible occupations, I should say, are those which have in them the eternal element, which possess, that is to say, an essential importance, and a fundamental, abiding interest. And the impossible occupations are those marked by essential futility, which possess neither genuine importance nor an enduring interest. This offers a practical touchstone which a boy may apply for himself in estimating the possible merits of any given occupation. Does it deal with human needs which are fundamental, or fictitious? important, or trivial? artistic, or commonplace? wholesome or sickly? Or a boy may put the case to himself in this fashion: suppose yourself at threescore years and ten, at the end of the journey and looking backward, is the given occupation one which would seem to you, from that point of view, the worthy spending of a human life, *your* life? It is a

penetrating question, solemn enough when asked in advance, most solemn of all when asked in the actual retrospect. And it is a question which every educated person must meet.

I propose to apply some such touchstone to a few typical occupations. And first it may be interesting to apply it to the so-called learned professions. May an earnest, high-spirited, religious boy, who proposes to live his own life, and to live it worthily, be a clergyman, or a lawyer, or a doctor? It is customary to assume that these are professions of unquestionable merit, and that the only possible barriers are on the part of the candidate, — a lack of ability, perhaps, or taste, or fitness; and in some localities, a possible lack of opening, through over-supply. A boy who proposes to live his own life, and to be guided by the newer morality which regards each man as a responsible regent of Deity, and each act as a creative movement, will hardly accept current assumptions in such an important matter as this, but will want to weigh and measure each profession separately, on its own merits, and for himself. It is true that if he were older and more experienced, his judgment might be different, but the judgment is wanted at the beginning, not at the end of the adventure.

Looking at the ministry in this open-eyed, unprejudiced fashion, a religious, educated boy will see at once that in the rigid denominations of every faith, the profession is clearly impossible, for it controverts the first essential principle of his life, the continuous search for the truth, the continuous effort to know God. The great churches in America, Catholic and Protestant alike, have found the truth, and the first requirement for entrance to their priesthoods is that a man shall

subscribe unreservedly to this truth, and shall promise with very solemn oaths loyally to uphold it, and to defend it against change. In my own beautiful Church, he must believe the Creed, formulated in 325, and the Thirty-nine Articles, promulgated in 1563. These are impressive and important documents, for they proclaim what some of the Church Fathers at a given date believed; but the attempt to impose their literal acceptance upon the present hour is the impossible task of attempting to stop the creative onflow of time. Any church with a definite, specific creed is impossible to a modern religious boy. He cannot *promise* to believe anything, for belief is spontaneous, flexible, expansive; and when he starts out to know God, he must be ready to travel wherever the quest leads him. The idea of a fixed belief belongs to the old order of things, the old habit of interfering with persons who are properly free, the old academic passion for defining things which are indefinable. But the old order is passing, — for the best spirits of the time, has already passed. It has no part in that newer morality which accepts genuine novelty, genuine creation, genuine responsibility. It is a critical time in the life of our Christian Church. The new insight which is now stirring the hearts of men has appeared within the Church under the name of Modernism. If the Church accepts Modernism, and becomes the sanctuary of those who in freedom seek God, she has before her a new and splendid life. If she reject it, she is doomed, it seems to me, to be eventually outgrown, just as negro slavery, and trials for witchcraft, and the Holy Office, have been beneficently outgrown.

An educated boy of twenty-one, of average ability,

who reads that very practical religious tract, the Gospel of St. Matthew, with the same care that he would bestow upon any philosophical essay, will easily discover the antithesis between being a Christian and being a Churchman. In that telling allegory of the Last Judgment, where Lord Jesus states in the plainest of language his own idea of the way of salvation, he summons the naked human soul to judgment, and proposes but one test, the universal test of service. In the face of human need, — of hunger, thirst, loneliness, nakedness, sickness, imprisonment, — how did a man behave? Four times this homely list is repeated, and the effect is extraordinary. There is no question of metaphysical belief, not even, as I have already pointed out, whether you believe in God. But the Church makes salvation depend upon metaphysical belief. A boy would thus find himself in this very curious dilemma, that if he could, by the help of some intellectual sleeping-powder, accept the idea of a fixed belief, even then he could only become a Christian minister by ceasing to be a Christian. A Christian may, of course, accept all the dogmas of his Church, — Roman, Anglican, or Nonconformist, — and may hold them to be important and helpful hypotheses of the spiritual life. Many of these dogmas seem to me personally very precious. But one may hardly be a Christian of the original type and hold any of these dogmas as necessary to salvation. That seems to me the real issue. One is called upon to choose between the Christianity of the Founder and the Christianity of the Church. Is the test Service or Dogma? But though a truly religious boy may not be an official, salaried priest, in any rigid faith, he may well be the free, unpaid minister of the new morality. Nor need he strive in the

effort. The simple integrity of a good man's life makes him an unconscious minister.

In the matter of the law, there is something more to be said, but there are also very large and damaging reservations. In even so advanced a Commonwealth as Massachusetts, over ninety per cent of the laws, I believe, have to do with property, and something less than ten percent with persons. The most respectable lawyers, I am told, — those who stand highest in their profession, and are most expectantly in line for a justiceship in the Supreme Court, — prefer to handle cases which involve the largest amount of property. That is to say, they prefer to concern themselves with the affairs of large corporations, receiverships, bankruptcies, will contests, the estates of dead accumulators. Few of these lawyers, I understand, care to be mixed up in criminal cases, or in other affairs concerning persons; few of them concern themselves with mere justice. In a word, the chief business of a modern successful lawyer is money. He does not produce wealth; he helps men appropriate it, and conserve it, and augment it. He is naturally best paid when the amounts at stake are large. At bottom, he is a commercialist, quite as much as if he were a stock-broker or a shopkeeper. A boy who proposes to live his own life, and to do it worthily, need not go into the merits or demerits of this particular method of spending the days, for he will see on the face of it that such a method is not for him. It does not satisfy the conditions of a possible enlightened vocation, — it is not important, it is not fundamentally interesting, it is devoid of the eternal element. At the end of a life so spent there would be a feeling of emptiness and chagrin. But there is another type of lawyer

who is free from this sordid, futile use of his wits, who busies himself with the things that are genuinely needful and important, and whose activities commend themselves to a high-minded boy. It is the lawyer who devotes himself to making justice prevail, both in those courts where he has access and in the community where he lives, and who uses his splendid intellectual training and his large legal experience to become, in his maturity, an honest, disinterested statesman. A boy might look forward to such a career without any compromise of principle, or sacrifice of freedom. In certain offices, he would have to swear to support the Constitution, but even the Constitution is open to amendment; and one is never asked to promise under very solemn oaths to believe always that the Constitution is right. In both these respects it has a decided advantage over the Creed. In finding the law permissible, one does not, of course, assert that it concerns itself with the most important or the most interesting or the most enduring things of life. The boy must decide that for himself.

At the present moment, medicine has fallen upon evil days, and a boy, scrutinizing it as a possible profession, must allow himself to be keenly critical. In all our large American cities the medical profession has been soiled and degraded by a widespread epidemic of acute commercialism. There are many splendid exceptions, but the majority of skillful physicians and surgeons seem to value their reputation for the disproportionate fees which it makes possible. I need not quote examples, for no one with any large experience of modern city life has failed to meet them pretty near at home. I have had a physician lie to me in order to bring me unnecessarily to his office a second time. I

have had one charge me the regular fee for telling me that he could do nothing for me and that I must consult some one else. With persons of moderate means, illness is coming to be dreaded, not only because of the suffering and inconvenience which it entails, but because of the devastating bill which in the end can only be met, perhaps, by a whole year of paralyzing scraping and economizing. Surgery seems particularly rapacious. I have known a professor's family to lose its summer vacation because one of the children developed appendicitis, and for that very simple operation, a removal of the appendix, was charged a thousand dollars. I have known a wholesome Harvard boy to get into the hands of a Boston dentist, and to be carried along, week after week, unnecessarily, until the bill amounted to one quarter of the boy's yearly income, — a double theft of time and money. I have not personally known of the cases, but I hear repeated rumors of operations performed, and visits paid, and treatments prescribed, which were not only unnecessary but even harmful, — merely for the fee. It is significant that persons requiring a somewhat complicated operation — one that need not be immediate — have gone to Germany to have it performed, because even including the crossings the expense was still far less. I have myself gone to an aurist in Vienna, — a man who stood at the head of his profession not only in Austria, but in all the world, — and for five careful and lengthy treatments paid the price of one indifferent treatment by a less distinguished man in this country. It is also to be remarked that that accusing document, the preface to "A Doctor's Dilemma," has never been successfully answered.

But it is not necessary to continue this ungracious

scrutiny. The most dreadful aspect of the whole medical abuse, however, remains to be touched upon, and has not, I think, been given adequate public attention. In the most critical cases, human lives hang in a perilous balance. A breath turns the scale either way. Now the power of a physician or surgeon depends not only upon his technical knowledge and skill, but also upon the insight which comes to him when he works in a pure intuitive spirit. To be successful, he must sense the case spiritually as well as diagnose it objectively. Commercialism robs him of this precious insight, as it does its votaries in all professions. At the critical moment his power fails and the balance tips towards death. The tragedy in the physician's own spiritual life has projected itself and become the emotional tragedy in the life of a whole family and a wide circle of friends. There are distinguished practitioners in whom this spiritual blindness has progressed so far that to entrust a critical case to their care is practically the same as murder.

A boy who elects medicine and surgery as a service will hardly allow himself ever to come to look upon it as a money-making business, but it is well for him to be forewarned, and well for him to understand the subtle currents which might, in spite of himself, drag him into the abyss. Physicians are not apt to be good business men, and they are apt to want many things that cost a lot of money, — a house in a fashionable locality, a smart motor-car, instruments and equipment somewhat elaborate; and they are just as apt as other men to have extravagant wives and families. It often happens that an ambitious physician, almost before he knows it, becomes entangled in the net of a large expen-

diture, just as a private schoolmaster, in his desire to create a good school, spends more than he has. The results for both are disastrous. The physician feels himself obliged to bid for patients, to hang on to them, and to charge as much as the traffic will bear. The schoolmaster, under financial pressure, feels himself obliged to bid for scholars, and in doing this, he compromises with the surrounding prejudice and ignorance, until his poor school becomes as amorphous as a jellyfish. The man who desires to render any genuine service must keep himself singularly free from entanglements.

There is another aspect of medicine which an earnest boy will have to face, and that is the distressingly unnecessary character of much of the work. In reality the active physician is a modern Sisyphus, doomed to roll his stone up the hill one day, only to have it roll down the next. Most disease is preventable, possibly all of it. It is the plain result of unintelligent living and of deliberate indulgence. I am myself a tolerably humane person, and would, as quickly as another, do my utmost to save a human life without first speculating upon its probable worth. But I could feel no enthusiasm for a profession in which I was asked, day after day, to rescue men from the results of their self-indulgence, or women from the results of unwholesome, unnatural lives, or working-people from the results of an industrialism which kept up the supply of victims much faster than I could cure them. It would be better to get at the cause of things and to do my mending there. But when all these necessary deductions have been made, there remains, of course, a large field for legitimate service in both medicine and surgery, a service essentially important, essentially interesting, and, if

touched by that vision of the Greater Man and the newer morality, essentially worth while. The task will be less and less the curing of the sick, and more and more the furtherance of preventive medicine and hygiene, and the upbuilding of a nobler race.

A sane and intelligent boy will bring to his quest of a vocation nothing feverish or sacrificial. When he comes to compare his own aims with the current aims in the life about him, he cannot fail to see that what America now needs more than any possible technical skill as priest, lawyer, physician, engineer, architect, planter, schoolmaster, editor, or what-not, is simply Men, — men living lives of integrity and uncompromising loyalty to the will. Remembering that not one of the schemes which now belittle the day is necessary or compelling, a boy will feel a large freedom from the old false appeals, and a perfect liberty to decline not only those callings which are essentially frivolous, but those as well which offend his taste, or impair his prospect of bodily health and efficiency. He is much more wanted, this strong, beautiful, accomplished boy, than any of the trifles for which he can exchange his strength and beauty and accomplishment. He will decline all of the thousand and one callings which occupy the time in ways unworthy of a human being, and unnecessary to the highest social life. He will never be entrapped by the plea that society needs a particular service, for that plea has been rendered forever invalid by its unforgivable abuses, by the unspeakable crimes against the Holy Spirit which it has instigated, condoned, and glorified.

As a man behind the scenes in the human drama, as an affirming will, as a conscious part of the cause of things, an educated boy is bound to realize his own im-

mense responsibility, as well as his immense freedom. A sluggish, unintelligent, unaffirming will may be as evil in its practical effect as an admittedly malevolent will. A social will, made up of such inert elements, may be itself malevolent. It may be a man's part to fight it, flout it, crush it. Never may society impose its own material standards upon an enlightened spirit. Never may it say to him, — we must have coal, mine it; we must have railways, build them; we must have factories, equip them; we must have this and that and the other thing, procure them! Never may it urge one material product as a veritable necessity or as a veritable element of progress. We speak of America as a new country. In reality, the continuity of our republican form of government makes us politically one of the oldest nations of the Western world, older than Norway, Germany, France, Italy, Portugal, Russia, the Balkan States, — older even than England, if we place the overthrow of the House of Lords as the beginning of a new political era. We are an old nation, and during much of our stirring life, we have had coal and steam and electricity and railways, telegraphs and telephones and wireless, motor-cars and trolleys and subways and elevated roads, and all the multitudinous paraphernalia of material accomplishment. But these things do not constitute civilization; the sociologists do not even class them as achievements. The truth is that civilization and achievement are matters of the spirit, and must express themselves in persons, in their spiritual and bodily and intellectual excellence. So far as material progress furthers this human excellence, it contributes to civilization, but it is not itself civilization; and no array of products, tools, structures, or statistics can impose upon

the alert will. Where these material achievements have been inimical to human excellence, — and this is true of many of them, — they are the foes of civilization and progress, and in that new evaluation of life which is now, on all sides of us, taking place, they will be rejected and tossed aside.

Many of the material achievements upon which we most pride ourselves are, in reality, open to serious question. I chance to be writing in the state of Georgia, and in a pamphlet in her praise I find well toward the front a statement that she has seven thousand miles of railways within her borders, — I presume that by this time the total is at least eight thousand! I have used the railways of America more than the majority of private travelers, and they have made possible many personal explorations, but I seriously doubt whether America would not be a more beautiful, a more interesting, a more prosperous, and a more civilized nation if railways had never been invented. Civilization does not consist in a surfeit of things. Such a surfeit may, indeed, produce savagery, as you may see any day in any of our metropolitan cities, North or South, East or West. The railways have not even made us wealthy. They have concentrated wealth in a few hands. They have made possible the immense money-power which has become a national menace, and is now the object of a political attack which manifestly proposes to fight to a finish. Without the railways this concentration would not have been possible; our forests would not have been despoiled; local industries would not have been killed; delightful old towns would not have been ruined overnight, and hideous mushroom towns allowed to grow up in their stead; local art and architecture would have

flourished; families would not have been scattered; quaint customs would have been preserved; the army of commercial drummers, now wasting their lives in a dreary round of discomfort and vulgarity, would be productively and happily employed at home; the hundreds of thousands of railway employees now rushing aimlessly over the land, or stalled at junctions or on sidings, or lounging around freight-houses and depots; and other hundreds of thousands drudging away to produce railway ties and steel rails and rolling stock, and engine fuel, might all be doing agreeable, productive things and living much more rational lives; the unspeakable hotels, where these commercial drummers stop, with their dirt and discomfort and ugliness, would never have been thought of. The major error lies in our worship of things. The real truth is that we do not need many things to make us happy and civilized. We need only a little food, moderate clothing, modest shelter, and a few adequate tools, but we do need spaciousness and beauty and free time and friendliness and ideas and an active will, and we do need to keep the multiform elements of life in something like proportion.

A lad who has been genuinely educated, must so order his days and so organize his entire life that through the intelligent operation of his will he may secure these simple, necessary, attainable things, and still live his own true life, and keep the control always in his own hands. He may not sell his time, or hire himself out to any man, or allow any man to decide where he shall go and what he shall do and what he shall say. Such obedience is, to a free spirit, the great crime. The only ground for rational obedience is where the person obeyed assumes the consequences, and so becomes responsible

for one's life and welfare. It is reasonable to require obedience from children, for we stand between them and human want. They would perish without us; and so we assume very willingly the responsibility for their lives, but to carry out this responsibility we must have their obedience. It is a grave trust and one that we must relinquish line by line as we see that the children are capable of shouldering the responsibility for themselves. But we may not go too rapidly or too far. In the new evaluation of life which is now taking place, there is much unwisdom and harmful sentimentality in the talk about the "emancipation" of children and young persons. That is the object of all education — genuinely to emancipate them — to bring them to the point where they can order their own lives and make them the expression of their own intelligent will; but it is the height of unwisdom to declare prematurely that this has been accomplished. The boy or girl who comes home for food and clothing and shelter and social status, lays a heavy responsibility upon the home, and can only pay for it by reasonable obedience. A young man who is willing to live at his father's expense, but unwilling to respect his father's wishes, is disloyal, not to his father, but to a principle of life, and deserves the contempt of more robust and loyal spirits. A boy of twenty-one who has been educated to this more complete view, knows that when he accepts wages or salary, he places the responsibility for his sustenance in the hands of another man, and is bound in the very nature of things to yield obedience as the price. In all matters connected with the work in hand, he must go where he is told to go, and do what he is told to do, and say what he is told to say. When for any reason he feels that he

cannot with propriety obey, there is but one reasonable course open to him, and that is to give over both the work and the wages. It is transparently clear, then, that a boy who means to live his own life must in the end fend for himself. It may take time for him to get on his feet and to be his own master industrially as well as spiritually. It may take time and seeking and effort. He may meanwhile be obliged to sell a part of his time, to hire himself out to the least objectionable master that he can find to employ him. But the arrangement is temporary, — en route, — a thing to be regretted and never for one moment accepted as an ultimate plan of life.

Mr. Samuel Gompers has recently declared in print: "I am a member of a family of working people; my father and grandfather worked at a trade. There are now four living generations of union members in my family, starting with my father, a cigarmaker eighty-four years old and ending with my oldest son's daughter, a stenographer. I worked at my trade twenty-six years, and the members of my family have been, are, and expect to remain, wage-earners. We belong with the workers, and we want to stay where we belong."

It is a ghastly chronicle, and affects me much as if a slave had rattled his chains in my ears and told me how he loved them! But such frank statements as this of Mr. Gompers are valuable, for they show just where too many workingmen stand. And they throw into sharp contrast the unionist ideal of wanting to remain wage-earners, and the educational ideal of freedom and such hardships as freedom may bring. A boy is very badly educated, indeed, if he wants to remain a wage-earner all his life, and is little qualified to lead other workers into freedom. I should say that Mr. Gompers is a very

poor guide for the hard-working and presumably honest men who make up the rank and file of his labor federation. When slavery was compulsory, as in the case of the negro before the Proclamation, the only way to abolish slavery was by legislative action. But when it is voluntary, as it is in the case of the majority of wage-earners, and clerks, and stenographers, and officials, and the people generally who sell their time for hire, the cure must be individual. The slavery is due to a state of mind (become chronic in the case of Mr. Gompers and his family, and threatening, from his own account of it, to become hereditary), and can only be abolished by a contrary state of mind. The war of liberation must be fought out in the world of ideas. Slavery of all sorts, industrial as well as religious, civil, and social, is the outcome of a slumbering will. It vanishes before the alert will. And, as I have been pointing out, to produce the alert will, to arouse a man to live his own life, is the proper and most momentous task of education.

In examining the stock occupations offered by society, a boy who is true to his education, and unwavering in his determination to live his own life, will find that for him the greater number are impossible, because they are at variance with the fundamental principles of his life. Perhaps on the whole, this is no personal disadvantage, for he will be sure of sufficient leisure, and he may be led by the small number of permissible callings to invent novel and interesting ones. As a practical person, he will first assure himself of food and clothing and shelter, and such personal equipment as may be essential to the carrying-out of his plans. He may do this by rendering a specific service for a specified price,

some service which is not base, which will not enslave himself or others, which will preferably occupy only a part of his time, and which will leave unimpaired his self-respect. Or he may provide himself with the necessaries of life by producing or fashioning so much of them as he may, and exchanging the surplus for things which he cannot produce himself. Just what he does will depend upon himself, his tastes and interests and abilities, and upon the resources of the neighborhood. When an educated man once makes up his mind that the things he needs for his freedom are very small in one direction, and quite extravagant in another direction, he is already a very rich man, provided the small things cost money, and the extravagant things do not; and he is a very poor man, when the case is reversed. If the small things represent material needs, and the extravagant things, the needs of the spirit, such treasures as space and air and love and health and beauty and music and books and tramps and art and the alert, free-acting will, — things that cost little or no money, — then it is quite possible for all men to be free and independent.

I have watched with profound interest and for many years the sweep of material achievement in this country and abroad, and have shared, in part, the materialistic thought which accompanied it. I have always been painfully sensitive to the hideous industrial side of this development, but I believed that this complicated, intricate mechanism would somehow in the end serve persons; and that out of chaos, God would bring order. So omnipotent did this material achievement finally become to the men of the closing years of the last century, that it took on a scientific validity and came to figure as a causative thing, — environment. Man was the child

of this environment. He could not be saved individually, and apart from the environment, for *it* was cause, and *he* was effect. The only way to save him was the apparently evolutionary way, to perfect his environment, and then to wait for its assured product. We might well leave such a work to God, for it was miles and centuries beyond human power. But to all appearances, God did not act. The industrial environment became more devastating rather than less devastating, the human product less full of promise. Men appealed to Heaven and prayed, as men have seldom prayed before. But there was no answer. And some of the men said: "There is no God. We must take the world as we find it; each for himself and the devil get the hindmost." But the others, though confounded, waited, and slowly in their hearts grew up the conviction that God had not answered their prayer, not because he was not, but because they had brought to him a task which was properly their own task, and that however the affairs of the Milky Way and the Solar System may be regulated, in the affairs of men God works through men. And with this came a realization that our material industrial environment, at once colossal and hideous, is the product of men's own activity and can never redeem them, however long we wait. It is man who is the active cause, the creator. It is man who makes the world what it is. There is no outer force to change his environment, and if there were, he would change it back, for it is the projection of his own spiritual life, his creature, not his creator. He cannot be saved by outer forces, by profit-sharing, or trades-unionism, or paternalism, or stock-owning, or by any form of individual, corporate, municipal, state, or federal legislation. This is the funda-

mental error in the materialistic conception of Socialism and in the too literal application of the economic interpretation of history. We may accept, with gratitude, the observed reactions from better surroundings, and must not go to the opposite extreme of denying or even belittling their influence; but to make it really effective the desire for betterment must, on the whole, precede the betterment itself, and must be the initial motive power in the cycle of cause and effect. In a word, we must increasingly recognize that there are two elements in human environment, — one, material, economic, and highly important, and the other, spiritual, causative, and still more important. With God operating only through his appointed regent, man, there is no possible salvation for any man, except through the activity of his own will, — "of his own volition he proceeds unto heaven, unto hell." Or as Milton puts it, "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." It is a heavy charge to work out one's own salvation with fear and trembling.

A boy brought up in this school of the alert will, brought up to this religion of the all-conquering will, may not accept the world as it is, with its cheap morality, its stock occupations, its wretched, unmanly excuses, its fading memory of the image of God. On the contrary, he will stamp his own will upon the world with boldness and audacity, and in nothing will he be more uncompromising, more masterful, than in his manner of spending the days, in his occupation. For he has learned a great secret, one that allows no false humility, one that any man may learn, the great transforming secret that just in the measure of his own purified, affirming will, he is one with God, — "gods are we, —

if we will." In this mood he will not readily hire himself out, and sell his time for base or trivial or even unimportant uses, — he will certainly not be a commercial drummer. Nor will he be deceived by any platitudes in regard to the equality of men, for he will not only view the life around him with wide-open eyes, and mark the evident inequalities, but he will also realize, as a student and thinker, that as men differ in the development and power of their wills, so they differ in quality as human beings, and are of the most various degrees of excellence. He cannot but perceive that men of the type of Mr. Gompers, who are not only wage-earners themselves, but wish both their ancestors and descendants to be wage-earners, are made of very different stuff from his own alert, ambitious self. His judgment would be very confused and untrustworthy if he felt the same respect for a wage-earner, whether an octogenarian cigarmaker, or a high-salaried official of the American Woolen Company, that he feels for the brave men and women who may perhaps have smaller incomes than either the cigarmaker or the official, but who resolutely paddle their own canoe, own their own time, live their own lives. The people who have sold out, and have not even the virtue of *self*-possession, are people of a different breed. They have handed over the responsibility of their lives, their daily sustenance, to some one else, and have said in effect: "Give me bread-and-butter. I am your man. Make out of me as much as you are able." It is difficult for a free spirit not to feel contempt for these prisoners of a small idea who lock themselves in, and are both prisoner and jailor. He must feel pity, but he cannot, with either honesty or propriety, feel esteem, for they are not estimable.

No one pretends that our present industrial organization is either decent or tolerable, least of all, those of us who have our eye on the Great State. So acute has the industrial situation become, that as every American knows, it is the one large issue in our national politics. Interest in the doings at Washington has never been so keen within my own memory as it is to-day. It is realized that our industrial system is breaking down under its own weight and that some new synthesis is wanted. In such an emergency it is useless to say that any one group of men, or any one social class, is responsible either for the system or its break-down. We are all responsible, every one of us, for we all consented. The man who exploits labor and appropriates an undue share of the product is only one party to the transaction, and vastly in the minority. The man who allows his labor-power to be appropriated is the other party, and is overwhelmingly in the majority. It is useless to ask which party is the more responsible, for it is the old triumph of intelligence over numbers. Which party shall change the system? It is hardly to be expected that the minority will, for they organized it and profit by it. As for the majority, the workers, they seem in all the vital concerns of life to be singularly unintelligent and stupid. They hold in their own scarred, unlovely hands the key to the situation, for they could gradually abolish the present master-and-man industry by one simple act, — refusing their labor. Bodies of workers do from time to time withdraw their labor from the market through the strike, but this is in no sense an attack upon the master-and-man system. It is an attempt, generally futile, to gain some advantage in the game. The truth is, of course, that the majority of men, and especially the

sort who go in for trades-unionism and the closed shop, have no desire to abolish the wage system, for they have no stomach to meet the responsibility of the personal life. The men who mean to live their own life do not go in for this sort of thing, and care little to win empty and temporary advantages. Their purpose is nothing less than the overthrow of the whole master-and-man system and the substitution of a coöperative, or even individual, industry which shall leave each man his self-respect and independence. The better minds in this man-movement realize that the really effective propaganda is education, and instead of employing the tactics of trades-unionism and attacking the system by hopeless objective methods, they are increasingly relying upon the far more subtle and effectual method of attacking the system subjectively, in the minds of the workers. The habit of dealing with numbers tends to make one ignore the individual, and this educational propaganda has not been free from such a mistake. It is sound in carrying the struggle into the true arena where it must be fought out, into the arena of ideas, of the spirit, but it has too much depended upon some remote associated action, in which apparently each man waits for his neighbor. In reality, the time is now, and the people who are to save the world are already here. They are not Mr. Gompers's sort, but they are the new type of man, educated in the school of the alert will, proposing to live their own lives, ready to assume the responsibility of such personal life, and ready to help others without interfering with any one. Their labor-power is not open to appropriation, or any bad bargain, for the simple reason that it is not for sale.

It is my own belief that when this movement spreads,

and it seems from its own inherent reasonableness bound to spread, many of the outward features of what we proudly call our present material civilization will sharply be called in question, and failing to justify themselves on human grounds will be swept away as completely as feudalism and slavery have been swept away. When we soberly take up our task as God's regents, and scrutinize what we do, and how we spend our days, and what sort of regents we personally are, we shall make the easy discovery that for much of our so-called progress we are paying far too dear a price, and that from many of the accepted activities of the day it would be much more civilized to refrain altogether.

Long before our coal deposits have been exhausted, and the last ton of iron ore brought up from the mines, I find it possible to imagine that the railways of America may have been voluntarily relinquished by an educated people no longer willing to pay the price of their construction and maintenance and use. I can imagine the typical American of a more enlightened day saying to our much-vaunted product and agent of civilization: "No, I have done with you! You imposed upon my ancestors. You gathered a frightful toll of injury and death. You cost them an untold number of misspent, grimy, exhausting days. You scarred and polluted their earth. You offended their eyes and their ears and their nostrils. You brought into existence a race of intolerable taskmasters. You posed as the high-priest of civilization, and all the while you were spawning a race of barbarians to construct you and feed you and operate you and wait on you; all the while you were carrying a mob of commercialists on unworthy

errands; all the while you were robbing the country-side of her forests, and flooding her with cheap and nasty goods. Hereafter I shall be free. I prefer home-grown food, and home-made clothing, and home-built shelter, with individuality to boot; and when I go afield, for pleasure and instruction, it shall be afoot or on my own steed; over the hill, instead of under it; in the daytime, seeing, instead of at night, ignoring."

And I can imagine that we shall forego many other things, not because the raw material has given out, or the art of manufacture has been lost, but because a more intelligent and more religious scrutiny of life will show that instead of furthering civilization, they hinder and destroy it. It is a serious, exacting business to be God's regent on the earth, but not until we take up our high office, and scrutinize the day's work from the point of view of persons, will the Kingdom come. With this deeper purpose in mind, the selection of an occupation becomes a religious act, and the manner in which we habitually spend our days, the practical test of our righteousness. But along with the immense responsibility, it is a point of view which brings a sense of exhilarating, boundless freedom. To get rid, first of all, of that stupid incubus which would fasten itself upon every young life, the thought that one must settle down and go in for some money-making business quite the first possible moment, and to substitute for it the saner thought that one must never settle down, and must never esteem money-making as more than a casual and part-time necessity, is in itself a tremendous boon. To elevate each day into a genuine holiday, and to calculate, not how much money one can make, but rather how little will be needed, — this is the proper attitude

of educated persons. I may with song in my heart and laughter on my lips occupy myself for a reasonable part of each day, or a seasonal part of each year, with quite humble concerns, provided they are needful and important. Right merrily I may devote myself to any productive toil which gives us tasteful food, and becoming dress and suitable shelter; to any constructive tasks which have an undoubted social utility; to the spiritual activity which gives us literature and education; to the research work of a useful science; to the art impulse which creates music and painting and sculpture and architecture. But why should I, the regent of God, desecrate the holy days by doing useless, meaningless, trivial, competitive things, or worse still, the things that bring evil and degradation? Why should I spend all my time and thought and energy upon the means to life and have nothing left for life itself?

A boy brought up to know the real values is not a boy to accept any poor substitute for life. He has had life abundantly up to twenty-one, and after twenty-one he asks it more abundantly, — not of God, who in giving the possibility has already done his share; not of society, which can only give what he communicates to it; but asks it of that giver of many good things, himself. He has lived, up to twenty-one, in the present moment; after twenty-one, he asks an immediacy no less real. So much of happy, self-chosen work, so much of pleasure, so much of growth, so much of love, so much of service, so much of friendly comradery, so much of food and delicious open air and clean water and manly exercise, so much of beauty and emotion and fresh experience, so much of gracious rest and slumber and the renewing of life, so much as the day will hold, — so

much he wants! And he wants these vital things so much more than low wages or high salaries, that unlike Mr. Gompers and the official of the American Woolen Company, he elects the more important things. The individual advantage of living your own life is so transcendent that the plan once apprehended, no other plan is possible. And the social merit of the plan is equally great. It is only in this way that society grows better, not by the marching out of companies and regiments into the new life to the music of some party formula, but this silent, continuous coming out of the individual spirit, out of slavery into freedom.

The widespread belief that a man must stay behind in order to help the rest out, that self-sacrifice, in a word, is nobler than self-realization, is founded upon the fundamental error of supposing that one man *can* save another. Even were this true, which it is not, the method would have the grave defect that a man who had never saved himself could hardly save any one else, for he would be a blind leader of the blind. But no man can save another, — there is no possible atonement. Salvation is an inner process, a regeneration of the individual will, a personal coming to know God. It is a solemn, private act which may not be delegated to any friend, however devoted, or however illustrious. In awful solitude, each man must save himself. But the spectacle of a saved man is always salutary. A man living his own life honestly and unaffectedly, affirming his own will bravely and consistently, might indeed pass through life wholly unconscious of any personal ministry, and yet be one of the major forces for righteousness in his day and generation. The word *duty* has been so constantly misused that it is almost coming to

stand for the thing that we ought not to do. Commonly it means some form of interference, some attempt to come between a man and the natural results of his conduct, some scheme for substituting our will for his will. To live your own life is only universally possible, if you let others live theirs.

We are supposed to be a practical people. In so often devoting ourselves to material trifles and neglecting the human essentials, we hardly deserve the reputation. But it is a good ideal. To be practical is half of genuine morality. To have a worthy purpose is the first half, — to attain it is the other half. It is fitting to point out that fidelity to the highest ideal of occupation is quite sure to bring success. The majority of our current schemes bring disaster. But the man who has dared to live his own life has been educating himself all along, by the most approved methods, and cannot fail of victory. By declining all tasks into which he could not put his whole soul, which he could not stamp with his whole will, he has proven himself the inevitable master in such tasks as he has chosen. He may have flouted the world in professing a braver creed than its own, but genuine mastery carries everything before it. And meanwhile he has had the immense, unparalleled delight of being himself, of doing things that were interesting and worth while, and he has been spared the unspeakable ennui of meaningless, shriveling tasks which would have carried a small soul on towards the vanishing point. A boy who starts out at twenty-one to lead his own life, really starts out to continue his education through the whole of life, and so enters upon a path of high and stirring adventure.

If such a boy marries, he has added an important

element to the possibilities of his life, but he has not necessarily made it or marred it. One must accept with immense reservation the easily-made statement that a woman has made a good wife to a man (I doubt if any outsider can say), and with equal reservation the charge that she has failed. In our modern conception of marriage, which means enlarged freedom for both men and women, it is less momentous in determining power than it was in the past. The man or woman who goes down under the test of marriage, has succumbed, not so much to it, as to his own imperfect hold upon the eternal verities, and would doubtless have tripped, if not over this, then over some other apparent obstacle. I used to think that a man who married was rather a brave fellow to hazard so much, and the woman indubitably rash to hazard so much more. But I no longer pull a long face at a wedding, nor am I unduly touched by the seeming loss of two personalities in the dubious make-up of a third, for I know now that even more fundamental than this apparently most intimate of all relations is the relation of a man to his own soul, and the relation of a woman to her own soul. To ignore this is to invite disaster. The attempt to make too much of a relation is a pretty certain way to make too little of it. A man or woman may easily miss the happiness which he expected to find in married life, and that is a tragedy not to be lightly spoken of; but it is no excuse for personal failure. The religion of the alert will fails indeed to offer justification for any personal failure, either in marriage or in any other delicate and difficult business. It is the proper function of the will to dominate the personal life, in spite of grief or pain or outward disaster, and to come off victorious against any and all odds.

Those who know life know that the will is capable of doing this. Those who are ignorant of the secret look on in wonder, and believe that they are witnessing the impossible.

This brings us to the final paradox in this world of the will. And the paradox is this, that while it seems to require unusual daring, uncommon audacity, and an attitude almost nervously heroic to live your own life as a resolute, unflinching affirmation of the will, in reality it is the easiest and simplest thing that a man can possibly do. And the reason is very clear. A man has only to be himself, to obey the inner voice, and he can suffer no defeat. A man living his own life with religious single-mindedness seems to the onlooker who is ignorant of his secret, to be in constant conflict with the institutions of society, with its conventions, usages, traditions, and in equal conflict with a large majority of the men and women with whom he rubs elbows during the course of the day's work, and whose several schemes of life he roughly challenges by his own radically different life. He seems to live in an uproar of accusing and threatening voices. In a measure this is all true. But the conflict and the turmoil are not in his own soul. They may rage around him to the point of crucifixion, but they leave untouched and serene the inner heart of him, the calm, affirming will which he himself is forever chastening and disciplining, and so bringing into semblance of a really divine will. It is an inner peace, clear and intelligible to its possessor, because it is the result of an assured inner harmony, but passing all understanding on the part of those who see its operation, but do not know its source. This immense assurance, this amazing audacity are not poses, as an

uninformed world is prone to misthink them, but a logical and necessary outcome of that view of life which is the spiritual heart of education. In the absence of even the possibility of disaster, it is incredible that one should be timid, or otherwise than serene.

That a youth committed to so simple and obvious a plan as merely living his own life, unfolding his own spirit throughout the whole course of the earthly journey, should seem to his fellows strange, incomprehensible, lawless, only shows how deep the iron has entered into their own souls, and how unfaithful we parents and teachers have been in avoiding the deeper issues of education, and letting our energies play about the curriculum surface. This attitude of the affirming will is not a philosophic fiction; this inner peace which passeth all understanding is not a poetic figure. They are realities well attested in the lives of the men and women who have stirred and controlled mankind. Call up the great affirmers of the world, from Assyria to Lord Jesus, from Lord Jesus to America, and you have the effective men of history.

In starting a boy out on such a masterful career, it would be unfortunate to allow him to believe that this mere act of choice makes him a superior person, for in reality all he has done is to enroll himself on the permanently winning side, and that might be a mere act of prudence. But a boy educated in this school of thought will hardly trouble himself with any such schemes of personal classification, or with any petty question of praise or dispraise, or claims, or approval or disapproval, for the drama upon which he has entered is far too positive and absorbing to allow this waste of time. What seemed to be a colossal egotism might as

well be called a profound humility, for in reality it is as far from one as from the other. It would be difficult to say which is the more unsuitable, self-laudation or self-depreciation. A properly educated lad will not deal in either, for they are equally meaningless before that great overshadowing fact with which he is ever engaged, — the present creative moment. Our own human part is small enough when you think of the total Will, which is God. But this part is never unimportant. It is large in point of significance, for in the measure that we are faithful in living our own life, in affirming our own will, so is God more positive, more benevolent, more all-powerful. It is as the conscious, active regent of God that an educated boy finds his true métier, and takes his proper part in the life of his time, — not in pride, not in humility, but in a spirit of definite, purposeful participation.

Men are separated by their vices but united by their virtues. In attempting to live the selfish life a man pursues ends antagonistic to other men's ends. But as he grows just and virtuous, he desires what they also desire, and grows more catholic and more impersonal. The barriers between small souls are large, between large souls, small. It is the test of the good man that he shall be in nothing exclusive, but in all things the sharer of a large and more universal life. In making life an intentional affirmation of the will it is hardly possible to go on affirming small, unimportant, personal things. The will asks a larger plan, a greater task, and day after day is less concerned with what is generally understood as a man's private fortunes. The will grows indifferent to this personal side of life, not because it is a losing game, — which, of course, it is, — but because

there is a bigger, more interesting, more wonderful and more enduring game which comes finally to fill the whole space of a man's attention. To ask nothing, and to have everything, — to die, and to be born again, — to lose one's life in order to find it, — this, I take it, is the open secret of the universe, so transparent to those who can see, such a foolish riddle to those who cannot. It is the key to all the notable lives which have stirred and bewildered the world from the time of Gautama, Buddha, and Confucius down to our own day, this marvelous accession of personality which means in the end a high impersonality.

It is instructive to recall the language of those great souls who have left any verbal record. They have not belittled themselves, — to the uncomprehending they have sometimes seemed arrogant. They have affirmed their own enlightenment. They have called themselves the Son of God. They have known the worth of their great message. They have spoken as one with authority. But they have never regarded themselves as unique, or exceptional, or inimitable. On the contrary they have always promised their disciples the power for greater works and urged upon them the duty of higher attainment. One might almost say that this constitutes the difference between the true and the false prophet, a readily applied test, whether he asserts the universality of his power, or whether he claims for himself unique and peculiar power. But in this, as in so many other matters, the great teachers have not been heeded. The denial of unique claims has been taken as a supreme condescension, the studied untruth of a god who would thus lessen the infinite distance between himself and his creatures. But the gods are not humble, and the gods

who are gods are not dealers in falsehood. They are to be taken literally at their word.

To live your own life is an immense, absorbing task, whether you are old or young, clever or stupid. It is the most amusing, most interesting, most profitable thing in all the world, and also the most useful. It requires but one thing, and that is the will to do it. You may have only one talent, and a beggarly one at that, but it will grow with the using. You may see only a short distance ahead, but that is all you need to see. To live your own life, even when you have the will to do it, requires, however, a large spirit, a large indifference to approval and disapproval, above all, that rarest of human qualities, a flawless sincerity, a keeping faith with one's own self. For a poseur does not live his own life. He tries to live the life that rightly or wrongly he fancies some one else would be impressed with in case he did live it. And he fails as often in his guess as in his execution. The conformist does not live his own life. He is much in the same case as the poseur, except that he more than half believes in his own pose, and ascribes his doubt to the evil whisperings of the enemy of souls. He might conform, through mere lack of intelligence, accepting the most threadbare ideal of his own poor little community as his own ideal, and letting life go at that. But a genuinely intelligent man, sincerely seeking the truth, must often find the old morality inadequate and unsatisfying. This is true in all the relations of his life: in the family, with its adult servitudes and juvenile disloyalties; in the school, with its insistence upon intellectualities and ignoring of intuitions; in the church, with its fixed creed and remote brotherhood; in the state, with its pressure of privilege and

taxation. He comes to see that morality, when it grows too old, is merely a cloak for bad conduct, an elaborate system of excuses invented by indolent, cowardly, self-indulgent people to justify their own failure to move forward into the unfolding righteousness. To live his own life truly, the moral man must break with the old morality as Jesus broke with it, and must be the setter up of new ideals. In fact there are few persons out of our hundred million who do live their own lives, — they are all tied down by some local consideration, some petty, vicious expectation on the part of some one or some group, and lack the simple courage to assert the superior propriety and claim of their own will. Sometimes it is a husband who tyrannizes over his wife, — sometimes a wife over her husband. Sometimes it is a parent who tyrannizes over a child, — sometimes a child over a parent. Sometimes it is a brother over a sister, or a sister over a brother, a friend over a friend, a neighbor over a neighbor, an employer over his servant. Sometimes it is one man over a group; more frequently a group over one man. It would be safe to say that it is a rare Christian minister who succeeds in living his own life. His official creed, his bishop, if he have one, the church council, the newspaper press, his congregation and vestry, the terrible old lady who has been there longer than he has, his fresh young curate, even the choir boys and acolytes, all have their eye on him, and out of this curious conflict of expectations he extracts a composite which becomes the real law of his daily procedure. And it is much the same with other professional people, with schoolmasters, lawyers, physicians, and the rest. It is obvious that the people who sell their time, the wage-earners, can make no pretense

of living their own lives. Certainly Mr. Gompers neither lives his own life nor aspires to. Judging from his illuminating magazine article, he is kept busy living up to his ideal of the virtuous working-man who knows his place, and is anxious to remain where he belongs.

In general, there seems to be a social conspiracy to keep people from living their own lives, and this quite regardless of whether these lives are better or worse than the substitute lives which society prescribes; and wholly oblivious of the claims of sincerity. Persons who do not ask for freedom for themselves are hardly prompted to allow it to others. This unwillingness to move in a large, tolerant, truth-seeking world is the mark of the provincial mind, and is the antithesis of education.

There is nothing quite so spiritually stifling as the air of a typical, highly respectable, American village. The "categorical imperative" is a body of customs long since discredited, where each man knows what his neighbor ought to do, and proposes to hold him up to it; and not knowing what he ought to do himself, tries awkwardly to do what is expected of him. People fly from such a close atmosphere to the larger cities, not because they like the narrow quarters and high prices, but because they like the greater freedom. They turn away to the allurement of the frontier, not because they like the hardships and are indifferent to the old friendships, but because the simple chance to be themselves in an attitude of broad and friendly tolerance is more to them than bodily comfort and old associations. In any new country, and notably in our own Far West, you will find alert, bright-eyed people, women as well as men, living lives of almost privation, and yet enthusiastic

over it, and the secret is that they have come into a world of larger and freer ideas. Sometimes circumstances bring them back to the old home, but they are never again the same, and when they speak of the late excursion afield they speak of it in spiritual terms, as an experience, as an education.

No life-plan is complete unless it inculcate a sound attitude towards death. In the five-fold cycle of organic life this is the last and inevitable term. All living things not only die, but they must die. We see death on all sides of us, — plants, animals, persons, friends, relatives. We grow accustomed to it, sadly and unwillingly. We know that it is inevitable, and yet we hardly grow reconciled to it. As for ourselves, we know that we, too, must die, but I believe that we never fully accept the thought. It cannot be said that any man really expects to escape the common fate, but neither does he quite expect to die. We have at the present moment about a hundred million persons in the United States. Each year, between two and three million of our countrymen die. How shall we regard their death, — how contemplate our own? Shall we regard death as a disaster, or shall we say with St. Francis, "Blessed be our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth." It is not to be expected that we shall all look at death alike, for our attitude will depend upon our temperament, upon the circumstances of our personal life, upon our religious belief. But education must deal with so universal an experience and must at least offer some way of handling the matter in our thought. I do not know the proportion of sudden deaths, but even those who die suddenly themselves have had to meet death consciously when it came to others. The great majority,

I presume, are appraised of their own approaching death. They hear the summons some time before the death angel actually stands at their side. It would seem to me unintelligent, as well as unfortunate, that a departing spirit should not be prepared to meet this culminating experience of his life with dignity and high suitableness. If the spirit persists and is to pass on to another life, as I myself firmly believe that it has at least the option of doing, it would seem to me that it could to far greater advantage enter upon this new stage of existence, if in quitting the old life, the dominating will might make one final affirmation of its essential desires and dreams. If a man has been true to himself, and has lived his own life, his final character expresses what he is, with so much of his hopes and desires as he has become conscious of. I conceive that in dying he takes this with him, and that it becomes the impulse of his new life. But it is possible to think that at this supreme moment he has it within his power to dismiss the outgrown ambitions of the earth-life, and in the clarity of death to reaffirm the things that are excellent and enduring. Education must deal with birth and nutrition and growth and reproduction and death. With the most august of these, with death, we would wish education to deal the most convincingly and nobly. A man has not learned to live until he has learned to put aside forever all fear of death, until he has learned to suffer the encroachments of death in the circle of his chosen ones, until he has schooled himself, when the hour strikes, to meet death triumphantly himself. We parents and teachers who know so well what a void death makes, as it carries off one by one the brightest ornaments of our day and generation, who

school ourselves on beds of sickness and in the presence of danger and advancing years to look death unflinchingly in the face, have hardly done our duty to youth if we fail to instill in them a similar fortitude, a similar calm, and such measure of hope as it is in their hearts to entertain. We teach them many smaller lessons. The great lesson is this, — to live bravely, to die hopefully; in life a triumphant, affirming will, in death a will no less affirming and triumphant.

XV

THE QUESTION

In the preceding chapters, education has been presented as a process which covers the whole of life, from the moment of birth to the moment of death. Adequately conceived, the process goes even further, — it touches upon the pre-natal life of the child, and concerns itself with the future destiny of the departing spirit. The earth-life of a man may be compared to the glories of the visible spectrum. It begins in the long slower pulse of the red rays. It mounts in intensity as a man lives the full, rich life of a man. It passes into the unknown beyond the short, quick pulse beat of the ultra-violet. We see what we see, but on both sides of our seeing there lie regions of life just as real as those portions of the spectrum which lie beyond the power of our vision, the heat rays which go before the red, the chemical rays which follow close upon the violet. In the realm of science it is the unseen, intangible, inferential forces which play the major rôle ; in the realm of the spirit we stand face to face with equally authentic verities. We may not see, we may not hear, we may not touch, but none the less surely, we become aware.

The tasks of education are concrete and specific. They have to do with the practical spending of the days. But it has been impossible to consider these tasks in any practical and helpful way without constantly referring to the underlying theory, to that genuine and inmost philosophy which really represents our attitude towards

life. Sometimes this reference has been explicit, sometimes indirect, but always it has been necessary. For education ever presents itself as a double question, — What do you want to do? How are you going to do it? And not only does the *How* depend upon the *What*, the means upon the end, but both, in the last analysis, depend upon a complex of considerations drawn from the whole realm of human knowledge and human faith. In reality, the educational process is a synthesis. It sums up in action the result of our complete contemporary thought.

Kant stated the human problem in his three well-known questions: —

What can I know?

What should I do?

What may I hope?

Human life is essentially a question, an inquiry. The very form of the problem makes it so clear that no final solution can ever be reached. No man answers the question with any degree of finality, even for himself. Still less can he answer it for others, or for that different man which next year, next month, to-morrow, he himself becomes. We are infinitely fortunate in many and varied directions, but in nothing more fortunate than in this, that we never catch sight of any ultimate goal. We all have our moments of illusion. We catch sight of something which seems to us final and ultimate. We approach it, perhaps by rare good fortune even grasp it, but only to find that it is a milestone, something en route, and that the true goal lies beyond, over the luminous horizon in that future which we move towards and never reach.

There are times and seasons when a weary soul asks

for rest, asks for something static and enduring. Its conception of the Great Peace is not as a Great Assurance, a tranquillity of spirit in the eternal movement, but as a Great Inaction. Our dynamic view of life seems to it intolerable, as infinitely fatiguing. Better the fixed tableau, even the drop-curtain of death itself than this ceaseless, eternal pageant. In such a mood, the milestone is mistaken for the goal. In such a mood, dogma becomes final, law crystallizes into a code, religion into a creed, social conduct into convention, education into a curriculum. There are few souls, however radiant, who do not at some time fall into this dogmatic slumber, this snare of the static. We are dazzled by the possession of what seems to us Very Truth, and for the moment we forget the living present with its immense claims, its divine happiness, its magnificent onrush, and prostrate ourselves before some motionless image of the past. And there are multitudes of souls who never rouse themselves. They rest for a moment in the static, they find it comfortable, and in the end, they doze off into futility. It is a profound tragedy, for unless some spiritual reveille sounds in those sleeping ears, they are as good as lost, for such slumber ends in death.

Education is a living process, outgrowing every form, and momentarily creating new forms. It is evolution, unconscious for the most part, semi-conscious when made formal. It ceases when it ceases to move on, for Life flows on eternally, and education, to serve Life, must keep abreast of Life.

In the foregoing chapters I have tried to suggest this essential and unescapable fluidity. But in dealing with concrete and specific things it grows fatally easy to lose

sight of the inherent movement and to speak and to act as if we were face to face with a rigid, changeless universe. We are surrounded by crystallizations, by state, school, church, family, art, science, philosophy, language, concepts, text-books. We know, of course, in a vague historic way that all forms are temporary, that new forms are forever arriving. But it is the existing form which most impresses us, not the form which was, about which at best we have only partial knowledge, nor the form to be, about which we have no positive knowledge whatever, or only a very faint and wavering intimation.

Many agencies conspire to produce and to preserve this rigid view of things, to keep us in the static world of slumber and to hold us back from the dynamic world of life. They are immensely respectable agencies, and easily impose their point of view upon a soul just beginning to ask the meaning of life. I may only consider three or four of these obstructionist agencies, and I must do it much more briefly than their influence and importance merit.

In the first place, it is well known that nearly all persons easily grow fatigued. This is especially true if one is not strong or if one is no longer young. It is therefore natural and I suppose inevitable that the majority of persons should be conservatives. They allow themselves to fancy that life moves too rapidly for them, requires too long-sustained effort, and that the better policy is to drop out of line altogether and so retard by sheer weight of numbers the disquieting and tumultuous onflow of life. The chosen business of the conservatives is to preserve old forms and to resist all change. They have behind them tremendous vested interests, — spiritual, linguistic, material. They are much esteemed, and

are flatteringly called the balance wheel of society. They imagine themselves to be the maintainers of order and the preventers of chaos. In the main they are friendly, picturesque persons, and they entertain unquestionably high motives.

The conservative thesis does not sound unreasonable. It is, first, that the gains of the past must at all hazards be conserved; and secondly, that since all change is not improvement, novelties are not to be countenanced until they have justified themselves. But it is not a thesis that works out well in practice. Strictly speaking there are no permanent gains in the past to be conserved. There were immense gains, but they were en route. The past was just as fluid as the present. The gains ever assumed new forms and are for the most part represented in the content of the present. The largest ingredient in our own moment of time is memory, not only human memory but that cosmic memory stored up in the qualities of animal and plant and stone. To hark back to the wisdom of the fathers is commonly a useless effort, since so much of their wisdom as was genuinely permanent is involved in our own present; and it is often a mischievous effort, since it ignores the intervening wisdom. The only complete and inclusive record of the past that we possess is the present moment, a record not only complete at any given instant, but automatically revising and completing itself at every instant. And then, in the second place, it must be remembered that a failure to accept and try out the novel content of the arriving moment is to make impossible any practical evaluation of its worth. How are we to know whether the novelty is wisdom or foolishness, if, on its arrival, we immediately shake our heads and turn it down?

Fortunately there are nearly always souls in residence courageous enough to look the matter in the face, and report upon its quality. The new thing is tried out in life, and its value published to a world less brave. But often the individual cost of the knowledge is unforgivably large. The conservative thesis really presupposes a vicious constitution of society. It divides the world into sheep and goats. The sheep are those who do not experiment, who content themselves with the past, and who resist as far as possible every recognizable change. The goats, on the other hand, investigate the arriving dangers, determine experimentally their quality, and for their service are placed outside the pale. The conservative millennium will arrive, of course, when all are sheep, and none are goats. But such a consummation would mean the cessation of all progress, and so in the end the decay and death of society itself. It is not necessary to choose between conservatism and disorder. The real choice is between conservatism and the open, contemporary mind.

The next obstructionist agency is curious, far-reaching, and frightfully fertile in bad results. It is the unavoidable rigidity of language and its equally unavoidable ambiguity. In earlier chapters I have been insisting upon the choice of the right word as an essential part of the most elementary education in English. This assumes apparently that the right word exists and that such a choice is possible. In reality, the assumption is far from warranted. The disturbing truth is that language, at its best, is a mere approximation; and at its worst, is an effective device for concealing thought. Some years ago, many of us (myself included), fell under the spell of Max Müller's hypnotizing formula:

"No thought without language; no language without thought." It is easy to see into what a rigid, categorical universe such a formula at once plunged us, and how hopeless it made any attempt to deal with the changing dynamic world of actual experience. It now seems incredible, but we really believed that the whole thought process was carried out in terms of definite, communicable language, and that every rhetorical combination of words had some definite thought corresponding to it. Many unreflective persons, it is to be feared, still hold by this formula. But in spite of a certain convenience, nothing could well be further from the truth. The formula is refuted by every experience that is not absolutely elementary. The attempt to be articulate and to communicate thought is beset by two inherent and unescapable difficulties. Every thinker knows only too well that the chosen word does not accurately represent his thought, that it leaves out whole aureoles of subtle meaning and imparts unintended shades and implications. In spite of his most painstaking effort to modify and qualify a ready-made word, in spite of his tiresome statement of the special sense in which the term is used, when all is done and said, the poor little vehicle will not carry the cargo he intended. And he also knows that when at last the word and its heavy trappings reach another mind, they will call up different memories, arouse unlike images, and in the end create perhaps a distinct thought, but almost certainly not *his* thought. The thought has suffered two unavoidable transformations en route, — the first, when the thinker tried to put his thought into language; the second, when the hearer attempted to translate the language back again into a thought.

So notorious is this difficulty of communication through language that every careful student when he comes to write a treatise on any topic involving exact and positive thought feels himself obliged to set out with a most accurate definition of terms, — sometimes elucidating his thought and sometimes still further obscuring it. And we are all familiar with that common and often justifiable defense of a writer or speaker, when attacked, that his language has been misunderstood. And we are equally familiar with that rather cheap form of criticism which consists in asserting that the opposite side has been guilty of an evident misuse of terms.

The inherent difficulty is that there is no fixed court of appeal. The attempt to hark back to etymology is so little profitable that it is more apt than not to land one in fresh difficulties. Few words retain their strict etymological sense, and this is especially true of literary words, that is to say, of our oldest and most used words. And then, as Tyler suggests: "Our understanding of the meaning of a word is not always assisted by the knowledge that at some previous date it meant something different." Even technical terms coined within the past few years from very definite roots have so radically changed their meaning that the average layman now handles the terms familiarly and quite to the manner born without at all realizing that he is merely making a noise; that the reality conjured up in his own mind by the given term has long since disappeared from our contemporary intellectual stage and been superseded by a distinctly different image. The term itself remains outwardly the same, — the thing for which it stands changes. The symbol and the reality, in the mind of

most persons, get very far apart. In science, an older generation talks for the most part about things that no longer exist. To remain contemporary one must keep reminding one's self that over appreciable periods language necessarily retains a definite, rigid form, while the meaning is all the while fluid and variable. And this is true in every department of thought. In theology one has only to call up the term "God" or "predestination"; in art, the term "impressionist"; in politics, the term "democrat" or "republican"; in philosophy, the term "evolution" or "idealism"; in economics, the term "socialism" or "single-tax." But it is unnecessary to multiply examples. The wonder is that with language so essentially approximate and uncertain we succeed in communicating one to another even the little that we do communicate. And then, as if the difficulties already enumerated were not quite enough, we have the further and unescapable difficulty that even at a given moment and for the most scholarly person, the meaning of any chosen word is not definite and strictly ascertainable, but is dependent upon that very fluid and uncertain thing, — good usage.

As a matter of fact Max Müller's formula would be nearer the truth if it were almost or wholly reversed. Thought goes on without language. It is an experience of the whole self. The attempt to communicate thought through language involves the mutilation arising from a very incomplete parallelism, the delay of arranging serially what takes place simultaneously, the violence of compressing into definite, rigid form what is inherently fluid, and incapable of arrest. If we have any lingering doubt upon this point we have only to observe quite young children. Many of them, and very bright ones

at that, do not talk until they are two years old. For many years their vocabulary is extremely limited; for many years they understand only a small fraction of the torrent of talk which goes on around them. But it would be contrary to fact to maintain that these little people do not, the while, carry on a very active thought life. It shows itself in their faces, in their emotional states, in their actions, in the unmistakable inferences which these actions indicate. The test of thought is not communicability through language. The spoken word represents only a small part of it, and does it partially and inaccurately. And what shall we say of deaf and dumb children? Their intelligence, for obvious reasons, lags behind that of normal children of the same age, but is far from being a negligible quantity. And what, still more, shall we say of those profound and stirring thoughts which find expression in poetical sound, in music, in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, in acting, in all art in fact, but which quite defy communication through the medium of the spoken word? What is it that makes literary translation a more or less admirable substitute but never a reproduction?

Fundamentally we think in order to act, not in order to speak. We may regard language as a priceless convenience, as a social instrument of high and unique value, but we may not regard it as coincident with thought, still less as having equal dimensions with thought.

I am dwelling at such length upon the approximate and limited function of language, and upon its static disabilities in dealing with anything so essentially fluid as thought because these approximations and partialities and rigidities exercise a quite unwarranted tyranny over

our conception of the intellectual life. They enter, too, as a crippling element, into all educational schemes which are wholly or preponderatingly literary. The mother tongue is the most important study in the formal curriculum of both high school and college, but it should always include an ample criticism of its own limitations, and should always be coupled with adequate attempts to involve the whole consciousness.

Two other obstructionist agencies which hinder our perception of the universe as a living, immediate experience, and turn it into a static concept, a world of immobilities and congelations and repetitions, are largely involved in what has already been said, but they deserve separate and distinct mention, for they belong so essentially to the machinery of enlightenment that one would not readily suspect them of any sinister office. I refer to science and art. Of the two, science is perhaps the greater offender both because it touches our lives at a larger number of points and because in order to accomplish its purpose and reduce the universe to an orderly, coherent system, it must resort to vivisection, and present us with a series of symbols, cross-sections, static images, instead of the experienced fluid reality. I use the term science to cover all attempts to gain exact, positive knowledge in any department of inquiry. This disservice of science was neither intended nor necessary, but it was almost inevitable until corrected by a specially directed reflection. Science has much to say about change and movement; and in the doctrine of evolution it seemed to many early enthusiasts to have said the last word. But in reality, science deals in fixed and static conceptions. It shows us the universe at any given moment, expresses its content in an orderly, illuminating

way, but never presents any genuine evolution, any real becoming. It even fails to announce such a dynamic, creative process, for it assumes, with the earlier idealists, that all is given, that the germs of everything that shall be, now are. In a word, it offers no place for genuine novelty. It brings all its harvests to us in ready-made concepts. The major office of scientific knowledge, as we have seen, is to explain the unknown in terms of the known, a process which evidently has no meaning unless we assume that known and unknown are the same in kind and readily commensurable. Any unique element in the arriving moment, any genuine creation, quite eludes such an analysis and escapes unnoticed. Scientific knowledge, under the rules which it lays down for itself, consists of a series of world-views of the highest utility and value, without which we would be intellectually bankrupt; but it never presents the world-panorama itself in all its movement, variety, and novelty, for such a panorama can never be reduced to symbols and representations, — it can only be experienced. In science we know *about* things, — in consciousness we know the things themselves. The tendency of scientific study is to take our attention away from life, and to focus it upon some chosen and detached aspect of life. We take up our position and see all that we can see; we shift our position and see still more; we pass, as it were, all around the object, and are rewarded by a wealth of useful information. But we remain always on the outside. When through a vivid spiritual sympathy we enter into an object, identify ourselves with it, possess it as a part of our own consciousness, our knowledge ceases to be symbolic and representative, ceases in a way to be communicable, and becomes immediate, absolute, personal. After-

wards we can speak of it, but we can never reproduce the reality itself in all its infinite richness and disinterestedness, can never reduce it to formal scientific statement.

We could not carry on successfully the mixed drama of our daily practical life without both this absolute, intuitional knowledge, and this relative, scientific knowledge, and it is therefore to a certain extent quite futile to ask which is the more valuable. It would be unfortunate to exaggerate the value of either to the disparagement of the other. At the present moment, however, our world of culture is prone to overvalue science, and to undervalue that complete consciousness which is life itself. My own conviction grows (and I shall return to the matter later) that just now we much need to restore the lost equilibrium, and that in the education of children, particularly up to fourteen years, we want to throw by far the greater emphasis upon the intimate, intuitional knowledge which springs from direct, first-hand experience, that is to say from living; and to leave the symbolic, representative knowledge which results from scientific analysis until the children reach the high school and the college.

The distinction between these two forms of knowledge is important in itself, and is so fundamental to all that has gone before in the earlier chapters that a simple and obvious illustration may be helpful. If, for example, you had a riding horse, would you prefer to know him the way an Arab horseman knows his animal, or the way a veterinary surgeon would know your animal in case you found yourself obliged to consult him? The first knows his horse; the second knows about horses. The first, through sympathy, has made his horse a part of his own consciousness, knows him intimately, absolutely,

knows his attitude, preferences, qualities, the amount of food and drink he needs, the amount of rest, just how much he can stand, the measure of his fidelity and devotion. He knows the horse with a completeness that he could not put into words, or measure in conventional standards. The bond between them is more than utilitarian. It is the bond of a mutual understanding. The veterinary, on the other hand, does not know your horse, and does not aspire to. What he knows is a representative horse, a type, quite devoid of individual quality. He is able to handle your horse, to treat him, perhaps to cure him, just in the measure that the animal corresponds to the symbol or type which the veterinary has in his own mind, and to which, in point of fact, he is really addressing himself. I am not disparaging either knowledge. They have been well characterized by saying that one is disinterested, and the other utilitarian. But it seems to me overwhelmingly clear that for the purposes of daily life, and for the purposes of formal knowledge later, the intimate, intuitional experience is the fundamental thing and should be both varied and abundant before we turn to analysis; otherwise the analysis fails of material, and is singularly arid and unfruitful.

It is easy to see that in turning to analysis, to comparison, to explaining the unknown in terms of the known, science is forced, by the necessity of its own aims and method, to deal with rigidities, with static images, with cross-sections of life, with symbols, and to limit its domain to the dimensions of another rigidity, the mathematics of measurement. In the laboratory, as we have seen, science as a process of investigation reduces to a measurement. And it is equally easy to see that preoccupation with scientific studies would make

one forget that in spite of the high utility of such scientific analysis and system, the world that we actually live in is to the last degree fluid, dynamic, real. The test of science, as Comte pointed out, is the power of prediction. In ruling out the genuinely novel, the immeasurable and the unpredictable, science has added to its own power of service, to its utility, but it has forsworn the larger and more complete content of life. In valuing the utility, we must not forget its limitation, its essential symbolism.

It is also worth remarking that while scientific knowledge stands in marked contrast to our complete consciousness in being coherent and articulate, it is only superior to the complete consciousness in matters of measurement because it is able to express its quantitative results in communicable units. In the absolute system of measurement, the centimeter-gram-second system, science has a yardstick of immense and universal utility. In the life of the spirit we have no counterpart. But we have something much more profound than even the c. g. s. system, something which touches daily human life at an infinitely greater number of points and with an intimacy unknown to anything in objective science, and that is the quantitative sense by means of which the developed spirit evaluates all aspects of life from the most obvious to the most subtle. It is only through the coöperation of this spiritual quantitative sense that science accomplishes the major part of its own measurements. In the c. g. s. system, for example, we neither have nor can have any units of either surface or volume. We have only the one linear unit, the centimeter. By squaring and cubing we gain our derived units of surface and volume, but their validity

depends solely upon our inner sense of space. We cannot deal with them by any direct, objective method. The sense of space, of time, of mass, is the fundamental thing. It is what we want to cultivate in children, and make very real and deep before we trouble them with scientific data and systems. I venture to think that it is this inner quantitative sense, this spiritual apprehension which makes men great mathematicians and scientists, and not the discipline of class-room and laboratory. These have their subsequent value, but they are administered to many students without, it must be confessed, any visible results.

It may seem strange to name art as an obstruction to our requisite dynamic view of the world. Artistic perception is in fact our most perfect type of intuition. It is immediate, disinterested, absolute. The artist, to be an artist, must through spiritual sympathy enter into the very heart of his subject, must identify himself with it, and possess himself of its inmost secret. Scientific study, by reason of its analytical habit, is considered inimical to art. The mere desire to know about things, to analyze, compare, measure, carries one at once outside the thing itself into an objective world where many things are possible, but not art. And yet art itself is an obstacle to the fluid play of the complete consciousness. I do not refer to the creative artist himself, for he is the most alive and contemporary of all the men we meet. I refer to artistic contemplation and criticism. The best appreciation of art is undoubtedly intuitive and absolute, — the beholder enters into the thing created and attains an inner, veritable identification. But this is not the experience of the majority. They look at the thing from the outside, and even so

fluid a creation as literature and music takes on the rigidity of a limited movement within prescribed forms. To most persons, architecture, sculpture, and painting represent an arrested moment, a static achievement, and they judge of its worth by objective analysis and comparison. Instead of getting at the value of the achievement by participation, they go about it, as any scientist would, by ignoring the unique element and measuring what is left, the unknown in terms of the known. Hence the first question of the typical critic is not whether a thing is intrinsically beautiful and excellent, but the old static question as to whether it *conforms* to our accepted canons of taste. When these outer standards entirely dominate, an art work, to be excellent, must of course be "classical," and no novelty is permissible. The application of stereotyped standards, that is to say, of prescribed forms, prevails even in the most dynamic arts, — literature, acting, and music.

The history of art progress is a history of the most violent and extreme quarrels. The advent of each new form has been the occasion of personal abuse and protracted opposition, sometimes of actual martyrdom. It would be neither profitable nor pleasant to repeat the unseemly terms of reproach which have been hurled at the experimenters in the art world. Movement has been made unreasonably difficult. Emphasis has everywhere been placed upon a static conception of beauty. Each step in advance has had literally to fight its way. It is the conservative spirit, resisting change, and finding the reality of life not in onrushing resistless movement, but in an effortless rest. One may offer no excuse for the personal abuse and for the blind unreason that went along with it. But it is probably true that this stubborn

holding fast to what is good has had a certain steadying and salutary influence in keeping us from the bizarre and capricious and in helping us to develop a wholesome æsthetic tradition. One feels this especially in the Far East where all the arts, except the art of movement, music, have attained such a high degree of excellence. But it is apt to be accompanied by general stagnation in the practical affairs of life. However this may be, the effect of this worship of established art forms upon half thoughtful and even some thoughtful persons has been to encourage a static rather than a dynamic view of life, and to reflect itself in education in the advocacy of repetition rather than of first-hand experience.

Somewhat the same thing may be said of the chosen subjects of art. From its very nature, it has been thought that architecture may not even suggest movement. It must rather suggest the successful arrest of all movement, — its fundamental virtue is stability. It has been called (very inaptly, I think) "frozen music." But these ideas result from a confusion of functions. A ship is a fairly rigid structure, but we have small regard for it unless it suggest speed. We do not want a building either to threaten to fall apart or to move away, but we do want it to breathe the vitality of its proper occupancy. The most stable structure on earth, a Greek temple, would leave us quite cold and unregardful if it did not conjure up the image of a crowd of eager worshipers. To many, a Gothic cathedral brings up a similar image, and its upward-pointing spires suggest the turning of one's thoughts heavenward. We like the idea of a fixed hearthstone, but no dwelling-house is a success from any point of view unless it suggest at every

turn its vital human office. The door must be wide and high for the free coming and going of its occupants; the windows must be ample for the entrance of light and sunshine and air; the roof must promise protection and the shedding of many storms; the chimney-stacks must grow with the latitude, suggesting warmth and good cheer. This is not fanciful. Our buildings themselves must be stable and immobile, but we miss the whole point in architectural design if they fail to express the vital movement of daily life.

Sculpture and painting may suggest or even indicate movement, and some of our masterpieces maintain the illusion over incredibly long periods of scrutiny; but as a rule, the impression is momentary, and the final feeling is one of repose and inaction. Even a lively mood, too long persisted in, ceases to be laughter and becomes a fixed and meaningless grin. There are few more depressing things than pictured hilarity. The very charm of the mood depends upon its transitoriness. It is better art to suggest a crisis than to present it. But it is a deficient imagination which allows the fixed moment in art to stand for a reality in life.

In their subject-matter both literature and music not only permit movement, but commonly require it. It is true that some of our nature poetry depends for its effect upon the impression of an essential repose and immobility, and that some of our music, notably certain pieces by McDowell and Grieg, leave a similar static sense. But in the main, both literature and music are full of a necessary life and movement. The fact that this movement takes place within prescribed and recurrent forms is not, however, without its limiting effect, and tends unavoidably to produce the illusion of rest.

There is a high suitableness in the suggestion that architecture, with its essential stability and undisturbed repose, should be the art form in the cult of God, the Father; that painting, with its one moment of profound passion, should be the art form in the cult of the Son; and finally that music, with its sweeping rhythm and vital movement and progressive development, should be the art form in the newer cult of the quickening Spirit.

In saying that language and science and art have this tendency to withdraw the attention from the complex movement which is reality, and to concentrate it upon specific aspects and static images, one does not even imply that this withdrawal is necessarily a disadvantage or that the matter could have been handled otherwise. Some such withdrawal and some such concentration were necessary in order that we might have our present intellectual culture. But it must not blind us to that fact of transcendent importance that this analysis into fixed concepts and prescribed forms is not the whole of life; that it is something carved out of life; that instead of determining life, it is itself determined by life; is, in fact, our contemporary comment upon life, and is only valid as it corrects and revises itself by a constant turning back to the source.

I have, then, built up the educational system outlined in the preceding chapters upon this fundamental idea that Education should concern itself with the larger thing, Reality, and should not limit itself to the smaller thing, Representation. And by Reality is meant the whole of consciousness, both spirit and body, the whole of our daily human experience, the whole immediate, intimate, palpitating content of the moment. This is, I suppose, what the majority of idealists and mystics

mean by reality. When questioned they are very apt to say that they mean "the whole content of the present moment." I differ from them, and from my own earlier idealism, not in the statement of reality but in two important implications which I associate with the statement. Both are negative in form. The first implication is that this view of reality does not require that we posit, with Kant, a *Thing-in-itself* which is the real reality under all appearances and which we can never hope to know; or with Spencer, an *Unknowable* which constitutes the backbone of all things and is properly described by its name. These fictitious and unknowable realities of the two philosophers and their respective schools seem to have been made necessary by their attempts to explain knowledge. Our intellectual knowledge, being admittedly partial, representative, symbolic, seems to require back of it a more solid reality, even if we are obliged to make it out of whole cloth and christen it with elusive names. But this necessity disappears the moment we realize that back of the relative knowledge which the intellect carves out of our whole consciousness through the medium of language, there lies the absolute, complete knowledge of that consciousness itself. In a word, we do not have to posit reality since we have it already in our own consciousness, in the spirit. In such a world things are what they seem. I have spoken of this view as idealistic, even mystical. It would be as well described as spiritual realism. And the second implication is that while the present moment — that reality with which education properly deals — contains the whole of the past, or so much of it as is important and significant, it cannot by any jugglery of language be said to contain the future. "The gates of the future stand

wide open." All is *not* given, not even, we believe, in the mind of God himself. Nowhere in the wide empyrean do the past, the present, and the future coalesce. Nowhere is the world record already written, not even potentially in the germs of the present. To speak of the future as wrapped up in the present seems to us a mischievous metaphor, an affair of phrases rather than of realities. On the contrary we believe that the arriving moment brings its own independent content, to be compounded with that synthesis of the past which constitutes the present, and that this arriving moment has in it therefore the possibility of genuine novelty. Life, according to this view, is not the unwinding of a ball of thread already wound up by the gods. It is a movement which is itself creative, a passing on to a goal which is both indeterminate and unforeseeable. To live is to create, and in this creation the pattern is not set. Such a view seems at first sight to do violence to the principle of cause and effect, and so to represent an intellectual retrogression rather than an advance. To the scientific mind causation is the touchstone of validity and of race progress. Spencer would measure the development of a people by their hold upon this principle. It is possible so to define causation that we believers in what has been called a Progressive Absolute really do violence to causation. In that case we should do it willingly because we should regard the definition as gravely at fault. If by causation one means an inscrutable, incomprehensible First Cause set in motion in a past infinitely remote and operating automatically and mechanically through the intervening ages on into the present, and still good eternally for the ever arriving future, then the explanation seems to us to explain nothing and to leave us just

where we were before. Our own idea of causation is inscrutable enough, but it is at least made comprehensible by bringing the creative cause from the infinitely remote past into the present moment and by making it continuous as well as contemporary. In allowing for genuine novelty one does not introduce caprice. The old proven order remains; the old proven laws still hold. The arriving moment does not bring contradiction, — it brings added wealth and new possibilities. In a word we remain causationists, but we introduce the conception of a contemporary and continuous causation. We sum this up by saying that existence is itself creation.

Such a view of life makes it much more of an adventure than the average man in the street is disposed to think it. And it makes life not only big with possibility but intensely, dramatically real. If such a view is held genuinely and sincerely it adds immeasurably to the interest of life, makes it an enterprise of supreme worth, and is reflected in one's mode of spending the days, in one's idea of a career, in the final choice of one's vocation.

I am here trying to say clearly things that are inherently difficult to say. But they seem to me of the first importance, and to deserve on the part of both the reader and myself the utmost effort to gain clarity in comprehension and in statement.

This Reality, this entire consciousness, which includes everything, the inarticulate as well as the articulate, the unexpressed as well as the expressed, the incommunicable as well as the communicable, this whole content of the present moment, is the proper subject-matter of education. And this all-inclusive reality is Life, — not the life of the body alone, not the activity of the mind alone,

but primarily that permeating, pulsating life which is the cause and sustainer of both, the life of the Spirit. It is the high office of education to increase the dimensions of Reality, the dimensions of Life, to give it greater height and depth and breadth. We best accomplish this function by regarding our children (by regarding ourselves indeed) not in terms of the old human trinity as body and mind and spirit, not assuredly in the terms of materialism, as body only, but in the distinct and definite terms of that newer dualism which posits Spirit as the essential, vital, causative element, and Body as the obedient tool and servant. We conceive of spirit as the inclusive term, the *ego*, the whole consciousness, the immortal person. And we conceive of mind or intellect as one aspect of spirit, not the whole but a part, as the counters by means of which our social life is largely carried on, by means of which spirit communicates in definite terms with spirit. It is a priceless organ in both giving and receiving.

In the educational system here presented we do not in any way belittle intellectuality, or lose sight of the immensely important part which language plays in carrying on the activities of the intellectual and social life. On the contrary it is the ultimate purpose of such an education to increase immeasurably the dimensions of this intellectuality and to heighten both the vitality and the validity of language. This can best be accomplished, it is believed, by slighting for the moment, — up to fourteen years at least, — the claims of the intellectual life, with its symbols and representations and static images, its endless analyses and unavoidable rigidities, and by devoting ourselves single-heartedly to the source of all things, to the unfolding life of the spirit. This

must be abundant and genuine and vital if the subsequent intellectual life is to be sound. For observe that there is a vast difference between being bulky and being sound. The present intellectual life of the most advanced races is undeniably bulky, but a keener criticism of its quality discloses the fact that much of it is not sound.

In the study of language we are often guilty of the unreasonableness of introducing grammar prematurely, and asking the children to study the office and relation of words years before they have acquired a sufficient stock of words to supply the needed and adequate material for such an analysis. It is, in effect, a cruelty. We set the children a difficult task before we supply the material. We ask them to make bricks without straw. Later, in the high school, boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years of age can master grammar in a month or two, provided they are traveled persons in the rich kingdom of words. In fact they will have discovered the major part of grammar for themselves. There are only nine parts of speech, or eight if you count the articles in with the adjectives, and a bright boy or girl who first knows the words themselves will make quick work of their function and classification. Now it seems to me much the same in acquiring all formal knowledge. The *volume* of life must be large before it is educationally wise or helpful to set about analyzing it. The children must know life before they can profitably know about life. They must experience the thing at first hand, undisturbed and unworried, and must not be troubled to express it, to find symbols and images for it, to analyze it before the hour strikes, — they must not even be asked to remember it. Let them express what happens,

or keep silent; let them remember, or apparently forget, — this is not the important thing. The important thing is that the drama shall really happen, that the children shall be identified with it, that the inner life shall be abundant and vital and spontaneous.

Formal knowledge should never be forced upon a child. He has his own way of learning things and his own time. The method may seem less admirable than ours, but it is pretty sure to be more effective. It is safe to say that in even an average child there comes, sooner or later, a genuine intellectual hunger, a desire to read, to write, to know, to compare. It is futile to assume this hunger before it really exists. It is irrational to set about analyzing things which have not yet entered into the child-world, and brutal to punish children for not seeing things that are still, for them, out of sight. We may stimulate the appetite for knowledge by a thousand legitimate beguilements, we may bring the child into touch with a rich phenomenal world, but when we have done all this, we must be patient and must wait, as God waits, for the unescapable reaction.

This does not mean, of course, that during the earlier years of life, those wonderful years of grace, we are not efficiently training the children along possible and reasonable lines. On the contrary, as I have tried to show in many chapters and by a wealth of homely detail, there is so much work to be done that just as a practical matter our limited time does not allow us to concern ourselves at any length with purely intellectual interests. But in reality we are not neglecting these interests. We are furthering them by the most effective means at our command. In training the Spirit we enlarge the whole consciousness, and so increase the future

possibilities of the intellectual life. In training the Body, we enlarge the whole stock of perceptions as well as deepen the power of useful and artistic performance. We supply the Spirit with an adequate tool. Both as the purveyor of information and the agent of its purposes, Body deserves the utmost development and discipline that we can possibly bring to bear upon it. To be rich in Spirit and developed in Body is the real measure of childish good fortune. With this as cause, intellectual power must in due season follow as effect.

The grave objection to the current and premature intellectuality in children is not only that the final harvest is so lean (we have few educated persons in our midst) but still more that it leads unavoidably to results which are themselves intellectually unsound. I say "unavoidably" with full intention. When analysis outruns experience, as it does in this sort of education, and symbols and representations are fed to the children not only prematurely but under such pressure that all except the most robust must hold their noses and swallow them, we gain for our pains a generation of young persons trained in phrase-making and other insincerities, and doomed for the rest of their days to essential insignificance. Better those "powerful, uneducated persons," of whom Whitman sings so appreciatively. The majority of us *are* phrase-makers, if not on all sides of our nature, which would be complete perdition, at least on some sides of it, which is partial perdition. To know a whole lot of things which are not so is surely tragic enough, but to be dealing, in addition, with symbols and representations and images quite empty of any content whatever, is desolation itself.

Our people of culture are very generally the victims

of a false intellectuality. We possess a wealth of symbols. But these symbols so far outrun the spirit-life which they were originally intended to express and represent that we move, as a result, in a world of unreality and inherent falsehood. It is a distinct limitation to have thoughts in excess of our symbols, but it is a veritable tragedy to have symbols in excess of our thoughts. In all our older and better-educated communities we have many men and some women who can speak with a certain admirable fluency upon almost any topic proposed to them, who can occupy an hour, or more, if they are permitted, and yet say practically nothing. The type is now so common that it is coming to be rated at its true worth. All prudent chairmen have protective measures within easy reach. But our disapproval must not blind us to the fact that this empty symbolism is a matter of degree only and that all of us are more or less guilty of precisely the same offense.

On no other ground than some such confusion as this, is it possible to understand the current willingness to divorce education and religion and so invite the insincerity and discord of attempting at the same moment to hold two separate and often antagonistic attitudes towards life. If religion means in the most intimate and profound sense a man's inmost attitude towards life, it is the dominant note in his whole personality. If it fail to express itself in his intellectual life and in his life of action, there is a disastrous lack of correspondence, and the life itself is doomed to insincerity and futility. It is impossible to divorce education from religion, and to keep education a true representative of Reality, of the life of the Spirit. So divorced, education becomes a bit of empty symbolism.

And it is equally impossible to divorce education from economics. If we regard the body as the tool and servant of the spirit, as its appointed agent in our three-dimensional world of action, we are bound to concern ourselves most vitally with the welfare of the body, not alone abstractly with questions of general health and specific organic education but even more fundamentally with the basal question of ways and means. There must be food and shelter and clothing, equipment and opportunity before the most carefully devised scheme of training can become operative. If education neglects the economic basis of our daily life it fails to be complete and it fails to be inclusive. In effect, it concerns itself only with the children of the fortunate. It is a vain beating of the air to say that education is meant for everybody unless everybody has first of all the necessaries of life, and is consequently in a condition to profit by education.

In speaking of the analysis of human existence into Spirit and Body, I have allowed myself to use the term "dualism." I have done this deliberately in order more sharply to distinguish this view from the trinitarian conception, on the one hand, which regarded man as a synthesis of body, mind, and soul, and the materialistic monism, on the other hand, which finds no analysis possible since there is but the one experienced element, body. But I have not intended by "dualism" to suggest any antagonism between body and spirit, or to indicate any chasm between life and death. I would on the contrary advance a spiritual monism which sees in spirit the real vehicle of life, and in body merely the beautiful and accomplished accessory. Education requires that both shall be at their best, but it ill performs its

office if at any season it fails to keep body subservient to spirit. For body dies, even in the earth-life, dies ahead of spirit; and spirit, we believe, is immortal, as well as causative. Both the immediate and the final victory are with spirit.

In youth and health, when all goes well, when body and spirit pull together, it is easy to take this brave attitude towards life, to go swinging through the days, singing with a full and grateful heart,

> "I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul."

But the test comes later, when one grows old and ill, when one faces death, when affairs go so stubbornly and disastrously that a man seems anything but the master of his fate. He may even seem to be the sport of destiny and to be paying heavily for his previous courage and youthful pretensions. And these are not exceptional crises. They are snares that lie in wait for all of us, and put our philosophy to the extreme test. It is the high office of a complete and efficient education to prepare a man for these assured events, to show him that to a liberated soul there is in the outer world no possible disaster, that objectively speaking there are neither victories nor defeats, but that everything takes its quality from the spirit. The laws of Nature, the composition and properties of matter, the essence of time and space, the stubborn necessities of number are not walls and prisons. They are merely the conditions under which the game of life is played out, — without them, there would be no game. By offering their several resistances, they make the drama possible. *Play the Game* is an injunction just as

tonic, just as imperative for the old man who already sees the approach of the death angel as for the young man intoxicated with what he is pleased to call life. For the importance of the game does not lie with the counters, with the field, with the given rules, but wholly with the players themselves. And it would be impossible to say which of the two, the old man or the young man, has really the larger measure of life, for life is a question of the spirit, not of the body. When the spirit is strong, old age and bodily death are mere incidents in one's personal history and are neither tragic nor important. If the spirit is weak, and existence is made up for the most part of bodily sensations and appetites, then of course old age and death seem all important, and both are tragedies. It is odd that our modern education which so plumes itself upon being, above everything else, practical should concern itself only with preparing boys and girls for life, and should have no word to say about old age and death, which are quite as inevitable. Death may come at any moment, and old age is coming all the time. Body dies, and returns its elements to the earth which gave it; but spirit, we believe, always has been and always will be. Spirit, that whole consciousness which we have seen to be reality, is the proper subject-matter of education; and body, the tool and servant of spirit, the proper subject for all knightly training. It is a verbal convenience to speak of the dualism of spirit and body, but nothing more. Spirit, the vehicle of life, creates body, organizes it, perfects it, uses it, and then at some moment ordained of the gods, discards it. Whether spirit has been previously incarnated, whether it will in the future create new bodies for itself, the majority of men have had no di-

rect conscious experience and may not therefore speak authoritatively. But there is an increasing mass of indirect testimony from widely separated and unlike sources which makes such a view both probable and logical. The feeling grows in educated circles, scientific as well as mystical, that immortality and rebirth are much more than a hope, that they represent in fact a substantial reality and that the enlightened spirit may with high suitableness regard itself as an abiding part of the eternal order.

In the preceding chapters I have had little or nothing to say about social education, and have so gone counter to one of the popular illusions of the day. But it seemed to me quite unnecessary, for we have nowhere the spectacle of the solitary child or the solitary man. We have, of course, such an abstraction in our imaginative literature, in the Robinson Crusoes of both educational and economic treatises, but we do not find them in flesh and blood. Nature has ordained that every child shall have two parents, and that under normal conditions it shall pass its earlier years in the protection of family life. Variation and companionship are thus provided for. The circumstances of our religious, industrial, and political life have led to intimate human association, and have created a social environment into which practically all men are born, in which they live and earn their daily bread, and from which they have neither the power nor the more than temporary desire to escape. This social environment is made up of human institutions fashioned by mankind just as it has fashioned all other human tools, to satisfy recognized human wants. The attempt to erect this environment into something apart from man, as something causative,

and to treat it as a "social organism," with specific qualities and powers, seems to me a bit of very empty phrase-making, and productive of far more confusion than enlightenment. Society is a mechanical mixture, not a chemical compound, and can display no quality which does not reside as such in the individual components. As men advance in development, they grow more social because they grow more intelligent; they recognize increasingly the pleasure and profit in human solidarity. With each passing year it is seen with ever greater clearness that an injury to one is an injury to all. Education is the unfolding and perfecting of the *human* spirit. But the attempt to read into society a life independent of its members, and to discover phenomena manifested by the group as such, but not discoverable in the individuals themselves seems to me a barren and misleading undertaking. Education produces social results of the utmost attainable value, but they are summaries of individual results, not separate group results. In both aim and method, education deals and must deal with individual units. When education deals wisely and efficiently, the total result is good. But whatever the quality of the total result it is precisely the same in kind and degree as the average result achieved in the individual consciousness. To go outside of this consciousness into that vague summary which we call society, is to chase a mirage and lose sight of reality. The current schemes of social education, and the current belief in the fetish of a social organism both rest, it seems to me, upon our growing habit of turning away from the palpitating, immediate integrity of consciousness to the lifeless desert of symbol and metaphor. Every educational revival, like

every true religious revival, is a return to immediacy, to the whole content of the present moment. It is the abandonment of lifeless forms and symbols and the return to a living, immediate reality.

There are perhaps two reasons why I have spoken almost inevitably about the education of boys at greater length than about the education of boys *and* girls. One reason is purely verbal. It is that we have no pronoun which refers to both sexes. One must say either "their" or must resort to the awkwardness of "his or her." The second reason is personal. It is that my own teaching experience has been almost wholly limited to boys, and I am able to speak about them with greater assurance and knowledge. But while the details of education differ for boys and girls, the same general principles apply to both. Practically everything I have said may with reasonable adaptation be applied to girls as well as to boys. It seems to me that from one point of view girls need less education than boys, and from another point of view, they need more. They need less, because women have more natural wit than men. An "ignorant" woman often displays greater sagacity than a "wise" man. They need more, because they are the mothers of the coming generation.

I have allowed myself an interrogative title, and I have done this because, in spite of its undesirable length and its admitted clumsiness, it expresses as nothing else can the precise scope of my inquiry, — What *is* it to be educated? I have kept this question in mind in every chapter, and I have especially tried to remember that I am always asking a question and at the most only suggesting an answer. I can conceive of no more

important question, for if asked in the thoroughgoing fashion that I have here tried to ask it, it goes to the very depths of our being, inquires what we are, what we believe, what we are doing, what we think we know, what we venture to hope for. And the very inclusiveness of the question indicates what we have in many chapters been trying to point out, that education and personal salvation are one and the same thing. The difficult but comforting path which leads in the direction of right reason and enlightenment also leads to the gods. I am far from thinking that I have been able to answer this august question of what it is to be educated, or even from believing that it can ever be answered with any degree of finality. The question ought to mean more, and it ought to require a more profound answer at the hands of each succeeding generation. An educated man is only educated up to to-day. It is a major art to become educated. It is no less of an art to remain educated. Both require ceaseless spiritual activity, that is to say, both require creative life. But while one may not hope to offer any ultimate answer, it is clear, I think, from the partial and incomplete answer already offered, that any genuine education demands as its first requisite an essential harmony in the inner life, and then, as soon as may be, a similar harmony between this inner life and one's outer acts, between spirit and body. This requisite and essential harmony can only be achieved when in all the activities of the day we cease to hold antagonistic and contradictory views, and learn to live in the present moment with our whole consciousness, our whole self. It is in the abounding life of the spirit, in its integrity and immediacy, that we must seek the source of all true and abiding culture. It is in the

wholesome life of the disciplined body that we may find the major materials for our thinking, and the appointed theater for social intercourse and service.

Life offers but one condition, activity, — ceaseless, contemporary, creative activity. Each day the soul stands face to face with a wealth of possible experience so varied, so inexhaustible, so magnificent that the pulse beats with a divine excitement, and existence itself becomes a high adventure. To live in the spirit, to identify one's self with life, with eager, pulsating, abundant life, — this is to be educated. It is to live eternally. I say it reverently, — it is to know God.

THE END

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